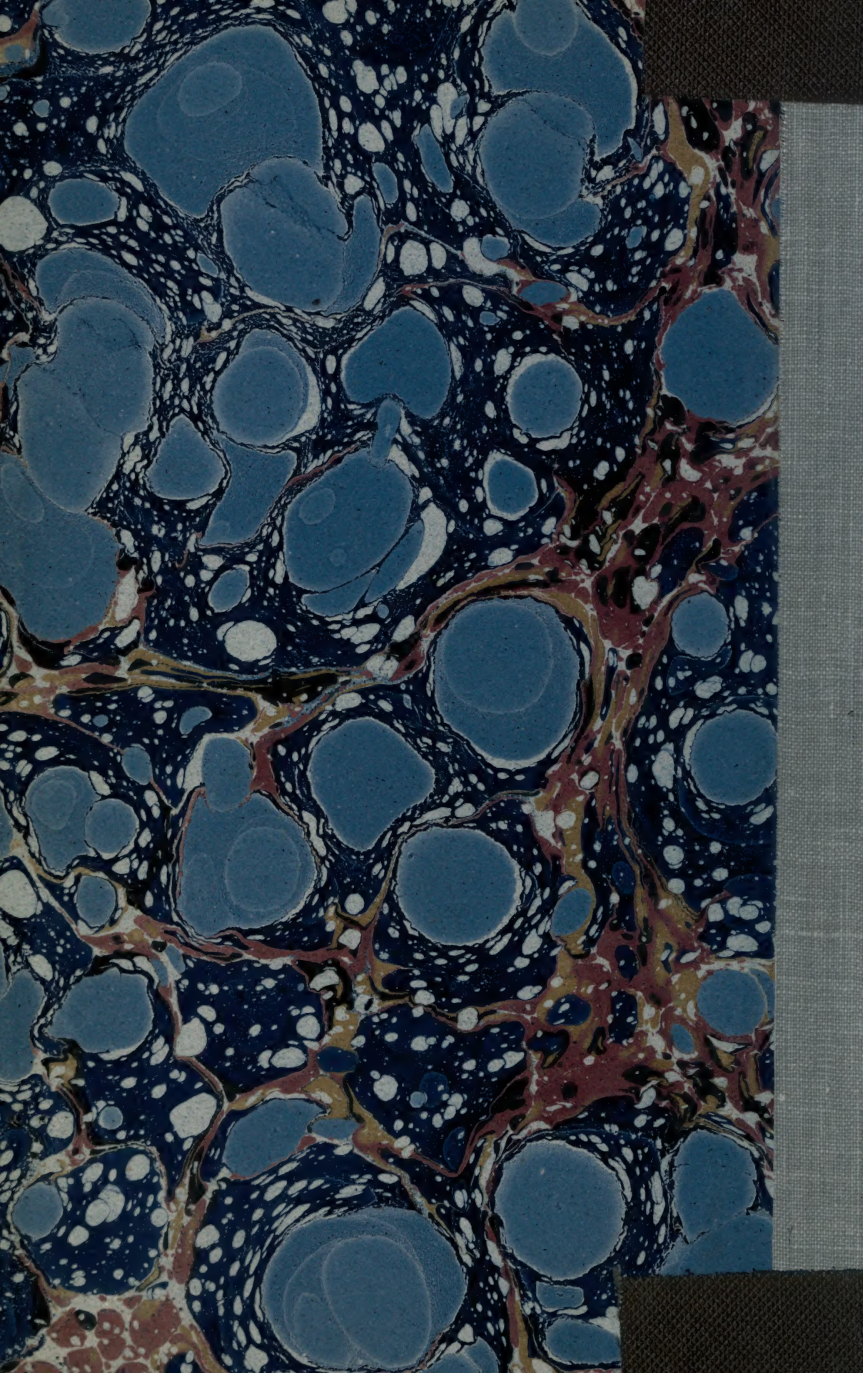
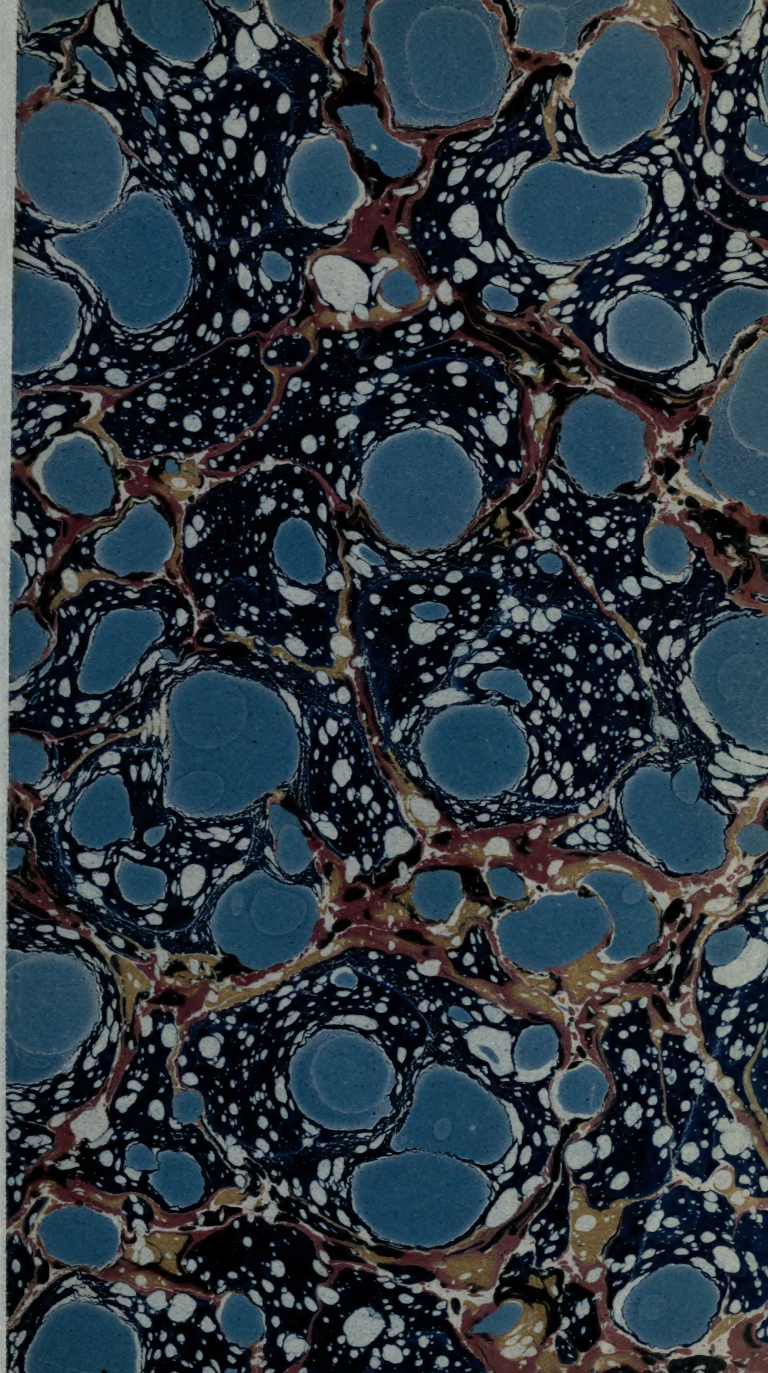



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HISTORY  
OF  
FULK FITZ WARINE.

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THE HISTORY

OF

FULK FITZ WARINE,

AN OUTLAWED BARON IN THE REIGN

OF KING JOHN.

EDITED FROM A MANUSCRIPT PRESERVED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM,

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION

AND EXPLANATORY AND ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES,

BY

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## INTRODUCTION.

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THERE had lain long concealed in a manuscript in the ancient Royal Library, now in the British Museum (MS. Reg. 12, c. xii), a narrative which appears to have escaped attention partly through the indefinite manner in which it was described in the catalogue :—*Historia rerum Anglicarum, a W. I., usque ad regem Johannem : Gallice ; Ubi plura sunt ficta, præcipue de Fulcone quodam* ; and it was not till about twenty years ago, when the then new movement in historical research caused such manuscripts to be more carefully examined, that the real character and interest of this record were discovered. It forms the text of the following pages. The manuscript is in a hand of the reign of Edward II, and I think there can be little doubt that it was written before the year 1320 ; but it is evidently not the original text of the story, but a paraphrase

of an earlier record. To any one who is accustomed to read the French and Anglo-Norman literature of the middle ages, a simple glance at the style and character of this history will carry the conviction that that original record was an Anglo-Norman poem. But we are not left to assume this from the general character only, for here and there, where the writer who turned it from verse into prose appears to have been seized with a fit of idleness, he has actually preserved the rhymes of the original. In two instances, where he has given prophecies of Merlin, the words of the original poem remain so uncorrupted, that I have thought it right to print both passages in verse. But in several other places the original verse betrays itself in the midst of the paraphrase. If, for example, the reader will turn to the lower part of p. 17, and the upper part of p. 18, he will easily see that the original metres must have run somewhat as follows:—

Willam, quant ce oy surrit,  
 Bele nece, bien avez dit;  
 E de mon poer vus ayderay  
 De tel seignur purchacer.  
 E si vus dorray Blanche-Tour,

E quanque apent ou tut l'onour;  
 Quar femme que ad terre en fée  
 Serra d'assez plus désirée.  
 Lors fist Willam une crié  
 En meynte terre, en meynte cité,  
 Qe tous chevalers de valours,  
 Qe torneier veilent pur amours,  
 A la feste seint Michel  
 Vient à chastiel Peverel;  
 E le chevaler qe mieux fra,  
 E le tornoy venkera,  
 Avera . . . . l'amour  
 Melette de la Blaunche-Tour,  
 E sire serra e seignour  
 De Blanche-Ville e tot l'onour.  
 Tost fust ceste criée  
 Par plusors terres publiée.  
 Guaryn de Meez, le vaylaunt,  
 Ne avoit femme ne enfant,  
 etc.

I need only refer to pp. 20, 26, 27, etc., for passages where the original verse is equally ill disguised; and in one instance at least (p. 48, *ce fust pur nient, à ce qe l'estoyre dyt*), the author of the paraphrase makes a direct appeal to his original. In addition to this internal evidence, we have the distinct statement of John Leland, in

the reign of Henry VIII, that he had in his hands “an olde French historie yn rime of the actes of the Guarines”; and his brief notice of it answers so exactly to the story as told in our prose version, that we can have no doubt of its having been the identical poem from which the paraphrase was made.

Thus, from the date of the manuscript of the existing paraphrase in prose, we may fairly conclude that the original Anglo-Norman poem was composed before the end of the thirteenth century. There are circumstances, however, connected with it, which enable us, conjecturally at least, to approximate still nearer to the exact date of its composition. We know that in the latter end of the reign of king John, Fulk fitz Warine was again in arms against the crown, as an adherent to the baronial cause, and it was not till the 4th of Henry III, that he made his peace with the king, and obtained the final restoration of his estates. I believe that our history is correct in stating that after this time Fulk withdrew from public life, and eventually retired to the religious house of which his father was the founder. Fulk’s son,

another Fulk fitz Warine, appears during his father's lifetime to have assumed the position as a powerful baron which the latter had retired from, and to have taken a very active part in public affairs, which was no doubt the cause of Dugdale's mistake in taking the father and son to be one person. It was, we can hardly doubt, the son who, according to Matthew Paris, was sent in 1245 by the community of armed knights assembled at Luton and Dunstable, to wait upon the pope's clerk, master Martin, and warn him to leave the kingdom; and his behaviour on that occasion showed him to be a true son of the proud outlaw whose adventures are told in the present volume. At the decisive battle of Lewes, in 1264, he fought on the king's side, and met his death by drowning. I have shown (see note on p. 182) a reason for supposing that his father was alive in 1256, very soon after which date I suspect he died. If the poem had been composed after the death of Fulk fitz Warine at Lewes, I think his fate would have been mentioned in it; it might have been composed before the death of his father, who was already dead to the world, in which case

the mention of his death would be a subsequent addition, but I am myself inclined to think that this was not the case. We should thus fix the date of the composition of the Anglo-Norman poem to the period between 1256 and 1264. Though this, of course, is nothing more than conjecture, I am inclined myself to believe that it was written very soon after the middle of the thirteenth century.

It is a curious circumstance that Leland, who gives a brief abstract of the adventures of the Fitz Warines in his *Collectanea* (vol. i, p. 230), informs us that he took the greater part of it “owte of an old English boke yn ryme of the gestes of Guarine and his sunnes”, thus revealing to us the fact that there was an early English metrical version of the history I here publish. The language of this English poem was evidently obscure and difficult, for we see by a comparison of Leland’s abstract with the history now published, that he continually misunderstood it, and that he fell into gross errors in the attempt to give its meaning. From one or two passages in Leland’s abstract, I am inclined to suspect that

this English poem was written in pure alliterative verse, like that of *Piers Ploughman*, a style of poetical composition which seems to have been popular on the Border. In the passage of Leland quoted at p. 192 of the present volume, we recognize an alliterative couplet in the statement that Joce de Dynan and Walter de Lacy met—

At a *bent* by a *bourne*,

At a *bridge* ende;

meaning literally, “in a meadow by a burn or stream, at the end of a bridge”. Leland has mistaken the word *bourne* for the name of a place. In the next sentence preceding this, we have, by a mere transposition of words, an alliterative couplet equally perfect—

Owt of *Lacy* and *Ludlow*

Of march *lordes* the greatest.

This would partly explain Leland’s errors, for the alliterative poetry is always and by far the most difficult to understand; and I suppose that by “a book in rhyme”, Leland only meant that it was in verse, or in rhithm. This English poem was probably of about the same date as the Anglo-Norman prose paraphrase now printed, that is, of the begin-

ning of the fourteenth century, at which period, for some cause or other, the adventures of Fulk fitz Warine were very popular. Robert de Brunne, a well-known English poet, who wrote during the first quarter of that century, in describing the condition to which Robert Bruce was reduced, when his defeat at Methven obliged him to seek refuge in the wilds of Scotland, compares it to that of Fulk fitz Warine, and actually refers to the book or history of his adventures.—

And wele I understode that the kyng Robyn  
 Has dronken of that blode the drink of dan Waryn.  
 Dan Waryn he les tounes that he held,  
 With wrong he mad a res and misberyng of scheld.  
 Sithen into the foreste he ȝede naked and wode,  
 Als a wilde beste ete of the gres that stode;  
 Thus of dan Waryn in his boke men rede;  
 God ȝyf the kyng Robyn that alle hys kynde so  
 sped! (Hearne's edit., p. 335).

The question of the historical value of this record has greatly puzzled those who, accustomed chiefly to the more exact monuments of history, have had occasion to examine it. The general outline of the history is undoubtedly true, and many of the incidents are known from other evi-

dence to have happened exactly or nearly as here related ; but it is equally certain that others are untrue, and some are strangely misplaced. The anachronisms, indeed, are extraordinary ; and, strangely enough, in that part of the history which comes nearest to the time of the narrator, the wild adventures of Fulk fitz Warine during his outlawry, it is assumed that king John was continually present in England, whereas we know from the most undoubted authorities that he was during the whole time absent in Normandy. Most of these errors and anachronisms are pointed out in the notes at the end of the present volume, and it will therefore not be necessary to repeat them here.

To understand them, it is necessary that we should take into consideration the peculiar character of the literature, as well as of the manners, of the age in which the original poem was written. It was the custom with the great barons to employ writers, who were often kept in their service, to compose poetical histories of their families, and other similar productions, which it was the business of the minstrels—these composers were some-

times minstrels themselves—to recite on festive and other occasions. It was not necessarily the whole poem which they recited, but particular incidents, as they were called for. Thus, in the present case, the reciter might be called upon to tell the adventures of Fulk fitz Warine and king John in Windsor park, or the story of the first Fulk and the lady Hawise. The materials of these poems were neither taken from historical records nor from the imagination of the composer, but they were the traditions of the family, and we all know how such traditions are often modified and disfigured in their progress from one mouth to another. An event, which was true in itself, became exaggerated, and sometimes displaced. In this instance, where a race of chiefs through several generations bore the same name of Fulk, this displacing of events, and ascribing to one acts which belonged to another, and thus bringing together names which were not coeval, was hardly to be avoided. In fact, the writer of this history has actually made one person out of two individuals, and this error has been continued by Dugdale, and by all the compilers of peerages

since his time, who have repeated the same error with regard to the two next generations of the same family, and made only two personages where there were really four.

The writer of the history of the Fitz Warines was evidently an Anglo-Norman trouvère in the service of that great and powerful family, and displays an extraordinarily minute knowledge of the topography of the borders of Wales, and more especially of Ludlow and its immediate neighbourhood. Whatever historical mistakes he may have made, he never falls into an error with regard to localities, and his descriptions are so exact that we never fail to recognize the spot he describes. The narrative contained in pages 25 to 30 was written by one whose eye was undoubtedly habituated to the prospect from the towers of Ludlow castle, and he, no doubt, tells us truly what, in the thirteenth century, were the traditions at Ludlow of the history of that noble fortress. He repeated, as they were handed down by memory in the family, the history, or rather histories, of the Fitz Warines, for they were probably preserved rather as so many tales of

the past, than in any way as a connected narrative. Hence, he would the more easily misplace them. In stories of adventures like these, it was easy to mistake at times the individual whom a particular Fitz Warine encountered or allied himself with, because with most of the border families, the relationship, whether friendly or hostile, had continued from generation to generation ; and as one individual of a family was more celebrated, and, therefore, readier in people's mouths than another, his name was easily introduced in cases where another of his family was the real actor. In the same way, as there was a natural tendency to elevate and exaggerate the deeds of remarkable men, individuals of higher rank were gradually substituted for persons of lower degree, and adventures in which king John himself is here made to take a part in person, may really have occurred with some of his great officers. If the writer of the poem heard them told as he has related them, he would have no inclination to doubt, and if he did doubt or suspect their truth, it is not probable that he would have any means of testing it. When, however, his hero once took to sea,

and left the English shores, he seems to have considered that he was allowed free scope for his imagination ; for we can hardly help thinking that his adventures in Spain and Barbary were adopted from some of the current romances of the day, and they, therefore, are quite out of the pale of sober criticism.

It will be understood, from these remarks, that we must take the history of the Fitz Warines, here published, for a historical document in a peculiar point of view ; it does not possess the exactitude of an official record, or even of a monastic chronicle, though, perhaps, it has more of the spirit of history, if we may here use the term, than either. It is traditional history, preserved in a great family, which had been much mixed in historical events, written down at an early period, and not long after a portion of the events which form its subject. It contains the errors which naturally belong to such a record of history, but it is truthful in its general character, and it presents a most interesting and important picture of the manners and feelings of the period to which it relates, as well as of the characters of individuals as they were popularly appreciated.

This very remarkable record of past ages has a peculiar interest for me, as a borderer by birth and education, and I have always desired to give an English edition of it. It was first made public in an edition by M. Francisque Michel (one of the most industrious and experienced of the French literary antiquaries), printed in Paris in 1840. A very careful collation of the original manuscript has enabled me to correct a few errors which had escaped the Parisian editor. My wish has been to present it in as popular a form as is consistent with the strict presentation of the original text; and as there are very few persons who can read with ease the peculiar language in which it is written, I have given with it a literal English translation, intended chiefly to facilitate the reading of the text, and a few illustrative notes. The object of the latter is chiefly to explain the allusions to places and persons; and in regard of these, I have had the advantage of communication with a gentleman profoundly acquainted with the history of the county to which our narrative chiefly relates during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and who has communicated his inform-

ation with uniform liberality, the Rev. R. W. Eyton, of Ryton, in Shropshire, the author of the "Antiquities of Shropshire", now in the course of publication, which I look upon as, in its limits, the best local history that this country possesses. Some of Mr. Eyton's communications I have thought it but just to give in his own words, and with his initials.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

14, *Sydney Street, Brompton.*

*March 20th, 1855.*

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THE HISTORY  
OF  
FULK FITZ - WARINE.

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EN le temps de Averyl e May, quant les prées e les herbes reverdissent, et chescune chose vivaunte recovre vertue, beauté, e force, les mountz e les valeys retentissent des douce chauntz des oseylouns, e les cuers de chescune gent, pur la beauté du temps e la sesone, mountent en haut e s'enjolyvent, donqe deit home remembrer des aventures e pruesses nos auncestres, qe se penerent pur honour en leauté quere, e de teles choses parler qe à plusours purra valer.

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IN the season of April and May, when fields and plants become green again, and everything living recovers virtue, beauty, and force, hills and vales resound with the sweet songs of birds, and the hearts of all people, for the beauty of the weather and the season, rise up and gladden themselves, then we ought to call to memory the adventures and deeds of prowess of our forefathers who laboured to seek honour in loyalty, and to talk of such things as shall be profitable to many of us.

Seygnours, vus avez oy eynz ces heures qe Willam Bastard, duc de Normauddie, vynt ou grant gent e pueple sanz nounbre en Engleterre, e conquist à force tote la terre, e ocist le roy Heraud, e se fist coroner à Loundres, e si estably pées e leys à sa volenté, e dona terres à diverse gentz qe ou ly vyndrent. En ycel temps Yweyn Goynez fust prince de Gales, e si fust vailaunt e bon guerreour, e le roy le dota mout le plus. Cesty Yweyn out guasté tote la marche, e tote fust voyde de Cestre tanqe al mont Gylebert. Le roy se apparilla mout richement, e vint ou grant ost en le countée de Saloburs, e trova tote les villes arses de Cestre desqe à Salobure; quar le prince clama tote la marche pur la sue e aportenaunte à Powys. Le prince se retret,

---

Lords, you have heard heretofore how William the Bastard, duke of Normandy, came with a great host and people without number into England, and conquered by force all the land, and slew king Harold, and caused himself to be crowned at London, and established peace and laws at his will, and gave lands to divers people who came with him. At that time Owen Gwynned was prince of Wales, who was a valiant and good warrior, and the king feared him much the more. This Owen had ravaged all the march, and all was waste from Chester to Mount Gilbert. The king apparelled himself very richly, and came with a great host into the county of Shrewsbury, and found all the towns burnt between Chester and Shrewsbury; for the prince claimed all the march for his own and as belonging to

quar yl ne osa atendre le roy. Le roy fust mout sages, e pensa qu'il dorreit les terres de la marche as plus vaylauntz chevalers de tut le ost, pur ce qu'il devereint defendre la marche de le prince à lur profit e al honour lur seignur le roy. Ly roy apela Rogier de Belehealme, si li dona tote la counté de Salobure mout franchement, e si fust apellée counté palays. Rogier funda dehors la vylle de Salobure une abbeye de Seynt-Piere, e la feffa mout richement; e tint le counté à tote sa vie. Si comença un chastiel à Brugge, e un autre chastel comença en Dynan; mès yl ne les parfist poynt. Après qe Roger fust devyé, Robert, son fitz, avoit tote la countée de Salobure; e Ernaud, son puyzné fitz, avoit Penebrok. Ceux furent gentz trop demesu-

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Powis. The prince retreated, for he dared not await the king. The king was very wise, and thought that he would give the march lands to the most valiant knights of all his host, in order that they should defend the march from the prince to their profit and to the honour of their lord the king. The king called Roger de Belehealme, and gave him all the county of Shrewsbury very freely, and it was called a county palatine. Roger founded outside the town of Shrewsbury an abbey of St. Peter, and endowed it very richly; and he held the county all his life. He began a castle at Brugge, and another castle he began at Dynan; but he did not finish them. After Roger was dead, Robert, his son, had all the county of Shrewsbury; and Ernald, his youngest son, had Pembroke. These were very

rées e trop culvers, e grantment mespristrent coudre  
 lur seignour le roy Henré, fitz Willam Bastard, frere  
 roy Willam le Rous; e parfurent le chastel de Brugge  
 contre la defense le roy Henré; dont le roy Henré les  
 desheryta e fist exiler pur tous jours, et dona lur ter-  
 res as ces chevalers. Le chastel de Dynan e tut le  
 pays entour devers la ryvere de Corve, ou tut l'onour,  
 dona à monsire Joce, sun chevaler; e d'enaprès retint  
 le surnoun de Dynan, e fust apelé par tut Joce de  
 Dynan. Cely Joce parfist le chastiel qe Roger de Bele-  
 healme en son temps avoit comencé, e si fust fort e  
 vaylaunt chevaler. E si fust la ville bien longement  
 apellé Dynan, qe or est apellée Ludelawe. Cesti Joce  
 fist fere, desouth la ville de Dynan, un pount de pere

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licencious people and very wicked, and greatly misconducted  
 themselves towards their lord king Henry, the son of  
 William the Bastard and brother of king William Rufus;  
 and they completed the castle of Brugge in spite of king  
 Henry's inhibition; for which king Henry disinherited  
 them and condemned them to perpetual exile, and he gave  
 their lands to his knights. The castle of Dynan, and all the  
 country round towards the river of Corve, with all the  
 honour, he gave to sir Joce, his knight; who thenceforth  
 retained the name of Dynan, and was called everywhere  
 Joce de Dynan. This Joce completed the castle which  
 Roger de Belehealme in his time had begun, and he was a  
 strong and valiant knight. Now, the town was a very  
 long time called Dynan, which is now called Ludlow. This  
 Joce caused to be made, below the town of Dynan, a bridge

e chaus, outre la ryvere de Temede, en le haut chemyn  
 qe va parmy la marche e de Cestre desqe Brustut.  
 Joce fist son chastiel de Dynan de tres baylles, e le  
 envyrona de double fossée, une dedens e une dehors.

Le roy Willam Bastard aprocha les mountz e les vals  
 de Gales, si vist une ville mout large, close jadys de  
 haultz murs, qe tote fust arse e gastée; e pardesouth  
 la ville, en une pleyne, fist tendre ces pavylons, e là  
 demorreit, ce dit, cele nuyt. Lors enquist le roy de  
 un Bretoun coment la ville avoit à noun e coment  
 fust ensi gasté. "Sire," fet le Bretoun, "je vus dirroy.  
 Le chastiel fust jadys apellée chastiel Bran; mès ore  
 est apelée la Vele Marche. Jadys vindrent en ceste pays  
 Brutus, un chevaler mout vaylaunt, e Coryneus, de

of stone and lime, over the river of Teme, into the high road  
 which goes amid the march from Chester to Bristol. Joce  
 made his castle of Dynan of three bails, and surrounded it  
 with a double foss, one within and one without.

When king William the Bastard approached the hills  
 and valleys of Wales, he saw a very large town, formerly  
 inclosed with high walls, which was all burnt and ruined;  
 and in a plain below the town he caused his tents to be raised,  
 and there he said he would remain that night. Then the  
 king inquired of a Briton what was the name of the town  
 and how it came to be so ruined. "Sire", said the Briton, "I  
 will tell you. The castle was formerly called Castle Bran;  
 but now it is called the Old March. Formerly there came  
 into this country Brutus, a very valiant knight, and Corineus,

qy Cornewayle ad uncore le noun, e plusours autres estretz du lignage Troyene; e nul n'y habita ces parties, estre trelede gentz, grantz geans, dount lur roy fust apelée Geomagog. Cyl oyerent de la venue Brutus, e se mistrent en la voye à l'encountre; e al dreyn furent tous le geantz occys, estre Geomagog, qe fust mervilous grant. Coryneus le vaylant dist que volenters luttreyt ou Geomagog, pur esprover la force Geomagog. Le geant à la premiere venue embraca Coryneus si estroitement qu'il debrusa ces trois costées. Coryneus se coroga, si fery Geomagog del pée qu'il chay de un grant roche en la mer; e si fust Geomagog neyé. E un esprit del deble meyntenant entra le cors Geomagog, e vynt en ces parties, e defendy le pays

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from whom Cornwall still retains the name, and many others derived from the lineage of Troy; and none inhabited these parts except very foul people, great giants, whose king was called Geomagog. These heard of the arrival of Brutus, and set out to encounter him; and at last all the giants were killed, except Geomagog, who was marvellously great. Corineus the valiant said that he would willingly wrestle with Geomagog, to try Geomagog's strength. The giant at the first onset embraced Corineus so tightly that he broke his three ribs. Corineus became angry, and struck Geomagog with the foot, that he fell from a great rock into the sea; and Geomagog was drowned. And a spirit of the devil now entered the body of Geomagog, and came into these parts, and defended the country long, that never

longement, qe unqe Bretoun n'osa habiter. E longement après, le roy Bran fitz Donwal fist refere la cité, redresser les murs, e afermer les grantz fossés; e fesoit Burgh e Grant Marche; e le deble vint de nuyt, e oost quanqe leynz fust; e pus en sà unqe nul n'y habita."

Le roy s'en mervyla mout; e Payn Peverel, le fier e hardy chevaler, cosyn le roy, ad tot escoté, e dit qu'il asayerait cele nuyt la merveille. Payn Peverel se arma mout richement, e prist son escu lusant d'or ou une croys de asur endentée, e xv. chevalers, e autres sergauntz; et s'en ala en le plus halt paloys, e se herberga yleqe. E quant fust anuyetée, le temps devynt si lede, neir, obscur, e tiele tempeste de foudre e

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Briton dared to inhabit it. And long after, king Bran the son of Donwal caused the city to be rebuilt, repaired the walls, and strengthened the great fosses; and he made Burgh and Great March; and the devil came by night, and took away everything that was therein; since which time nobody has ever inhabited there."

The king marvelled much at this story; and Payn Peverel, the proud and courageous knight, the king's cousin, heard it all, and declared that that night he would assay the marvel. Payn Peverel armed himself very richly, and took his shield shining with gold with a cross of azure indented, and fifteen knights, and other attendants; and went into the highest palace, and took up his lodging there. And when it was night, the weather became so foul, black,

tonayre, qe tous iceux que là furent devyndrent si enpourys qu'il ne purreint pur pour mover pié ne meyn, eynz cocherent à la terre come mortz. Payn le fer fust mout poury; mès s'en fia en Dieu, de qy yl porta le signe de la croys, e vist qe nul aye n'avereit si de Dieu noun. Se cocha à la terre, e ou bone devocioun pria Dieu e sa mere Marie que ly defendreynt cele nuyt del poer de deble. A peyne out fyny sa preere, vynt le malfée en semblance Geomagog; e si porta un grant masue en sa mayn, e de sa bouche geta fu e fumée dont la ville fust tot enluminée. Payn avoit bon espeir en Dieu, e se seigna de la croys, e hardiement asayly le malfée. Le malfée hauça sa mace,

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dark, and such a tempest of lightning and thunder, that all those who were there became so terrified that they could not for fear move foot or hand, but lay on the ground like dead men. The proud Payn was very much frightened; but he put his trust in God, whose sign of the cross he carried with him, and saw that he should have no help but from God. He lay upon the ground, and with good devotion prayed God and his mother Mary that they would defend him that night from the power of the devil. Hardly had he finished his prayer, when the fiend came in the semblance of Geomagog; and he carried a great club in his hand, and from his mouth cast fire and smoke with which the whole town was illuminated. Payn had good hope in God, and signed himself with the cross, and boldly attacked the fiend. The fiend raised his club, and would have struck Payn, but

si vodra feryr Payn, mès yl guenchy le coup. Le deble, par vertu de la croys, fust tut enpoury e perdy force ; quar yl ne poeit adeser la croys. Payn le pursywy, qu'il ly fery de l'espée qu'il comença crier, et chey tut plat à terre, e se rendy mat. "Chevaler," fet-yl, "vus m'avez vencu, ne mie par force de vus meismes, eynz avez par vertue de la croys qe vus portez." "Dy moy," fet Payn, "vus, lede creature, quy vus estes e quey fetes en ceste ville ; je te conjur en le noun Dieu et de seynte croys." Le malfée comença counter, de mot en autre, come le Bretoun out eynz dit ; e si dit qe, quant Geomagog fust mort, meintenaunt il rendy l'alme à Belzebub lur prince ; e si entra le cors Geomagog, e vynt en semblance de ly en ces parties, pur

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he avoided the blow. The devil, by virtue of the cross, was all struck with fear and lost his strength ; for he could not approach the cross. Payn pursued him, till he struck him with his sword that he began to cry out, and fell flat on the ground, and yielded himself vanquished. "Knight," said he, "you have conquered me, not by your own strength, but by virtue of the cross which you carry." "Tell me," said Payn, "you foul creature, who you are, and what you do in this town ; I conjure thee in the name of God and of the holy cross." The fiend began to relate, from word to word, as the Briton had said before, and told that, when Geomagog was dead, he immediately rendered his soul to Belzebub their prince ; and he entered the body of Geomagog, and came in his semblance into these parts, to keep the great

garder le grant tresor qe Geomagog aveit amassé e mys en une mesone qe yl avoit fet desouth la terre en cele ville. Payn ly demaunda quele creature yl fust ; e il ly dist qe jadys fust aungle, mès or est par son forfeit esprit de deble. “ Quel tresour,” fet Payn, “ avoit Geomagog ? ” “ Buefs, vaches, cygnes, poons, chevaux, e totes autres bestes, tregettés de fyn or ; e si avoit un tor d’or, qe parmy moy fust son devyn, e en ly fust tote sa creance ; e il ly dist ces aventures qe furent avenir. E deus foyth par an soleynt les geantz honorer lur dieu, ce fust le tor d’or, dont tant or est amassée q’a merveille. E pus avynt qe tote ceste countré fust apellée la Blaunche Launde ; e moy e mes compaignons enclosames la launde de haut mur e pro-

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treasure which Geomagog had collected and put in a house he had made underground in that town. Payn demanded of him what kind of creature he was ; and he said that he was formerly an angel, but now is by his forfeit a diabolical spirit. “ What treasure”, said Payn, “ had Geomagog ? ” “ Oxen, cows, swans, peacocks, horses, and all other animals, made of fine gold ; and there was a golden bull, which through me was his prophet, and in him was all his belief ; and he told him the events that were to come. And twice a-year the giants used to honour their god, the golden bull, whereby so much gold is collected that it is wonderful. And afterward it happened that all this country was called the White Laund ; and I and my companions enclosed the laund with a high wall and deep foss, so that there was no entrance

founde fossé, yssi qe nul entré fust, si noun par my ceste ville qe pleyne fust de mavoys espiritiz; e en la lande feymes jostes e tornoyementz; e plusours vindrent pur vere les merveilles, mès unqe nul n'eschapa. A taunt vynt un disciple Jhesu qe apelé fust Augustyn, e par sa predicioun nus toly plusors des nos, e baptiza gent, e fist une chapele en son noun; dount grant encombrer nus avynt." "Ore me dirrez," fet Payn, "où est le tresour dont avez dit?"—"Vassal," fait-il, "ne parlés mès de ce; quar yl destyné as autres; mès vus serrez seignour de tut cet honour, e ceux qe vendront après vus le tendront ou grant estrif e guere.

E de ta maunche issera

Ly loup qe merveilles fra,

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except through this town which was full of evil spirits; and in the laund we made jousts and tournaments; and many came to see the marvels, but never one escaped. At length came a disciple of Jesus who was called Augustine, and by his preaching took many from us, and baptized people, and made a chapel in his name; whereby great trouble happened to us." "Now you shall tell me," said Payn, "where is the treasure of which you have spoken?" "Vassal," said he, "speak no more of that; for it is destined for others; but you shall be lord of all this honour, and those who shall come after you will hold it with great strife and war.

And from thy sleeve shall issue

The wolf who will do wonders,

Q'avera les dentz aguz,  
E de tous serra conuz,  
E serra si fort e fer  
Qu'il enchacera le sengler  
Hors de la Blaunche Launde ;  
Tant avera vertue graunde.  
Ly leopard le loup sywera,  
E de sa cowe le manacera.  
Ly loup lerra boys e montz,  
En ewe meindra ou peschons,  
E tresvoera la mer,  
Environera cet ydle enter.  
Audreyn veyndra le leopart  
Par son engyn e par son art ;

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Who will have sharp teeth,  
And shall be known of all people,  
And shall be so strong and fierce  
That he will drive away the boar  
Out of the White Laund ;  
Such great virtue will he have.  
The leopard will follow the wolf,  
And with his tail will threaten him.  
The wolf will leave woods and mounts,  
Will remain in water with the fishes,  
And will pass over the sea,  
Will encircle this whole island.  
At last he will conquer the leopard  
By his cunning and by his art ;

Pus en ceste lande vendra,  
En ewe son recet tendra."

Qant l'esperit ou dit ce, s'en issit du corps; e tiel puour avynt, dont Payn quida devyer. E quant passé fust, la nuyt enclarsyst e le temps enbely; e les chevalers e les autres, qu'enpourys furent, s'enveylerent; e mout s'en mervelerent de l'aventure qe lur aveit avenu. Lendemeyn fust la chose mostré al roy e à tot l'ost. E le roy fist porter le cors Geomagog e gittre en un parfond put dehors la ville; e fist garder la mace, e la mostra longement à plusours, pur la merveille q'ele fust si graunde.

Le roy s'en vet de yleqe, e vent en une contré

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Then he will come into this laund,  
Will have his stronghold in the water."

When the spirit had said this, he issued out of the body; and there arose such a stink, that Payn thought he should have died through it. And when it was past, the night became light, and the weather fair: and the knights and others, who were overcome with fear, recovered themselves; and they marvelled much at the event which had happened to them. Next day the thing was shown to the king and to all the host. And the king caused the body of Geomagog to be carried and thrown into a deep pit outside the town; and he caused the club to be preserved, and long showed it to many people on account of its marvellous magnitude.

The king went thence, and came to a country joining to

joygnant à la Blanche Launde, qe jadys fust à un Bretoun, Meredus fitz Beledyns; e delées si est un chastelet q'est apellée Arbre Oswald; mès or est apelée Osewaldestre. Ly roy apela un chevaler, Aleyn fitz Flaeu, e ly dona le chastelet ou tut l'onour qe apent; e de cely Aleyn vindrent tous les grantz seignurs d'Engleterre qe ount le sournoun de Fitz Aleyn. Pus cesti Aleyn fist enlarger mout le chastel.

Ly roys passa la ryvere de Salverne, e vist le pays entour bon e bel; e apela un chevaler qe fust née en Loreygne, en la cyté de Méés, qe mout fust renomée de force, de bealté, e de corteysie. E sa enseigne fust de un samyt vermayl, à deus poons d'or. E ly dona Alurburs, ou tot l'onour q'apent. E issi dona ly roys

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the White Laund, which belonged formerly to a Briton, Meredus son of Beledins; and beside it is a little castle which is called the Tree of Oswald; but now it is called Osewaldestre (Oswestry). The king called a knight, Alan fitz Flaeu, and gave him the little castle with all the honour appertaining to it; and from this Alan came all the great lords of England who have the surname of Fitz Alan. Subsequently, this Alan caused the castle to be much enlarged.

The king passed the river of Severn, and saw that the country around was good and fair; and he called a knight who was born in Lorraine, in the city of Metz, who was greatly renowned for strength, beauty, and courtesy. And his banner was of a red samit, with two peacocks of gold. And he gave him Alberbury, with all the honour

à ces meillour chevalers e plus afiez totes les terres, chaces, e fées, de Cestre desqe à Brustut.

Ly roy apela Payn Peverel, e ly dona la Blaunche Launde, e foreste, guastyne, chaces, e tut le pays. E si aveit une mote environée de marreis e de ewe; e là fist Payn un tour bel e fort; e fust la mote apelée Wayburs; e si court une ryvere delées qe de Payn Peverel tint le noun, e si est apelée Peverel; mès pus fust apellée Pevereyes. Le roy, quant issi aveyt establie ces terres, retorna à Londres, et de Loundre à Normandie, e yleqe morust. Pus reigna en Engletere Willam le Rous, son fitz; e après ly Henré, son puysné frere, qe pus detint Robert Courtheose, son eyné frere, en prisone tote sa vye; l'encheson ne vus serra ore dyte.

appertaining to it. And thus gave the king to his best and most trusty knights all the lands, chaces, and fees, from Chester to Bristol.

The king called Payn Peverel, and gave him the White Laund, with forest, waste, chaces, and all the country. And there was a mound surrounded with marsh and water; and there Payn made a fair and strong tower; and the mound was called Waybury; and a river runs by it which took its name from Payn Peverel, and it was called Peverel; but it was afterwards called Pevereyes. The king, when thus he had settled these lands, returned to London, and from London to Normandy, and there died. Then reigned in England William Rufus, his son; and after him Henry, his younger brother, who subsequently detained Robert

Puys avynt que Payn Peverel morust en son chastel en le Peeke; e Willam Peverel, le fitz sa soere, reçust e avoit tut l'eritage Payn. Pus cely Willam par coup d'espée conquist tote la terre de Morelas tanqe à l'ewe de Dée, Ellesmere, Maylour, e Nauhendon. Cesty Willam fist en la Blanche-Launde un tour, e le apela Blaunche-Tour; e la ville q'est entour est uncore apelée Blaunche-Ville, en Englois Whytyntone. En Ellesmere fist un autre tour, e sur l'ewe de Keyroc un autre. Willam avoit deus beles neces, Eleyne, la eynsné, e Melette, la puysné; e si maria Eleyne al fitz Aleyn, e dona ou ly en mariage tote la terre de Morlas desqe Keyroc. Melette d'assez fust la plus

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Courthose, his elder brother, in prison all his life; the cause will not be told you on this occasion.

It happened afterwards that Payn Peverel died in his castle in the Peak; and William Peverel, his sister's son, received and had all the heritage of Payn. Subsequently, this William conquered by the sword all the land of Morlas, as far as the water of Dee, Ellesmere, Maylour, and Nauhendon. This William made in the White Launde a tower, and called it White Tower; and the town which is about it is still called White Town, in English Whittington. In Ellesmere he made another tower, and on the water of Keyroc another. William had two fair nieces, Elen, the elder, and Melette, the younger; and he married Elen to the son of Alan, and gave with her in marriage all the land of Morlas, as far as Keyroc. Melette was the fairest, and

bele, e pur sa bealté fust mout desirrée; mès nul ne ly vynt à grée. Willam la enresona, e pria qe ele se descovereit à ly, s'yl y avoit en la terre nul chevaler qe ele voleit prendre à baroun; e si nul tel y fust, yl la eydereit à son poer. "Certes, sire," fet-ele, "yl n'y a chevaler en tot le mound qe je prendroy pur richesse e pur honour de terres; mès si je jamès nul averoy, yl serra bel, corteys, e bien apsis, e le plus vaylant de son corps de tote la Cristieneté. De la richesse ne fas-je force; quar, je le pus bien dire, qe cely est riche qe ad qe son cuer desire." Willam, quant ce oy, surryst, e dist, "Bele nece, bien avez dit; e je vus ayderay à mon poer de tel seignur purchacer. E si vus dorray Blanche-Tour e quange apent ou tut l'onour; quar

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for her beauty was the most sought; but nobody was found to please her. William expostulated with her, and begged her to open her mind to him, if there was in the world any knight whom she would take for husband; and if there was no such one, he would aid her to his power. "Truly, sir," said she, "there is not a knight in the whole world that I would take for the sake of riches and for honour of lands; but if I ever should have one, he shall be handsome, courteous, and accomplished, and the most valiant of his body in all Christendom. Of riches I make no account; for, I may well say, he is rich who has what his heart desires." William, when he heard this, smiled, and said, "Fair niece, you have said well; and I will aid you to my power to obtain such a lord. And I will give you

femme que ad terre en fée serra d'assez plus desirrée." Lors fist Willam une crié en meynte terre, en meynte cité, qe tous les chevalers de valours qe torneier veilent pur amurs, à la feste Seint Michel viennent à chastiel Peverel, q'est en la Peeke; e le chevaler qe mieux fra, e le tornoy venkera, avera l'amour Melette de la Blaunche-Tour, e sire serra e seignour de Blanche-Ville e de tot l'onour. Ceste criée fust tost depubliée par plusors terres. Guaryn de Meez, le vaylaunt, ne avoit femme ne enfant; mès manda à Johun, duc de la Petite-Bretaigne, tot l'affere de ceste crié, et ly pria ayde e socours à cele bosoigne. L[e] duc fust moult vaylant; sy avoit dys fitz chevalers, les plus beals e

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White-Tower and its appurtenances, with all the honour; for woman who has land in fee will be so much the more sought after." Then William made a proclamation in many a land, in many a city, that all the knights of worth who desired to tourney for love, let them come at the feast of St. Michael to castle Peverel, which is in the Peak; and the knight who shall do best, and shall conquer the tournament, shall have the love of Melette of the White-Tower, and shall be lord and seignour of White-Town and of all the honour. This proclamation was soon published through various lands. Guarin de Metz, the valiant, had neither wife nor child; but he sent to John duke of Little Britain (Britany) all the affair of this proclamation, and prayed him for aid and succour in this need. The duke was very valiant; he had ten sons knights, the fairest and most

plus vaylantz de corps qe furent en tote la Petite-Bretaygne; Roger le eyné, Howel, Audwyn, Urien, Thebaud, Bertrem, Amys, Gwychar, Gyrard, e Guy. Le duc maunda ces x. fitz e c. chevalers ou eux, bien mountés e de totes apparillementz richement aprestez, à son cosyn Garyn de Mées; e yl les resçust à grant honour. Eneas, le fitz le roy d'Escoce, vint ou le conte de Morref, e les Brutz, Donbars, Umfrevilles, e deus c. chevalers. Iweyn, le prince de Gales, vint à deus c. escus; le duc de Borgoyne ou III<sup>e</sup>. chevalers. Ydromor, fitz le rey de Galewey, vint ou c. e l. chevalers. Les chevalers d'Engleterre sunt nonbrez à III<sup>e</sup>. Guaryn de Mées e sa compaignie se herbigerent en tentes faitz en la foreste delées où le tornoïement serroit, bien ves-

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valiant of body that were in all Little Britain; Roger the eldest, Howel, Audoin, Urien, Theobald, Bertram, Amis, Guichard, Gerard, and Guy. The duke sent his ten sons and a hundred knights with them, well mounted and with all accoutrements richly furnished, to his cousin Guarin de Metz; and he received them with great honour. Eneas, son of the king of Scotland, came with the earl of Murray, and the Bruces, Dunbars, Umfrevilles, and two hundred knights. Owen, prince of Wales, came with two hundred shields; the duke of Burgundy with three hundred knights. Ydromor, son of the king of Galloway, came with a hundred and fifty knights. The knights of England were numbered at three hundred. Guarin de Metz and his company lodged in tents made in the forest near where the tournament

tuz tot à volenté de un samit vermayl; e les destre[r]s furent covertz tot à la terre au fuer de guere. Guaryn meismes, pur estre desconuz des autres, avoyt un crest de or. Lors resonerent le[s] tabours, trompes, busynes, corns sarazynes, qe les valeyes rebonderent de le soun. Lors comença le tornoy dur e fort. Là poeit-um vere chevalers reverseez des destrers, e meynte dure coupe donée, e meynte colée. La damoisele e plusours dames furent monteez une tour, e virent la bele assemblé de chevalers, e coment chescun se countynt. A descrivre les coupes e continances je n'ay cure; mès Guaryn de Meez e sa compaignie furent ce jour le meylours, plus beals, e plus vaylauntz tenuz, e sur tous si fust Garyn le plus preysé en tous poyntz. Avynt qu'il avespry; e

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should be, well clad all at will in red samit; and their steeds were covered down to the ground in manner of war. Guarin himself, in order to be unknown to the others, had a crest, or. Then resounded the tabors, trumpets, busynes, and saracen horns, till the valleys rebounded with the sound. Then began the tournament with vigour and force. There might one see knights overthrown from their steeds, and many a hard blow given, and many a stroke. The damsel and a number of ladies had ascended a tower, and saw the fair assemblage of knights, and how each bore himself. To describe their blows and bearings I care not; but Guarin de Metz and his company were this day held the best, handsomest, and most worthy, and above all was Guarin the most praised in all points. Evening now came

le tornoy, pur la nuyt, ne purra outre durer. Les chevalers s'en alerent à lur ostels. Guaryne sa compaign[i]e se tornerent privément à lur tentes en la foreste, e se desa[r]merent, e grant joie demenerent. E nul des autres grant seignours ne savoient où yl devyndrent, ne qy yl furent, tant se countindrent coyement; mès de tous furent desconuz, Lendemeyn crié fust par tot une joste. Ataunt vynt Garyn à jostes vestu de foyle de ere tot vert hors de la foreste, come cely qe fust aventurous e tot desconu. Quant le duc de Borgoyne l'ad veu, meyntenant ly corust sur, e ly fery grant coup de une lance. Guaryn le refery, qu'il tribucha de le chyval en my la place; pus un autre, pus le tierce. Melette de la Blanche-Tour ly manda son gant, e pria

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on; and the tournament, on account of the night, could last no longer. The knights went away to their inns. Guarin and his companions turned off privately to their tents in the forest, and disarmed, and made great rejoicing. And none of the other lords knew what had become of them, nor who they were, they held themselves so shy; but they were unknown of all. Next day was proclaimed everywhere a joust. Then came Guarin to the jousts dressed with leaf of *ere* (?) all green out of the forest, as he who was adventurous and all unknown. When the duke of Burgundy had seen him, he immediately rushed upon him, and struck him a great blow with a spear. Guarin returned the blow, that he rolled over from his horse in the middle of the place; then another, then the third. Melette of the

qu'il la defendist. Yl dit que si freit à son poer ; e si se repeira à la foreste, e se arma de ces armes vermail, e vint ou ces compaignons en le champ, e si venqui le tornoy, e purprist le champ pur totes les gentz que là vyndrent ; dount jugement se prist entre tous les grantz seignours e herrautz e disours que Guaryn, que fust le chevaler aventurous, à resoun avereit le pris del tornoy e Melette de la Blaunche-Tour. E yl, à grant joie, la prist, e la dammoyselle ly. Si maunderent le evesque de la countré, e, veaunt touz, le ad esposé. Willam Peverel tint une feste mout riche à les espo-sayles ; e, quant la feste fust departy, Guaryn prist sa mulier e sa compaignie, e s'en alerent à Blaunche-Ville, e demorent yleque à grant joie quaraunte jours. Donqe

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White-Tower sent him her glove, and requested that he would defend her. He said that he would do it to his power ; and then repaired into the forest, and armed himself with his red arms, and came with his companions in the field, and conquered the tournament, and held the field against all people who should come there ; whereupon judgment was taken among all the great lords and heralds and umpires, that Guarin, who was the knight adventurous, should by right have the prize of the tournament and Melette of the White-Tower. And he, with great joy, took her, and she him. They sent for the bishop of the country, and, in sight of all, she married him. William Peverel held a very rich feast at the marriage ; and, when the feast was over, Guarin took his wife and his company, and went to White-Town, and remained there with great rejoicing

repeyrerent les dys freres ou lur c. chevalers à Bre-  
taigne le Menure; mès Gwy, le puysné frere, remist en  
Engleterre, e conquist par coup d'espée meyntes beles  
terres, e si fust apelée Gwy le Estraunge, et de ly vin-  
drent tous les grantz seignurs de Engleterre qe ount le  
sournoun de Estraunge.

Gwaryn de Meez tint longement à grant honour la  
seigneurie de Blaunche-Vile; mès Yervard, le fitz  
Yweyn, prince de Gales, ly fesoit grant damage, ocist  
ces gentz, destruit ces terres. Atant asistrent jour de  
bataylle, où meynt prodhome perdy la vye. Al dreyn,  
torna la perte à Yervard; quar yl perdy plusours de  
ces gentz, e guerpist le champ, e s'en fuist à deshonneur.  
Lors mist Guaryn un chevaler mout fort e vaylant,

forty days. Then the ten brothers with their hundred  
knights returned to Britain the Less; but Guy, the youngest  
brother, remained in England, and conquered with the  
sword many fair lands, and he was called Guy the Estrange  
(the foreigner), and from him came all the great lords of  
England who have the surname of Estrange.

Guarin de Metz held long in great honour the lordship  
of White-Town; but Yervard, the son of Owen, prince of  
Wales, did him great injury, killing his people and spoiling  
his lands. At last they made a day of battle, where many  
a good man lost his life. In the end, the loss turned to  
Yervard; for he lost many of his people, and quitted the  
field, and fled away in dishonour. Then Guarin appointed  
a knight very strong and bold, Guy son of Candelou of

Gwy le fitz Candelou de Porkyntone, à garder l'onour de Blaunche-Ville e ces autres terres.

Avynt qe la dame enseynta. Quant fust delyvrés, al houre qe Dieu ordyna, apelerent l'enfaunt Fouke. E quant l'enfant fust de set anz, si le manderent à Joce de Dynan pur aprendre e noryr; quar Joce fust chevaler de bone aprise. Joce le resçust à grant honour e grant cherté, le norry en ces chambres ou ces enfauntz; quar yl avoit deus fyles, dont la puysné fust de meyme l'age qe Fouke fust, e si fust apelée Hawyse. La eynsnée fust apelée Sibylle. A ycel temps grant descord e guere fust entre sire Joce de Dynan et sire Water de Lacy, qe donqe sojorna mout à Ewyas; pur quel descord meint bon chevaler e meynt prodhome perdy

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Porkington, to guard the honour of White-Town and his other lands.

The lady became with child. When she was delivered, at the time ordained by God, they called the child Fulke. And when the child was seven years old, they sent it to Joce de Dynan to teach and nourish; for Joce was a knight of good accomplishment. Joce received him with great honour and great affection, and educated him in his chambers with his own children; for he had two daughters, the younger of which was of the same age as Fulke, and was called Hawyse. The elder was called Sibylle. At this time there was great discord and war between sir Joce de Dynan and sir Walter de Lacy, who then dwelt much at Ewyas; for which discord many a good knight and many a brave man lost his

la vye; quar chescun corust sur autre, arderent lur terres, preierent e robberent lur gentz, e meinte autre damage fyrent. Quant Fouke fust de xviii. ans, moult parfust beals, fortz, e grantz.

Un jour de esté, sire Joce leva matin, si mounta un tour en my son chastiel, pur survere le pais; e regarda vers la montaigne q'est apelée Whyteclyf, e vist les champs covertz de chevalers, esquiers, serjauntz, e vadletz, les uns armés sur lur destre[r]s, les uns à pié; e oyt les chyvals hynnyr, e vist les healmes relusantz. Entre queux vist-yl la banere sire Water de Lacy, re-flambeaunt novel d'or ou un fes de goules par my. Lors escrie ces chevalers, e les comanda armer, e mouter lur destrers, e prendre lur arblasters e lur archers,

life; for each invaded the other, burnt their lands, plundered and robbed their people, and did much other damage. When Fulke was eighteen years of age, he was very handsome, strong, and large.

One summer's day, sir Joce rose early in the morning, and ascended a tower in the middle of his castle, to survey the country; and he looked towards the hill which is called Whitcliff, and saw the fields covered with knights, squires, sergeants, and valets, some armed on their steeds, some on foot; and he heard the horses neigh, and saw the helms glittering. Among whom he saw the banner of sir Walter de Lacy, blazing new with gold, with a fess of gules across. Then he called his knights, and ordered them to arm and mount their steeds, and take their arblasters and their

e aler al pount desouth la vile de Dynan, e garder le pount e le gué, qe nul n'y passast. Sire Water e sa gent quiderent passer seurement; mès les gentz sire Joce les unt russhé arere, e plusours d'ambepartz sunt naufrez e tuez. Atant vynt sire Joce e sa banere tote blanche d'argent, à trois lyons d'asur passauntz, coronez d'or; ou ly v<sup>e</sup>., qe chevalers, qe serjauntz, à chyval e à pée, estre les borgoys e lur serjantz qe bons furent. Donqe à grant force passa Joce le pount, e hurterent les ostz corps à cors. Joce fery Godebrand, qe porta la banere de Lacy, par my le cors de une launce. Donqe perdy le Lacy sa banere. Atant la gent s'entreferirent, e plusours sunt d'ambepartz occis. Mès al Lacy avynt le pys; quar yl s'en vet fuaunt e des-

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archers, and go to the bridge below the town of Dynan, and defend the bridge and the ford that none passed it. Sir Walter and his people thought to pass safely; but the people of sir Joce drove them back, and many on both sides were wounded and killed. At length came sir Joce and his banner all white with silver, with three lions passant, of azure, crowned with gold; with five hundred with him, knights and servants on horse and foot, besides the burgesses and their servants, who were good. Then with great force Joce passed the bridge, and the hosts encountered body to body. Joce struck Godebrand, who carried the banner of Lacy, through the body with a spear. Then the Lacy lost his banner. Then the people exchanged blows, and many on both sides were slain. But the Lacy had the worst; for he went off flying and discomfited, and

confitz, e prent sa voie delées la ryvere de Temede. La dame, ou ces filles e ces autre damiseles, fust montée une tour; si unt vue tot l'estour, e prient Dieu devoutement qu'il salve lur seignour e ces gentz de anuy e de encombrementz. Joce de Dynan conust Water de Lacy par ces armes, e le vist fuaunt tout soul; quar yl avait grant pour de perdre la vie. Si fert son destrer des esperouns, e passa mountz e vals, e en poy de oure ad ateynt le Lacy en une vallée descouth le boys, vers Champ-Geneste, si ly comaunda retourner. Le Lacy nully ne vist si sire Joce noun, e se retorna mult hardiement. E s'entreferirent durement; quar nul n'out cure de autre esparnier. Grantz coupes e fortz s'entredonèrent. Joce sembla qe la medlé dura trop longement, hausa l'espée de maltalent, si fery le

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took his way beside the river of Teme. The lady, with her daughters and her other damsels, had ascended a tower; whence they saw all the battle, and prayed God devoutly to save their lord and his people from hurt and defeat. Joce de Dynan knew Walter de Lacy by his arms, and saw him flying all alone; for he had great fear of losing his life. He struck his steed with his spurs, and passed hills and vales, and in a short time has overtaken the Lacy in a valley under the wood, towards Bromfield, and commanded him to turn. The Lacy saw nobody but Joce alone, and returned very boldly. And they fought fiercely; for neither cared to spare the other. They exchanged great and heavy blows. It seemed to Joce that the encounter lasted too long, and he raised his sword with ire, and struck

Lacy à l'escu, qe tot le porfendy par my, e ledement le naufra par my le bras senestre. Joce l'assaut egrement; e a poy qu'il ne l'eust pris, quant sire Godard de Bruyz e deus chevalers ou ly vindrent socoure le Lacy. Sire Godard e ces compaignons mout hardielement asaylent sire Joce de tote partz; e yl se defent de eux come lyon. La dame e ces fyles en la tour veient lur seignur si demené q'à poyne pussent ester, crient, palment, e grant duel demeynent; quar jamès ne quident ver lur seignour en vie. Fouke le fitz Waryn fust remys en le chastel, quar yl ne fust que xviii. anz, si oy le cry en la tour, monta hastivement, si vist sa dame e tous les autres ploure[r]. Yl s'en ala à Hawyse, e demaunda quey ly fust e pur quoy fesoit si mourne

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the Lacy on the shield, that he clove it through the middle, and gave him an ugly wound on the left arm. Joce attacks him eagerly, and had nearly captured him, when sir Godard de Bruce and two knights with him came to succour the Lacy. Sir Godard and his companions very boldly assailed sir Joce on all sides, and he defended himself against them like a lion. The lady and her daughters in the tower see their lord so pressed that he could hardly endure, and cry, faint, and make great lamentation; for they never expected to see their lord alive. Fulk fitz Warine was left in the castle, for he was only eighteen years old, and he heard the cry in the tower, ascended in haste, and saw the lady and all the others crying. He went to Hawyse, and asked what ailed her, and why she made

chere. "Tès-tey," fet-ele; "poy resembles-tu ton pere q'est si hardy e si fort, e vous estes coward, e tous jours serrez. Ne veiez-vus là mon seignour, qe grantment vus ad chery e suefment norry, est en peryl de mort pur defaute de ayde? e vus, maveys, alez sus e jus seyntz, e ne donez jà garde." Le vadlet, pur la repreofe que ele avoit dyt, tot enrouy de yre e de mal-talent; e s'en vala maintenant de la tour, e trova en la sale un viel roynous haubert, e le vesty meyntenant à mieux qu'il savoit; e prist une grose hasche denesche en sa mayn. Si vynt à une estable qe ert delées la posterne par ount home vet vers la ryvere, e trova là un somer. Yl mounta meyntenant le somer, e s'en issist par la posterne, e passa bien tost la ryvere, e vynt

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such sorrowful cheer. "Hold your tongue," cried she, "you resemble little your father who is so bold and strong, and you are coward, and always will be. See you not there my lord, who has cherished you and nursed you affectionately, is in peril of death for want of help? And you, wretch, go up and down unhurt, and care nothing for him." The valet, for the reproof she had given him, was all filled with anger and ire; and at once went down from the tower, and found in the hall an old rusty hauberc, and put it on as well as he knew how; and took a great Danish axe in his hand. He came to a stable which was near the postern by which they go towards the river, and found there a cart horse. He now mounted the cart horse, and went out by the postern, and soon passed the river, and

al champ où son seignur fust abatu de son destrer e en poynt de estre ocys, s'yl ne uist survenu. Fouke aveit un healme lede, e ly covry apoy les espaudles. E à sa premere venue fery Godard de Bruz, qe aveyt saysy son seignour, de sa hasche, e ly coupa l'eschyne del dors en deus meytés, e remounta son seignour. Fouke se torna vers sire André de Preez, sy ly dona de sa hache en le healme de blanc asser, qe tut le purfendy desqe à dentz. Sire Ernalt de Lyls veit bien qu'il ne puet en nulle manere eschaper, quar yl fust sorement naufré, e se rendy à sire Joce. Le Lacy se defendy; mès en poy de oure fust seysy.

Ore est sire Water de Lacy pris e sire Ernalt de Lyls, e sunt menez outre la ryvere vers le chastel de

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came to the field where his lord was struck down from his steed and in point to be killed, if he had not arrived. Fulk had a foul helmet, which almost covered his shoulders. And at his first onset he struck Godard de Bruce, who had seized his lord, with his axe, and cut his back bone in two parts, and remounted his lord. Fulke turned towards sir Andrew de Preez, and gave him with his axe on his helm of white steel, that he split it all down to the teeth. Sir Arnald de Lys saw well that he could in no manner escape, for he was sorely wounded, and he surrendered to sir Joce. The Lacy defended himself; but he was soon taken.

Now is sir Walter de Lacy taken and sir Arnald de Lys, and they are led over the river towards the castle of Dynan.

Dynan. Donqe parla sire Joce : “ Amys borgeis, mout estes fort e vaylant ; e si vus ne ussez esté, je usse esté pieçà mortz. Je vus su mout tenuz, e serroy pur tous jours. Vus demorrez ou moy, e je ne vus faudrey jamès.” Joce quida qu’il fust borgeis ; quar borgeys relement ont vestu les armes, e ceus qe l’enfant avoit furent roynous e ledes. Donqe respount l’enfant e dit : “ Sire, je ne sui nul borgeys ; e ne me conussez poynt ? je su Fouke, vostre norry.” “ Beal fitz,” fet-il, “ be-neit seyt le temps que je vus unqe nory ! quar jamès son travayl ne perdra qe pur prodhome fra.” Atant amenerent sire Water e sire Ernalt en une tour qe est apelée Pendovre ; e yleqe fist mediciner lur playes, e garder à grant honour. E la dame e ces fyles e lur

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Then spoke sir Joce: “Friend burgess, you are very strong and valiant; and if it had not been for you, I should have been dead before this. I am much bound to you, and shall be always. You shall live with me, and I will never fail you.” Joce thought he had been a burgess; for burgesses really have put armour on, and those which the lad had were rusty and foul. Then the lad answered and said: “Sir, I am no burgess; do you not know me? I am Fulke, your foster-child.” “Fair son,” said he, “blessed be the time that ever I nourished you! for a man will never lose his labour which he does for a brave man.” Then they carried sir Walter and sir Arnald into a tower which is called Pendover; and there caused their wounds to be healed, and guarded them in great honour. And the lady

damoyseles chescun jour conforterent e solacerent sire Water e sire Ernalt de Lyls.

Sire Ernalt fust jeune bachiler e bel, e grantment fust surpris de l'amur Marioun de la Bruere, une mout gentile damoisele, e si fust la mestre chaunbrere la dame del chastiel de Dynan. Sire Ernalt e la damoisele entreparlerent sovent; quar ele soleit chescun jour venir en la tour ou sa dame, de conforter sire Water de Lacy e sire Ernalt. Avynt qe sire Ernalt, quant veyt temps, aresona la damoysele, e dit qe ele fust la chose qu'il plus ama, e qe tant est surpris de s'amour qe repos ne puet avoir jour ne nuyt si ele ne se asente à ly; quar ele ly puet socours fere de tous ces anuys. E, si ele le voleynt fere, yl la freit seureté

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and her daughters and their damsels every day comforted and solaced sir Walter and sir Arnald de Lys.

Sir Arnald was a young bachelor and handsome, and he was greatly overtaken with the love of Marion of the Heath, a very pretty damsel, who was the chief chamber-maid of the lady of the castle of Dynan. Sir Arnald and the damsel often conversed together; for she used to come every day into the tower with her lady, to comfort sir Walter de Lacy and sir Arnald. It happened that sir Arnald, when he saw an opportunity, pleaded with the damsel, and told her that she was the thing which he loved most, and that he was so much overtaken with her love, that he could have no rest day or night unless she yield to him; for she could give him relief from all his sorrows. And, if she would do

à sa volenté demeyne que jamès nulle autre n'amera, sy ly noun; e, al plus tost qu'il serreit delyvrés, yl la prendreit à femme. La dammoisele oy la bele promesse, e ly graunta fere sa volenté en totes choses, e prist seureté de ly qu'il la tendreit covenant de sa promesse. La damoisele les promet qe ele les eydereit en tous poyntz privément, qu'il fussent delyvrés de prisone. E prist towayles e lynceles, si porta en la tour, e les fist contre ensemble, e par els avala sire Water e sire Ernalt de la tour, e lur pria qu'il tenysent lur lealté e la promesse qe eux ly aveynt promys. E yl la dysent qe lealment se contendreynt à ly sauntz fauser nul covenant, e la comanderent à Dieu.

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it, he would make her a surety at her own will that never would he love another but her; and, as soon as he should be set at liberty, he would take her for his wife. The damsel heard the fair promise, and yielded him to do his will in all things, and took surety of him that he would hold with her according to his promise. The damsel promised them that she would help them in all points secretly, that they might be delivered from prison. And she took towels and sheets, and carried them into the tower, and sewed them together, and by means of these she let down sir Walter and sir Arnald from the tower, and she prayed them to keep their faith and the promise which they had made her. And they told her that they would behave faithfully towards her, without breaking any covenant, and bid her adieu.

Sire Water e sire Ernalt tot souls alerent lur che-myn à pée; e, al aube de jour, vindrent à Ewyas, à le chastiel sire Water de Lacy. E quant les gentz virent lur seignur seyn e heyté revenuz, ne fet à demaunder si léés furent; quar yl le quiderent aver perdus pur tous jours. Joce de Dynan leva matin, e s'en ala à sa chapele dedenz son chastel, qe fust fet e dedié en l'onour de la Magdaleyne, dount le jour de la dedica-tion est le jour seynt Cyryac e LXX. jours de pardoun. Si oy le service Dieu; e, quant avoit ce fait, mounta le plus halt tour q'est en la terce bayle del chastel, qe or est apelé de plusours Mortemer. E pur cele re-soun ad le noun de Mortemer, qe uns des Mortemers fust leynz bone piece en garde. Joce survist le pays,

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Sir Walter and sir Arnald all alone went their way on foot; and, at the dawn of day, came to Ewyas, to the castle of sir Walter de Lacy. And when his people saw their lord returned sound and well, it need not be asked if they were joyful; for they thought they had lost him for ever. Joce de Dynan rose early, and went to his chapel within the castle, which was made and dedicated in honour of the Magdalene, the day of dedication of which is the day of St. Ciriac and seventy days of pardon. He heard the service of God; and, when he had done that, he mounted the highest tower in the third bail of the castle, which is now called by many Mortimer. And it has the name of Mortimer for this reason, that one of the Mortimers was in it a good while imprisoned. Joce surveyed the country, and saw

rien ne vist si bien noun. Descendy de la tour, si fist corner à laver, e si maunda pur son prison, sire Water. Quar tant honur ly feseit qe nul jour ne vodra laver ne manger eynz ly. Les prisouns furent quis par tot. Ce fust nyent; quar eschapez erent. Sire Joce ne fist nul semblant qu'il se repenty de lur aler, ne jà garde ne dona.

Sire Water pensa qu'il se vengereit ou morreit; maunda pur ces gentz d'Irlaunde, e prist souders chevalers e autres, issi qe fort estour e dur assaut fust entre sire Water e sire Joce. Les countes e barons d'Engleterre virent la grant mortalité e damage qe fust avenu, e uncore entre eux de jour en jour avynt; pristrent un jour d'amour entre sire Water e Joce; e

nothing but what was well. He descended from the tower, and caused the horn to be sounded for washing, and sent for his prisoner sir Walter. For he honoured him so much that he would never wash or eat before he did the same. The prisoners were sought everywhere. It was in vain; for they were escaped. Sir Joce made no semblance of being sorry for their going, and took no care of it.

Sir Walter thought that he would revenge himself or die; he sent for his people from Ireland, and took into his pay knights and others, so that there was strong contest and hard battle between sir Walter and sir Joce. The earls and barons of England saw the great mortality and hurt which had happened, and which still happened between them daily; they arranged a love-day between sir Walter

yleoqe furent totes grevances redressez, e les parties acordeez e devant les grantz seignours furent entrebaysez.

Joce de Dynan maunda ces lettres à Waryn de Mées e Melette sa bone dame, le pierre Fouke l'enfaunt. Fouke fust auke brun, e pur ce fust pus apelé de plusours Fouke le Brun. Waryn e Melette e grantz gentz vindrent al chastel de Dynan, e furent resçu ileqe à grant honur e joie, e se enveiserent une symaigne. Joce molt cortoisement parla à Guarin, e ly dit : "Sire," fet-yl, "vus avez seynz un fitz que je vus ay nory. J'espoir qu'il serra prodhome e vaylant; e serra vostre heir, sy yl vus survist. E je ay deus files, qe sunt mes heys; e, si vus plüst, vodrey-je qe nus fus-

and sir Joce; and there all grievances were redressed, and the parties were accorded, and embraced each other before the great lords.

Joce de Dynan sent his letters to Guarin de Metz and Melette his good lady, the father of the youth Fulke. Fulke was of a dark complexion, and therefore he was called by many Fulke the Brown. Guarin and Melette with a great retinue came to the castle of Dynan, and were received there with great honour and joy, and remained there a week. Joce spoke very courteously to Guarin, and said to him: "Sir," said he, "you have here a son whom I have fostered for you. I trust that he will be a brave man and valiant; and he will be your heir, if he survive you. And I have two daughters, who are my heirs; and, if it please you,

soms entrealiez par mariage, e donqe ne doteroms gueres nul grant seignur d'Engleterre, qe nostre partie ne serreit meintenu à dreit e à resoun. E, si vus le volez graunter, je vueil qe Fouke le Brun espouse Hawyse, ma puyzné file, e qu'il seit heir de la meyté de tote ma terre." Guaryn ly mercia molt de soun beal profre, e dit qu'il le grantereit tot à sa volenté demeyne. Lendemayn maunderent à Herford pur le evesque Robert de . . . . . Le evesque vint, e à grant honour fist les esposailles. Joce tint grant feste xv. jours. Quant la feste fust departy, sire Joce e sire Guaryn e lur meynés s'en alerent vers Hertlande; quar yleqe vodreint sojourner une piece. E Marion de la Bruere se feynist malade, e se cocha en son lyt, e dit qe si

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my wish is that we enter into alliance of marriage, and then we should hardly fear any great lord in England, that our party should not be maintained with right and reason. And, if you will agree to it, I will that Fulk the Brown marry Hawyse, my younger daughter, and he shall be heir to the moiety of all my land." Guarin thanked him much for his fair offer, and said that he would agree to all according to his own will. Next day they sent to Hereford for the bishop Robert de ... The bishop came, and with great honour performed the marriage ceremony. Joce held great festivity during fifteen days. When the feast was ended, sir Joce and sir Guarin and their households all went towards Hertland; for they wished to sojourn there a while. And Marion of the Heath feigned sickness, and took to her bed, and said

malade fust qe ele ne se poeit mover, si noun à grant peyne. E demora al chastel de Dynan. Joce comanda qe ele fust guardé tot à talent. E, pur doute de le Lacy e autres gentz, soudea xxx. chevalers e lx. dis serjantz e vadletz, e les bayla son chastel à garder tanqe à son repeyr en le pays. Quant Joce fust passé, lendemein manda Marion son message à sire Ernalt de Lyls, e ly pria, pur la grant amisté qe entre eux fust, qu'il n'obliast les covenantz qe entre eux sunt affermez, e qu'il viegne hastivement parler ou ly à le chastel de Dynan, quar le seignur e la dame e la force de lur meynage sunt vers Hertlande; e qu'il vienge à meisme le lu où dreyn s'en ala de le chastel. Quant sire Ernalt avoit oy le mandement sa amie, meyn-

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that she was so ill that she could not move except with great difficulty. And she remained at the castle of Dynan. Joce commanded that she should be carefully attended to. And, for fear of the Lacy and other people, he took into his pay thirty knights and seventy sergeants and valets, and delivered them his castle to keep until his return into the country. When Joce was gone, next day Marion sent a messenger to sir Arnald de Lys, and prayed him, for the great friendship that was between them, that he would not forget the covenants which were made between them, and that he come hastily to talk with her at the castle of Dynan, for the lord and the lady and the strength of their household are gone to Hertland, and that he come to the same place where last he escaped from the castle. When sir Arnald had heard the message of his mistress, he imme-

nant remanda meisme le messenger, e pria pur s'amur  
 qe ele mesurast la hautesse de la ffenestre par ount yl  
 issist dreyn de le chastel; e quele gentz e quantz e  
 quele meisnie lur seignour avoit lessé derere ly, si  
 remandast par le dit messenger. La damoisele, qe nul  
 suspecioun de tresoun n'aveit, prist un fyl de say, e le  
 vala par my la fenestre desqe la terre, e tot l'estre del  
 chastiel maunda à sire Ernalt. Donqe remanda sire  
 Ernalt à sa amie qe le quarte jour, avant heure de  
 mie nuyt, serreit à ly à meisme la fenestre par ont yl  
 passa; e la pria qe ele ly atendist yleqe.

Sire Ernalt de Lyls fist fere une eschiele de quyr  
 de meisme la longure de le fyl de saye qe s'amie ly  
 maunda. Donqe s'en ala sire Ernalt à soun seignour,

diately sent back the same messenger, and prayed that for  
 his love she would measure the height of the window by  
 which he last escaped out of the castle, and that she should  
 send him back information by the said messenger what kind  
 of people, and how many, and what household their lord  
 had left behind him. The damsel, who had no suspicion of  
 treason, took a silk cord, and let it down through the  
 window to the ground, and sent information of all the con-  
 dition of the castle to sir Arnald. Then sir Arnald sent  
 back to his mistress that on the fourth day, before it struck  
 midnight, he would be at the same window through which  
 he passed; and begged that she would wait for him there.

Sir Arnald de Lys caused to be made a ladder of leather of  
 the same length as the silk cord which his mistress had sent  
 him. Then went sir Arnald to his lord, sir Walter de Lacy,

sire Water de Lacy, e ly counta que Fouke, le fitz Waryn de Méés, avoit esposé Hawyse, la fille sire Joce de Dynan, e qe sire Waryn e sire Joce aveyent lessé garnesture en le chastel de Dynan, e furent alez vers Hertlande pur quere souders e pur assembler yleqe lur gentz e pur auner host e pueple santz nombre. “E, quant tut l’ost serra assemblé, meynテナunt vendront à Ewyas, e ardrount e prendront vos terres. E, si yl poent vostre corps prendre, vus serrez detrenché en menu pieces, e vous e les vos desherytez pur tous jours. E ce me mand[e] cele qe vus bien savez; quar ele siet e ad oy la verité.” Quant sire Water entendy la novele, devynt tut pal pur angoise, e dit: “Certes, je ne pus crere qe sire Joce me freit tiele deceyte, depus

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and told him how Fulk, the son of Guarin de Metz, had espoused Hawyse, the daughter of sir Joce de Dynan, and how sir Guarin and sir Joce had left provision in the castle of Dynan, and were gone to Hertland to seek soldiers, and to assemble there their men, and to collect a host and people without number. “And, when all the host shall be assembled, they will come at once to Ewyas, and will burn and take your lands. And if they can take your body, you will be cut in small pieces, and you and yours will be deprived of your inheritance for ever. She whom you know well has sent me this information; for she knows and has heard the truth.” When sir Walter heard this news, he became pale with vexation, and said: “Truly, I cannot believe that sir Joce would do me such a deceit, since we

qe nus sumes acordeez, e, veantz plusours, entrebayseez; e je harrey mout qe nos piers diseynt qe le acord serreit enfreynt endroit de moy, e sire Joce est tenuz leal chevaler.”—“Sire,” fet sire Ernalt, “vus estes mon seignur; je vus garny de vostre damage; quar je say la verité par cele qe ad oy le consayl. E ne ditez mie autre foyz qe je savoy vostre damage e ne le vus vodray garnyr, ne qe je vus ay menty ma fey.” Sire Water devynt molt pensyf, e ne savoit nul bon consayl sur cele bosoigne. Atant dit: “sire Ernalt, qei me loez-vus de fere?”—“Sire,” fet-il, “creez mon consayl, si frez bien. Je irroy meismes, ou ma compagnie, si prendroy par engyn le chastiel de Dynan; e quant sire Joce avera fayly de soun recet, il vus

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are accorded, and there are many witnesses to our having embraced each other; and I was provoked much that our peers said the accord would be broken on my part, and sir Joce is held a loyal knight.” “Sir,” said sir Arnald, “you are my lord; I warn you of your hurt; for I know the truth through her who has heard the counsel. And tell me not another time that I knew of your hurt and would not warn you of it, or that I have belied my faith to you.” Sir Walter became very thoughtful, and he knew no good counsel for this matter. At length he said: “Sir Arnald, what do you advise me to do?” “Sir,” said he, “trust my counsel, and you will do well. I will go myself, with my company, and I will take by cunning the castle of Dynan; and when sir Joce shall have lost his stronghold, he will

grevera le meynz e se retrerra de sa pensée ; e par tant poez estre vengé de ly de le hounte qu'il nus ad sovent fait. E, sire, pensez qe, seit ce à droit ou à tort, home se deit de son enmy venger." Sire Water del tot se mist en le consayl sire Ernalt, e quida qu'il ly aveit dit veir de quanqu'il avoit dit ; mès yl menti come faus chevaler.

Sire Ernald apparilla sa compaignie, qe grant fust ; quar yl avoit en sa compaignie, qe chevalers, esquiers, e serjauntz, plus qe myl. E vynt al chastiel de Dynan par nuyt ; e fist partie de sa compaignie demorer en le boys près de Whyteclyf, e partie enbucher desouth le chastiel en les gardyns. La nuyt fust mout obscure ; quar yl ne furent aparçu de gueyte ne de autre. Sire

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grieve you the less and will give up his design ; and so far you will be revenged of him for the disgrace which he has often inflicted upon us. And, sir, consider that, be it by right or by wrong, one ought to revenge oneself of his enemy." Sir Walter yielded himself entirely to the counsel of sir Arnald, and supposed that he had told him truth in what he had said ; but he lied like a false knight.

Sir Arnald prepared his company, which was numerous ; for he had in his company, knights, squiers, and sergeants, more than a thousand. And he came to the castle of Dynan by night, and caused part of his company to remain in the wood, near Whitcliff, and part to lay in ambush below the castle, in the gardens. The night was very dark, so that they were not perceived by the watch, or by any

Ernalt prist un esquier qe porta la eschiele de quyr, e s'en alerent à la fenestre où Marion les attent. E quant ele les vist, unqe ne fust si lée ; si en vala jus une corde, e traist sus la eschiele de quyr, si la ferma à un kernel de le mur. E Ernalt monta bien e legere-ment la tour, e prist sa amye entre ces bras e la beysa ; e fyrent grant joie, e s'en alerent en une autre cham-bre, e soperent, e pus alerent cochier, e si lesserent la eschiele pendre. L'esquier qe la porta ala por les chevalers e la grant compaignie qe furent enbuche- en le jardyn le seynur e aylours, e les amena à l'es-chiele. E c. homes bien armés mouterent par l'es-chiele de quyr, e s'en avalerent de la tour de Pendovre, e s'en alerent par le mur derere la chapele ; e troverent

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one else. Sir Arnald took a squier, who carried the ladder of leather, and went to the window where Marion was waiting for them. And when she saw them, she was never so joyful ; and she let down a cord, and drew up the ladder of leather, and fastened it to a battlement of the wall. And Arnald mounted easily and lightly the tower, and took his mistress between his arms and kissed her ; and they made great joy, and went thence into another chamber, and supped, and then went to bed, and left the ladder hanging. The esquier who carried it, went for the knights and the great company who were in ambush in the lord's garden and elsewhere, and brought them to the ladder. And a hundred men, well armed, mounted by means of the ladder of leather, and went down from the tower of Pendover, and went along the wall behind the chapel. And they found

le geyte somoilant, quar yl devynt tut pesant contre la mort; e ly pristrent meyntenant, e ly vodreynt aver ruée jus de son tour en la profonde fossé; e yl cria mercy, e pria qu'il ly vodreynt soffryr sifler une note avaunt qu'il morust. E yl ly granterent; mès yl le fist pur ce qe les chevalers de leynz se devereynt garnyr. Mès ce fust tut pur nient. Tant come il sifla, tut le plus de les chevalers e serjauntz furent decoupées; brayerent e crierent en lur lytz, qe Dieus poeit aver pité. Mès les compaignons sire Ernalt furent santz pieté; quar quanqe leynz fust mistrent à lede mort, e meynste lyncele qe fust blanche à seyr tot fust enrouy de sang. Al dreyn ruerent le gueyte en la profonde fossé, e rompi le col.

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the watch sleeping, for he seemed to be heavy under the presentiment of death; and they took him immediately, and would have thrown him down from his tower into the deep foss; but he cried for mercy, and begged that they would suffer him to whistle one note before he died. And they granted it him; but he did it in order that the knights within should be warned. But it was all in vain. While he whistled the greater part of the knights and sergeants were being cut to pieces; and they screamed and cried in their beds that God might have pity. But the companions of sir Arnald were without pity; for all who were therein they put to a foul death, and many a sheet which was white at even, was all reddened with blood. At last they threw the watch into the deep foss, and broke his neck.

Marion de la Bruere cocha deleez son amy sire Ernalt, e rien savoit de la treson qe sire Ernalt avoit fet; si oy grant noise en le chastiel, leva del lit e regarda jus en le chastiel, oyt la noyse e le cry de naufrez, e vist chevalers armeez e les blanks healmes e haubercz; meyntenant aparçust qe sire Ernalt ly avoit desçu e trahi, si comença mout tendrement à ploure[r], e dyt pytousement: "Alas!" fet-ele, "qe unqe nasquy de mere! quar, par mon forfet, ad mon seignur, sire Joce, qe suef me norry, perdu son chastel e sa bone gent; e, si je ne usse esté, rien ne fust perdu. Alas! qe je unqe cru cest chevaler! quar, par son losenge, m'ad-yl desçu, e mon seygnur, de cuy plus me est." Marion tote ploraunte saka l'espeye sire

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Marion of the heath lay in bed beside her love, sir Arnald, and knew nothing of the treason which sir Arnald had perpetrated; she heard a great noise in the castle, rose from the bed, and looked down into the castle, heard the noise and cry of the wounded, and saw knights in arms and white helms and haubercs. Now she perceived that sir Arnald had deceived and betrayed her, and began to weep very affectingly, and said piteously: "Alas!" said she, "that ever I was born of mother; for by my fault, my lord, sir Joce, who fostered me tenderly, has lost his castle and his good people; and had I never been, nothing would have been lost. Alas! that ever I believed this knight; for by his flattery he has deceived me, and my lord, which is still more to me." Marion, all weeping, drew the sword

Ernalt, e dit: "Sire chevaler, esveyllez-vus; quar estrange compaignie avez amené en le chastiel mon seigneur sanz congié. Mès qe vus, sire, e vostre esquier, fussez par moy herbygez, les autres, qe seyntz par vus sunt, ne furent mès. E, depus qe vus me avez desçu, vus ne me poez à reson blamer, si je vus renke service après vostre desert; mès jamès ne vus avanterez à nulle amye qe vus averez qe, par ma deceyte, avez conquis le chastiel de Dynan e le pays." Le chevaler se dresça en estant. Marion, de la espeye qe ele tynt trete en sa mayn, fery le chevaler par my le cors; e si morust le chevaler meyntenant. Marion savoit bien qe, si ele fust prise, ele serreit lyvré à male mort, e ne savoit qe fere; mès se lessa cheier à une fenestre devers Lyneye, si rompy le col.

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of sir Arnald, and said, "Sir knight, awake; for you have brought strange company into the castle of my lord without leave. But if you, sir, and your esquier, were lodged by me, the others, who have come in through your means, were not. And, since you have deceived me, you cannot rightly blame me if I render you service according to your desert; but you shall never boast to any mistress you shall have, that by my deceit you have gained the castle of Dynan and the country." The knight raised himself erect. Marion, with the sword which she held drawn in her hand, struck the knight through the body, and the knight died immediately. Marion knew well that if she were taken, she should be delivered to an evil death, and knew not

Les chevalers qe furent en le chastel defermerent les portes, e s'en alerent en la vyle, e overyrent la porte de Dynan vers la ryvere, e fyrent totes lur gentz entrer. Si mistrent au fyn de chescune rywe en la vyle grant nombre de gentz, e fyrent esprendre la vile de fu; e en chescune rywe fyrent deus feus. Les borgeys e les serjauntz de la vyle, quant vyrent le feu, leverent des lytz, les uns nuz, les uns vestuz, e ne saveint qe fere, quar tut furent à poy forsenez. Les chevalers e les esquiers de Lacy les corurent sur, si les decouperent e ocistrent espessement. Les bourgeois ne se poeynt ne saveynt defendre; quar tous qe trovez furent detrenchez ou ars en le feu. Les

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what to do; so she let herself fall from a window towards Linney, and broke her neck.

The knights who were in the castle unfastened the doors, and went into the town, and opened the gate of Dynan towards the river, and admitted all their people. They placed at the end of each street in the town a great number of people, and caused the town to be set on fire; and in each street they made two fires. The burgesses and the sergeants of the town, when they saw the fire, rose from their beds, some naked, others clothed, and knew not what to do, for they were almost mad. The knights and esquiers of Lacy fell upon them, and cut them to pieces and slew them in great numbers. The burgesses had no power or thought to defend themselves; for all who were met with were cut to pieces or burnt in the fire. The damsels went

damoiseles alerent par les veneles, vyrent lur pieres e lur freres gisir detrenchez par les rywes, s'engenulerent, prierent mercy e pardon de vye. Ce fust pur nient, à ce qe l'estoyre dyt; homes, femmes, ou enfautz, jeovenes e grantz, tous furent ocys, ou de arme ou de feu. Ataunt vynt le jour; donqe manderent à lur seigneur qu'il, ou tot son poer, venist al chastel de Dynan. E si fist-yl, e fist mettre sa banere sur le Pendovre en signe de victorie qu'il aveit conquis ce qu'il eyns fust en prison mys; mès la vile e quanqe fust leyens fust arse à neyrs charbouns.

Quant la novele vynt à sire Joce e Guaryn de Meez, mout dolent, triste, e morne furent. Si manderent par tot à lur parentz, amys, e à lur gentz demeyne, issi

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along the lanes, saw their fathers and their brothers lie slaughtered in the streets, fell upon their knees, and implored mercy and pardon of their life. It was in vain, as the history says; men, women, or children, young and great, all were slain, either by weapon or by fire. At last day came; then they sent to their lord that he, with all his power, should come to the castle of Dynan. And so he did, and caused his banner to be raised on the Pendover in sign of victory that he had gained the spot in which he was formerly put in prison; but the town with all that was in it was burnt to black charcoal.

When the news came to sir Joce and Guarin de Metz, they were much grieved, sad, and sorrowful. They sent to all their kinsmen, friends, and to their own people, so that

que yl aveient dedenz une moys set myl de bone gent bien apparillez. E vindrent à chastel Key, qu'est fermé desuz un tertre, une lywe de voye de Dynan. Mès chastel Key fust viel à ycel houre, e les portez furent porrys; quar nulle gent ne le aveient habitée c. ans avaunt. Quar Key, le seneschal mon sire Arthur le roy, le avoit fet, e tot les pays à ly fust apendant, e le noun de ly uncore tient, quar la gent du pays le apelent Keyenhom. Joce e Garyn e Fouke le Brun, ou lur gent, lendemeyn vont vers le chastiel de Dynan, si le assailent mout egrement de tote partz. Sire Water e ces chevalers defendent mout hardiement les kernels e les murs; e pus sire Water e ces Irreis s'en issirent de le chastel, e si rendirent fort estour à ceux

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they had within a month seven thousand men well provided. And they came to castle Key, which is intrenched upon a knoll, a league's distance from Dynan. But castle Key was old at that time, and its gates were decayed; for no people had inhabited it for a hundred years past. For Key, the steward of my lord Arthur the king, had made it, and all the country belonged to him, and it still retains his name, for the people of the country call it Keyenhom (Cainham). Joce and Guarin and Fulk the Brown, with their people, go on the morrow towards the castle of Dynan, and attack it very fiercely from all sides. Sir Walter and his knights defend very courageously the crenels and the walls; after which sir Walter and his Irishmen sallied from the castle, and made a fierce attack on those who

qe dehors furent. Joce, Garyn, e Fouke les assaylent de totes partz e les occient espesement. Les Irreis gissent detrenchez par le prés e jardynz, issi qe à sire Water e les suens avynt le pys; yl e sa gent se retreyent e entrerent le chastiel e defendent les murs. E, si yl ussent demorée dehors, bientost ussent oy noveles mout dures. Sire Joce e sire Waryn se retournerent à lur herberges e se desarmerent; e, quant urent mangée, s'entresolacerent. Lendemeyn aysaylirent le chastel mout egrement de totes partz, mès ne le purreyent prendre. E quanqu'il purreyent encountrer dehors, les detrencherent. Ceste sege dura longement. Pus après avynt qe, par le assent de un roy d'Engleterre, furent les portes de le chastel, qe treblées erent, ars e espris par feu que fust illuminée de

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were outside. Joce, Guarin, and Fulk, attack them on all sides, and slay them in great numbers. The Irish lay cut to pieces in the fields and gardens, so that sir Walter and his had the worst of it; he and his people retreated and entered the castle and defended the walls. And, if they had remained outside, they would soon have heard very hard news. Sir Joce and sir Guarin returned to their lodgings and disarmed; and, after they had eaten, they were merry together. On the morrow they attacked the castle very fiercely from all sides, but could not take it. And all they could find outside, they cut them to pieces. This siege lasted long. Subsequently it happened that, by the assent of a king of England, the gates of the castle, which were treble, were burnt and consumed by fire which was lighted

bacons e de grece, e la tour sur la porte ars dedenz. E le halt tour q'est en le tierce bayl de chastel, qe fort e bien ovrée fust qe home ne saveit à cele oure nul plus fort ne meylour, fust de grant partie abatu, e cele bayle à poy tote destruyt.

Sire Waryn devynt malades, e prist congié de sire Joce, e s'en ala à Albrebures soulement ou un esquier, e morust. Fochun le Brun, quant son pere fust mort, vynt à Albrebures, e prist homage e fealté de totes les gentz qe tindrent de son pere; e prist congié de Melette, sa mere, e Hawyse, sa femme, e revynt à sire Joce, e ly counta coment fust venu de son pere; dount Joce fust moult dolent de la novele.

Sire Water fust dolent e irascu qu'il avoit perdu sa

with bacons and grease, and the tower over the gate burnt in. And the high tower which is in the third bail of the castle, which was so strong and well built that no stronger or better tower was at that time known, was in great part beaten down, and that bail almost entirely destroyed.

Sir Guarin fell ill, and took leave of sir Joce, and went to Alberbury only with one esquier, and died. Fulk the Brown, after his father's death, came to Alberbury, and took homage and fealty of all the people who held of his father; and he took leave of Melette, his mother, and Hawise, his wife, and returned to sir Joce, and related to him what had happened to his father, at the news of which Joce was much grieved.

Sir Walter was sorrowful and angry that he had lost his

gent, e mout dota de estre mat e vencu, e se purpensa mout estroytement, si maunda une letre à Yervard Droyndoun, prince de Gales, come à son seignur, amy, e parent, e li counta par letre qe sire Willam Peverel, qe tint Maylour e Ellesmere, est mortz; e dit qe ceus terres sunt de sa seignurie aportenauntz à Powys, e sire Willam les tint de le doun le rey d'Engleterre à tort, e le roy les seysera en sa meyn. "E, si issi fait, il vus serra mout mal veysyn, quar il ne vus ayme poynt. E pur ce, sire, venez chalenger vostre droit; e, si vus plest, me vueil lez socours maunder, quar je su durement assegée en le chastel de Dynan."

Yervard, quant oy avoit la novele, fist assembler

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people, and he feared much to be beaten and conquered, and after anxious consideration he sent a letter to Jervard Droyndoun, prince of Wales, as to his lord, friend, and kinsman, and informed him by letter that sir William Peverel, who held Maelor and Ellesmere, is dead; and he said that those lands are of the lordship belonging to Powis, and sir William held them by gift of the king of England wrongfully, and the king will seize them into his hand. "And, if he does so, he will be a very bad neighbour to you, for he does not love you. And therefore, sir, come and challenge your right; and, if you please, send me succour, for I am closely besieged in the castle of Dynan."

Jervard, when he heard the news, caused to assemble

Galeys, Escoteys, Yrreys, plus qe vynt myl ; e se hasta vers la marche, ardy les vyles, robba le gentz, e tant avoit grant gent qe le pays ne les purra contre-ester. Joce fust cointe e aparçust la venue Yervard ; e yl e sa gent e Fouke se armerent, e hardiement assaylerent Roger de Pouwys e Jonas, son frere, qe vyndrent en l'avant-garde de l'ost Yervard, e ocistrent plusours de lur. Roger e Jonas ne poyent durer l'estour, e se retrestrent arere. Ataunt vynt Yervard armée, dont les armes furent de or e de goules quartylé, e en chescun quarter un leopart ; e assayly sire Joce e Fouke. E yl se defendyrent longement, e ocistrent plusours de lur gent ; mès yl avoient tant gent que sire Joce ne purra meyntenir l'estour, e se retorna

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Welsh, Scots, and Irish, more than twenty thousand ; and he hastened towards the march, burnt the towns, plundered the people, and he had such a great host that the country could not withstand them. Joce was wary and got intelligence of the approach of Jervard ; and he and his people and Fulk armed, and boldly attacked Roger de Powis and Jonas his brother, who came with the vanguard of Jervard's host, and slew many of their men. Roger and Jonas were not able to withstand the attack, and retreated. At length came Jervard armed, and his arms were of or, quartered with gules, and in each quarter a leopard ; and he assailed sir Joce and Fulk. And they defended themselves long, and slew many of their people ; but they (the Welsh) had so many people that sir Joce could not maintain the

vers chastiel Key, à une lywe de Dynan. Mès molt ly mesavynt; quar yl avoit perduz plusours de sa gent. Yervard e ly Lacy, qe donqe lée fust, pursiwy sire Joce e Fouke, e les assistrent en le chastelet, e les assaylerent mout egrement. Joce, Fouke, e lur chevalers, treis jours, santz beyvre ou manger, defenderent lur feble e viel chastelet contre tut l'ost. Al quart jour, dit sire Joce qe greyndre honour serreit pur eux de lessir le chastel e morir en le champ à honour, qe morir en le chastel de feym à desonour; e maintenant vindrent en le champ, e ocistrent à lur premer avenue plus qe treis cent, qe chevalers, esquiers, e sergantz. Yervard Droyndon e ly Lacy e lur gent asaylerent sire Joce e sa gent, e yl se defendirent come leons;

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contest, and he fell back upon Castle Key, at a league from Dynan. But it was very disastrous to him; for he had lost many of his people. Jervard and the Lacy, who was now glad, pursued sir Joce and Fulk, and besieged them in the little castle, and assailed them very fiercely. Joce, Fulk, and their knights, during three days, without drinking or eating, defended their weak and old little castle against all the host. On the fourth day, sir Joce said that it would be greater honour to leave the castle and die in the field with honour, than to die in the castle of hunger and with dishonour; and thereupon they went into the field and slew at their first encounter more than three hundred, knights, esquiers, and sergeants. Jervard Droyndoun and the Lacy and their people assailed sir Joce and his people, and they

mès tant gent les assistrent entre eux qu'il ne poeynt longement durer; quar le cheval sire Joce fust ocys, e yl meismes durement naufré; e ces chevalers, les uns pris, les uns ocys. Donqe pristrent sire Joce e ces chevalers, e les manderent à prison à le chastel de Dynan, là où il soleit estre seigneur e mestre. Quant Fouke vyst prendre e amener sire Joce, à poy qu'il ne forsena de duel e de ire; brocha le cheval de espérons, si fery un chevaler qe le mena d'une launce par mi le cors. Atant vynt Yweyn Keveylloke, un chevaler hardy e fer, e de une launce de freyne fery Fouke par my la voyde du corps, e la launce debrusa, e le tronchoun remist en le cors; mès les entrayles ne furent rien entameez. Fouke se senty

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defended themselves like lions; but so many people hemmed them in that they could not hold out long; for the horse of sir Joce was killed, and he himself severely wounded; and his knights, some taken, some slain. Then they took sir Joce and his knights, and sent them to prison to the castle of Dynan, there where he used to be lord and master. When Fulk saw sir Joce taken and led away, he went almost mad with grief and anger; he struck his horse with the spurs, and struck a knight who led him through the body with a lance. Then came Owen Keveylloke, a bold and fierce knight, and with a lance of ash struck Fulk through the hollow of his body, and the lance broke, and the piece remained in his body; but his entrails were not touched. Fulk felt himself terribly wounded, and could

fierement blessé, e rien se poeit defendre; se mist à la fute, e les autres l'enchacerent deus lywes e plus, e, quant ne le poeint ateindre, se retorerent e seisirent totes les terres que Fouke aveyt. E pristrent Gyoun, le fitz Candelou de Porkyntone, qe le conestable Fouke esteit, e manderent à prison à Rothelan, e ces vij. fitz ou ly.

Fouke grant duel fet pur son seignour; si ad entendu que le roy Henré est demoraunt à Gloucestre, e s'en va laundreit. Si come yl approcha la ville, si fust le roy après soper alaunt sey dedure en un prée, si vist Fouke venant armé al chyval, e mout poinousement chyvalchaunt; quar yl ert feble, e son destrer las. "Atendoms," fet le roy, "jà orroms noveles." Fouke

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no longer defend himself; he took to flight, and the others hunted him two leagues or more, and, not being able to catch him, they returned and seized all the lands which Fulk had. And they took Guy, the son of Candelou of Porkington, who was Fulk's constable, and sent him to prison at Rhuddlan, and his seven sons with him.

Fulke was in great grief for his lord; and, as he had heard that king Edward was dwelling at Gloucester, he went thither direct. As he approached the town, the king was going after supper to divert himself in the meadow, and saw Fulk coming armed on horseback, and riding very painfully; for he was weak, and his steed weary. "Let us wait," said the king, "we shall now hear news." Fulk came all on horse to the king, for he could not dis-

vint tut à chyval al rey ; quar yl ne poeit descendre, si counta le roy enterement tote la aventure. Le roy rouly les oyls mou[lt] ferement, e dit qu'il se vengereit de tels malfesours en son realme. E ly demanda qu'il fust e dount fust née. Fouke counta le roy où ert née e de qele gent, e qu'il estoit le fitz Guaryn de Meez. "Beau fitz," fet le roy, "vus estes bien venuz à moy ; quar vus estes de mon sang, e je vus ayderoy." Le roy fist mediciner ces playes. E maunda pur Melette, sa mere, e Hawyse, sa femme, e lur autre meyné, si les retynt ou ly, e fesoit Hawise e Melette demorer en les chambres la reygne. Hawyse fust grosse enseinte, e quant terme vynt fust delyvrés de enfaunt, e firent apeler l'enfaunt Fouke. Cely en son temps fust mout

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mount, and told the king entirely the whole affair. The king rolled his eyes very fiercely, and said that he would revenge himself of such evil-doers in his realm. And he asked him who he was, and from whom descended. Fulk related to the king where he was born, and of what race, and that he was the son of Guarin de Metz. "Fair son," said the king, "you are welcome to me ; for you are of my blood, and I will help you." The king caused his wounds to be doctored. And he sent for Melette, his mother, and Hawise, his wife, and the rest of their household, and retained them with him, and caused Hawise and Melette to dwell in the queen's chambers. Hawise was advanced in pregnancy, and when her time came she was delivered of a child, and they caused the child to be named Fulk. He in

renomée, e ce fust à bon dreit; quar yl fust sauntz pier de force, hardiesse, e bountée.

Quant Fouke le Brun fust seyn de sa playe, le roy Henré maunda une letre à sire Water de Lacy, e commanda sur vie e membre qu'il ly delyverast Joce de Dynan, son chevaler, e ces chevalers, qu'il tient à tort en sa prisoun; e, si yl ne le fet, yl les vendra quere meymes, e fra tiele justice qe tote Engleterre em parlera. Quant sire Water avoyt oy le maundement, molt fust empoury de le maundement; si delyvera sire Joce e ces chevalers, e les vesty e monta honorablement, e les amena par la posterne devers la ryvere de Temede e outre le gwé de Temede e outre Whyteclyf, tan qu'il vyndrent en le haut chemyn ver Gloucestre. Quant

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his time was greatly renowned, and it was with good reason; for he was peerless in strength, courage, and goodness.

When Fulk the Brown was healed of his wound, king Henry sent a letter to sir Walter de Lacy, and commanded him on pain of life and member to deliver Joce de Dynan, his knight, and his knights, whom he holds wrongfully in his prison; and, if he did not do it, he will come and seek them himself, and will do such justice that all England shall talk of it. When sir Walter heard the message, he was much frightened at it; and he set sir Joce and his knights at liberty, and clothed and mounted them very honourably, and conducted them through a postern towards the river of Teme and beyond the ford of Teme and beyond Whitcliff, until they came to the high road to Gloucester. When sir

sire Joce vint à Gloucestre, le roy le reçust mout léement, e ly promist ley e resoun. Joce sojorna ou le roy tant come ly plust, pus prist congié e s'en ala à Lambourne, e sojorna yleque; e bien tost après morust, e fust enterrée yleoque. Dieus eit merci de la alme!

Le roy Henré apela Fouke, e ly fist conestable de tut son host; e ly comanda tote la force de sa terre, e qu'il presist gent assez e qu'il alast en la marche, si en chassast Yervard Droyndon e son poer hors de marche. Issi fust Fouke fet mestre sur tous; quar fort ert e coragous. Le rey remist à Gloucestre; quar yl fust malengous, e gueres ne poeyt traviler. Yervard avoit pris enterement tote la marche de Cestre desqe Wyr-

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Joce came to Gloucester, the king received him very gladly, and promised him law and right. Joce resided with the king as long as he pleased, and then took leave and went to Lambourne, and resided there; and soon after died, and was interred there. God have mercy on his soul!

King Henry called Fulk, and made him constable of all his host; and placed under his command all the force of his land, and that he should take people enough and go to the march, and drive thence Jervard Droyndoun and his power out of the march. Thus was Fulk made master over all; for he was strong and courageous. The king remained at Gloucester; for he was ailing, and not in a condition for labour. Jervard had taken entirely the whole march from Chester to Worcester, and he had disinherited all the barons

cestre, e si avoit tous les barouns de la marche desheritée. Sire Fouke, ou l'ost le roy, meint fer assaut fist à Yervard; e à une batayle delées Herford, à Wormeslowe, ly fist fuyr e guerpyr le champ. Mès avant, d'ambepartz, furent plusours ocys. La guere fiere e dure dura entre sire Fouke e le prince quatre anz, a-tant qe à la requeste le roy de Fraunce fust pris un jour d'amur à Salobures entre le roy e Yervard le prince, e furent entre-beysez e acordeez. E le prince rendy à les barons de la marche totes les terres qu'il avoit de eux prises, e al roy rendy Ellesmere; mès Blanche-Ville e Maylor ne vodra rendre pur nul or. "Fouke," fet le roy, "depus qe vus avez perdu Blaunche-Ville e Maylor, en lu de ce vus doyn-je Alleston e tut l'onour qu'apent,

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of the march. Sir Fulk, with the king's host, gave many fierce assaults to Jervard; and in a battle near Hereford, at Wormeslow, made him fly and quit the field. But before he fled, many were killed on both sides. Fierce and hard war between Fulk and the prince lasted four years, until at the request of the king of France a love-day was taken at Shrewsbury between the king and Jervard the prince, and they embraced mutually and came to an agreement. And the prince restored to the barons of the march all the lands which he had taken from them, and restored Ellesmere to the king; but for no gold would he render White-Town and Maelor. "Fulk," said the king, "since you have lost White-Town and Maelor, I give you instead Alleston and all the honour which belongs to it, to hold for ever." Fulk

à tenir perdurablement." E Fouke le mercia chèrement. Le roy Henré dona à Lewys, le fitz Yervard, enfant de vij. anz, Jonette, sa fyle; e en mariage lur dona Ellesmere e autres terres plusours, si mena Lewys à Loundres ou ly. Le prince Yervard, ou sa meyné, prist congié du roy, e s'en ala vers Gales; si dona à Rogier de Powys Blaunche-Vile e Maylour. Rogier pus dona à Jonas, soun puysnée frere, Maylour. Ore avez oy coment sire Joce de Dynan, Sibille, la eyné, e Hawyse, le puisné, ces filles, furent desheritez de le chastel e l'onour de Dynan, qe sire Water de Lacy tient à tort; mès pus fust la ville de Dynan reparillée e refetée, e si fust apellée Ludelowe. E si avez oy coment sire Fouke, le fitz Waryn de Meez, est desherytée

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thanked him dearly. King Henry gave to Lewis, the son of Jervard, a child of seven years, little Joan, his daughter; and he gave them in marriage Ellesmere and many other lands, and carried Lewis with him to London. The prince Jervard, with his retinue, took leave of the king, and went to Wales; and he gave White-Town and Maelor to Roger de Powis. Roger subsequently gave Maelor to Jonas, his younger brother. Now you have heard how Joce de Dynan, his daughters Sibylle the elder and Hawise the younger, were disinherited of the castle and honour of Dynan, which sir Walter de Lacy holds wrongfully; but the town of Dynan was afterwards repaired and restored, and was called Ludlow. And you have heard too how sir Fulke, the son of Guarin de Metz, is disinherited of White-Town and Mae-

de Blanche-Ville e Maylour. Sibile, la suere eyné, fust pus mariée à Payn le fitz Johan, molt vailant chevaler.

Fouke e Hauwise tant aveient demoré ou le roy, qu'il avoit synk fitz, Fouke, Willam, Phelip le Rous, Johan, e Alayn. Le roy Henré avoit quatre fitz, Henré, Richard Cuer-de-Lyon, Johan, e Gaufré, qe pus fust counte de Bretayne le Menour. Henré fust coronée vivant son pere, mès il morust avant le pierre; e après la mort le pere, Richard; e après Richard, Johan, son frere, qe tote sa vie fust maveys et contrarious e envyous. Fouke le jeuene fust norry ou les iiij. fitz Henré le roy, e mout amé de tous, estre de Johan; quar yl soleit sovent medler ou Johan. Avint qe Johan

lor. Sibylle, the elder sister, was subsequently married to Pain Fitz John, a very valiant knight.

Fulk and Hawise dwelt so long with the king, that he had five sons, Fulk, William, Phillip the Red, John, and Alan. King Henry had four sons, Henry, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, John, and Jeffrey, who was afterwards earl of Lesser Britain. Henry was crowned during his father's life time, but he died before his father; and after the death of his father, Richard was crowned; and after Richard, John, his brother, who all his life was wicked and ill-grained and envious. Young Fulk was bred with the four sons of king Henry, and much beloved by them all, except John; for he used often to quarrel with John. It happened that John and Fulk were sitting all alone in

e Fouke tut souls sistrent en une chambre, juauntz à escheques. Johan prist le eschelker, si fery Fouke grant coupe. Fouke se senti blescé, leva le piée, si fery Johan en my le pys, qe sa teste vola contre la pareye, qu'il devynt tut mat e se palmea. Fouke fust esbay; mès lée fust qe nul fust en la chambre, si eux deus noun, si frota les oryles Johan, e revynt de palmesoun, e s'en ala al roy, son piere, e fist une grant pleynte. "Tès-tey, maveys," fet le roy; "tous jours estes conteckaunt. Si Fouke nulle chose si bien noun vus fist, ce fust par vostre desert demeyne." E apela son mestre, e ly fist batre fynement e bien pur sa pleynte. Johan fust molt corocée à Fouke; quar unqe pus ne le poeit amer de cuer. Quant le roy Henré le pere fust mort, donqe regna

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a chamber, playing at chess. John took the chess-board, and struck Fulk a great blow. Fulk felt himself hurt, raised his foot, and struck John in the middle of the stomach, that his head flew against the wall, and he became all weak and fainted. Fulk was in consternation; but he was glad that there was nobody in the chamber but they two, and he rubbed John's ears, who recovered from his fainting-fit, and went to the king, his father, and made a great complaint. "Hold your tongue, wretch," said the king, "you are always quarrelling. If Fulk did anything but good to you, it must have been by your own desert." And he called his master, and made him beat him finely and well for complaining. John was much enraged against Fulk; so that he could never afterwards love him heartily. When king Henry, the father, died, then reigned king Richard,

rey Richard, si avoit molt cher Fouke le Brun, le fitz Waryn, pur sa lealté; e fist apeler devant ly à Wyncestre le v. fitz Fouke le Brun, Foket, Phelip le Rous, William, Johan, e Aleyn, e lur cosyn, Baudwyn de Hodenet, e les adubba molt richement e les fist chevalers. Sire Fouke le jeuene e ces freres ou lur compagnie passerent la mer, pur quere pris e los; e n'oierent parler de nul tornoy ne joustes qu'il ne vodra estre là. E tant fust preysé par tot qe la gent diseient communément que yl fust santz pier de force, bounté, e hardiesse; quar yl avait tele grace qu'il ne vynt en nul estour qu'il ne fust tenuz e renommée pur le meylour. Avynt qe Fouke le Brun, lur pere, morust. Le rey Richard maunda ces lettres à sire Fouke qu'il venist en Engle-

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who loved dearly Fulk the Brown, fitz Warine, for his loyalty; and he called before him at Winchester the five sons of Fulk the Brown, little Fulk, Phillip the Red, William, John, and Alan, and their cousin, Baldwin de Hodnet, and adubbed them very richly, and made them knights. The young sir Fulk and his brothers with their company passed the sea, to seek praise and renown; and they heard talk of no tournament or jousts but he would be there. And he obtained so much reputation everywhere, that people said commonly that he was peerless in strength, goodness, and courage; for he had such grace, that he came to no encounter in which he was not held and reputed for the victor. It happened that Fulk the Brown, their father, died. King Richard sent his letters to sir Fulke

tere à receyvre ces terres, quar son piere fust mort. Fouke e ces freres furent mout dolent qe Fouke le Brun, lur bon pere, fut mort; si revindrent à Londres à le roy Richard, qe mout fust lée de eux, si lur rendy totes les terres dont Fouke le Brun morust seysy. Le roy se apparilla vers la Terre-Seynte, e comanda tote la marche à la garde sire Fouke. Le roy l'ama mout e chery pur sa lealté e pur la grant renommée qu'il aveit, e Fouke fust molt bien de le roy tote la vie le roy Richard.

Après cui mort, Johan, le frere le roy Richard, fust coronée roy d'Engleterre. Donqe maunda à sire Fouke qu'il venist à ly parler e treter de diverse bosoignes

that he should come into England and receive his lands, for his father was dead. Fulk and his brothers were much grieved that Fulk the Brown, their good father, was dead: and they returned to London to king Richard, who was very glad of them, and delivered to them all the lands of which Fulk the Brown died seized. The king made himself ready towards the Holy Land, and he entrusted all the march to the keeping of sir Fulk. The king loved him much, and cherished him for his loyalty and for the great renown which he had, and Fulk was very well with the king all the life of king Richard.

After whose death, John, the brother of king Richard, was crowned king of England. Then he sent to sir Fulk that he should come to him to talk and treat of divers

qe tochoyent la marche, e dist qu'il irreit visiter la marche; e s'en ala al chastiel Baudwyn, qe ore est apelée Mountgomery. E quant Morys, le fitz Roger de Powys, seigneur de Blaunche-Ville, aparçust le roy Johan aprocher la marche, si manda au roy un destrer gras e beal e un girfaut tut blanc muer. Le roy le mercia mout de le present. Donqe vint Moryz parler al rey; e le roy le pria demorer ou ly e estre de son consayl, e ly fist gardeyn de tote la marche. Quant Morys vist soun temps, si parla au roy e ly pria, si ly plust, qe yl ly velsist confermer par sa chartre l'onour de Blaunche-Ville, à ly e ces heys, come le roy Henré, soun pere, l'avoyt eynz confirmé à Roger de Powys, son pere. Le roy savoit bien qe sire Fouke avoit dreit

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matters touching the march, and said that he would go visit the march; and he went to castle Baldwin, which is now called Montgomery. And when Moris, the son of Roger de Powis, lord of White-Town, knew that king John was on his way to the march, he sent the king a fat and fair steed, and a gerfalcon all white. The king thanked him much for his present. Then came Moris to talk with the king; and the king requested him to dwell with him and be of his council, and made him keeper of all the march. When Moris saw his time, he spoke to the king, and prayed him, if he pleased, that he would confirm to him by charter the honour of White-Town, to him and his heirs, as king Henry, his father, had before confirmed it to Roger de Powis, his father. The king knew well that sir Fulk had

à Blaunche-Ville, e se remembra de le coupe qe Fouke ly avoyt eynz donée, e se pensa qu'il se vengereit par yleqe; e granta qe quanqe Morys voleyt fere escrivre, yl le enselereyt. E, à ce fere, Morys ly promist c. livrez d'argent.

Yl y avoit bien près un chevaler qe tut aveit oy qe le roy e Morys aveient parlé, si vynt hastivement à sire Fouke, e ly counta qe le roy confermereit par sa chartre à syre Morys les terres à queux yl avoit dreyt. Fouke e ces quatre freres vindrent devant le roy, e prièrent qu'il puissent aver la commune ley e les terres à queux yl aveient droit e resoun, come le heritage Fouke; e prièrent qe le roy velsist receyvre de lur c. lyvres, à tieles que yl lur velsist graunter le award

right to White Town, and he called to mind the blow which Fulk had formerly given him, and thought that he would now be avenged; and he granted that whatever Moris would put in writing, he would seal it to him. And, for doing this, Moris promised him a hundred pounds of silver.

There was close by a knight, who had heard all the conversation between the king and Moris; and he went in haste to sir Fulk, and told him that the king was about to confirm by his charter to sir Moris the lands to which he had right. Fulk and his four brothers came before the king, and prayed that they might have the common law and the lands to which they had claim and right, as the inheritance of Fulk; and they prayed that the king would receive from them a hundred pounds, on condition that he

de sa court de gayn e de perte. Le roy lur dist qe ce qu'il avoit grantée à sire Morys, yl le tendreit, quy qe se corocereit ou qy noun. Atant parla sire Morys à sire Fouke, e dit: "Sire chevaler, molt estes fol, qe vus chalengez mes terres. Si vus dites qe vus avez dreit à Blaunche-Ville, vus y mentez; e, s'il ne fust devaunt le roy, je le proverey suz vostre corps." Sire Willam, le frere Fouke, sauntz plus dyre, sayly avaunt, sy fery de le poyn en my le vys sire Morys, qe tut devynt senglant. Chevalers s'entre-alerent, qe plus damage ne fut fait. Donqe dit sire Fouke al roy: "Sire roy, vus estes mon lige-seignour, e à vus fu-je lié par fealté, tant come je fu en vostre service e tan come je tienke terres de vus; e vus me dussez meyn-

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should grant them the award of his court of gain and loss. The king told them that what he had granted to sir Moris he would hold to it, whoever might be offended, or who not. At length sir Moris spoke to sir Fulk, and said: "Sir knight, you are a great fool to challenge my lands. If you say that you have right to White-Town, you lie; and, if we were not in the king's presence, I would prove it on your body." Sir William, Fulk's brother, without a word more, sprang forwards, and struck sir Moris with his fist in the middle of his face, that it became all bloody. Knights interfered, that no more hurt was done, Then said sir Fulk to the king; "Sir king, you are my liege lord, and to you was I bound by fealty, as long as I was in your service, and as long as I held lands of you; and you ought

tenir en resoun, e vus me faylez de resoun e commun ley; e unqe ne fust bon rey qe deneya à ces franke tenauntz ley en sa court: pur quoi je vus renke vos homages." E à cele parole s'en parti de la court, e vynt à son hostel.

Fouke e ces freres se armerent meyntenant, e Baudwyn de Hodenet ensement; e quant furent passez une demie-luwe de la cité, vindrent après eux xv. chevalers bien montez e armés, les plus fortz e valyantz de tote la meyné le roy, e les comaunderent retorner, e diseyent qu'il aveyent promis al roy lur testes. Sire Fouke retorna, e dit: "Beau sires, molt fustez fols quant vus promistes à doner ce qe vus ne poez aver." Atant s'entreferirent de lances e de gleyves, issint

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to maintain me in right, and you fail me in right and common law; and never was he a good king who denied his frank tenants law in his courts; wherefore I return you your homages." And with this word he departed from the court, and went to his hostel.

Fulk and his brothers armed immediately, and Baldwin de Hodnet likewise; and when they were gone half a league from the city, there came after them fifteen knights well mounted and armed, the strongest and most valiant of all the king's household, and commanded them to turn back, and said that they had promised the king their heads. Sir Fulk turned back, and said: "Fair sirs, you were great fools to give what you cannot have." Then they encountered with lances and swords, so that four of the most

qe quatre de plus vaylantz chevalers le roy maintenant furent ocis, e tous les autres naufrez au poynt de mort, estre un qe vist le peryl e se mist à la fute. Vynt à la cité; le roy ly demaunda si Guaryn fust pris. “Nanil,” fet-yl, “ne rien malmys; yl e tous ces compaignons sunt aleez; e nus fumes tous ocys, estre moy, qe à grant peyne su eschapez.” Fet le roy: “Où est Gyrart de Fraunce, Pieres de Avynoun, e sire Amys le Marchys?” “Sire, ocys.” Atant vindrent x. chevalers tut à pée, quar sire Fouke meyne les destrers. Les uns des chevalers aveient perdu le nées, les uns le menton; e tut furent defolées. Le roy jura grant serement qu’il se vengereit de eux e de tote lur lignage.

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valiant of the king’s knights were killed outright, and all the others wounded almost to death, except one, who saw the danger and took to flight. He came to the city; the king asked him if Warine were taken. “No,” said he, “nor nothing hurt; he and all his companions are gone; and we were all slain, except me, who with great difficulty have escaped.” Said the king: “Where is Gerard de France, Piers d’Avignon, and sir Amis the Marquis?” “Sire, slain.” At length came ten knights all on foot, for sir Fulk carried off their steeds. Some of the knights had lost their noses, others their chins; and they were all ill-treated. The king swore a great oath that he would be revenged of them and of all their lineage.

Fulk came to Alberbury, and related to dame Hawise

Fouke vynt à Alberburs, e conta à dame Hawyse sa mere coment aveyent erré à Wyncestre. Fouke prist grant aver de sa mere, e s'en ala, ly e ces freres, à ces cosyns, en Bretaygne le Menur, e sojorna tant come ly plust. Le rey Johan seysy en sa meyn totes les terres qe Fouke aveit en Engleterre, e fist grant damage à touz les suens.

Fouke e ces quatre freres, Audolf de Bracy, son cosyn, e Baudwyn de Hodenet, son cosyn, pristrent congié de lur amys e cosyns de Bretaygne le Menur, e vindrent en Engleterre. Les jours se reposerent en boschages e en mores, e les nuytz errerent e travilerent; quar yl n'oserent attendre le roy, quar yl ne aveyent poer contre ly. Atant vyndrent à Huggefurd,

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his mother how they had fared at Winchester. Fulk took great treasure from his mother, and went, he and his brothers, and their cousins, into Lesser Britain, and sojourned there as long as they pleased. King John seized into his hand all the lands Fulk had in England, and did great damage to all his friends.

Fulk and his four brothers, Aldulf de Bracy, his cousin, and Baldwin de Hodnet, his cousin, took leave of their friends and cousins in Britain the Less, and came into England. By day they reposed themselves in woods and in moors, and by night they wandered and laboured; for they dared not await the king, as they had not power to resist him. At last they came to Huggefurd, to sir Walter de

à mon sire Water de Huggefurd, qe avoit esposée dame Vyleyne, file Warin de Meez; mès son dreit noun fust Emelyne, e fust la aunte sire Fouke. Pus Fouke s'en va vers Alberburs; e quant vynt ileqe, la gent du pays dient qe sa mere est enterrée, pur qy Fouke fet grant duel, e prie mut pitousement pur sa alme.

Sire Fouke e sa gent cele nuyt vont en une foreste q'est apellée Babbyng, qe esta delées Blaunche-Ville, pur espier Morys le fitz Rogier. Ataunt vint un vadlet de la meyné Morys, si les aparçust, e s'en revet arere, e counta Morys ce qu'il avoit veu. Morys se arma mout richement, e prent le vert escu à deus senglers d'or batu; d'argent fust la bordure, ou flours de glys d'asure. E si avoit en sa compagnie les nuef fitz

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Huggefurd, who had married dame Vileine, daughter of Guarin de Metz; but her right name was Emeline, and she was the aunt of sir Fulk. Afterwards Fulk went his way towards Alberbury; and when he came there, the people of the country told him that his mother was buried, for which Fulk made great grief, and prayed very piteously for her soul.

Sir Fulk and his men that night go into a forest which is called Babbing, which is near White-Town, to spy Moris Fitz Roger. At length there came a valet of Moris's household, who perceived them, and went back, and related to Moris what he had seen. Moris armed himself very richly, and took his green shield, with two boars of beaten gold; the bordure was of argent, with fleurs-de-lis of azure. And

Guy de la Montaigne e les treys fitz Aaron de Clerfountaygne, issint qe xxx. y aveyent bien mounteez e v°. de gent à pée. Quant Fouke Morys vist, hastivement de la foreste issist. Entre eux fust comencé dur estour, e yleqe fust Morys naufré par my l'espaudle, e plusours chevalers e gentz à pié occis furent. E, au dreyn Morys s'enfui vers son chastel, e Fouke le parsywy, si li quida feryr en fuaunt en le healme; mès le coupe descendy sur le cropoun del destrer. Atant vint Morgan le fitz Aaron, si trayst de le chastel, e fery Fouke par mi le jaunbe de un quarel. Fouke fust molt dolent qe yl ne se poeit venger à sa volenté de sire Morys, e de sa playe en le jaunbe ne dona jà garde. Sire Morys fist sa pleynte al roy

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he had in his company the nine sons of Guy of the Mountain and the three sons of Aaron de Clairfontaine, so that there were thirty well mounted and five hundred footmen. When Fulk saw Moris he issued in haste from the forest. There was begun between them a hard contest, and there was Moris wounded through the shoulder, and many knights and footmen were killed. And at last Moris fled towards his castle, and Fulk pursued him, and thought to have struck him on the helm as he fled; but the blow fell on the crupper of his steed. At length came Morgan Fitz Aaron, and shot from the castle, and struck Fulk through the leg with an arrow. Fulk was much grieved that he could not avenge himself as he would on sir Moris, and paid no attention to the wound in his leg. Sir Moris made his

qe sire Fouke fust revenuz en Engleterre e ly avoit naufré par my le espaudle. Le roy devynt si corocé qe a merveyle; e ordina c. chevalers ou lur meynie d'aler par tot Engleterre, d'enquere e prendre Fouke e ly rendre al roy vyf ou mort. E si averount totes lur costages de[1] roy; e s'il le puissent prendre, le roy les dorreit terres e riche feez. Les chevalers vont par tot Engleterre quere sire Fouke; mès là où yl entendyrent qe sire Fouke fust, là ne vodreient aler à nul fuer; quar yl ly doterent à demesure, les uns pur amour qu'il aveient à ly, les autres pur doute de sa force e de sa noble chevalerie, qe damage ne mort lur avensist par sa force e sa hardiesse.

Sire Fouke e sa compaignie vindrent à la foreste de

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complaint to the king that sir Fulk was returned into England and had wounded him through the shoulder. The king became so incensed that it was wonderful; and he appointed a hundred knights with their company to go through all England, to seek and take Fulk and deliver him to the king alive or dead. And they shall have all their costs from the king; and if they could take him, the king would give them lands and rich fees. The knights go through all England to seek sir Fulk; but then when they heard that sir Fulk was there, they would not go for any king; for they feared him excessively, some for love they had for him, others for fear of his strength and of his noble knight-hood, lest damage or death might happen to them by his strength and boldness.

Sir Fulk and his company came to the forest of Bra-

Bradene; e demorerent yleqe privément, quar apertement n'oserent pur ly roy. Donqe vindrent de là outre x. borgeys marchauntz, q'aveyent de les deners le roy d'Engleterre les plus riches draps, pelures, especes, e gyans, pur le corps le roy e la reygne d'Engleterre achatez; si l'amenerent par desouth la foreste vers le roy, e xxiiij. serjauntz armées sywyrent pur garder le tresour le roy. Quant Fouke aparçust les marchauntz, si apela Johan son frere, e li dit qu'il alast parler ou cele gent e qu'il encerchast de quele terre sunt. Johan fery le destrer de esperouns, si vint à les marchauntz, e demanda quele gent fuissent e de quele terre. Un vaunt-parlour orgulous e fer sayly avant, e demanda quey yl avoit à fere d'enquere quele

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dene; and they dwelt there secretly, for they dared not do it openly on account of the king. Then came from abroad ten burgher merchants, who had bought with the money of the king of England the richest cloths, furs, spices, and gloves, for the body of the king and the queen of England; and they were carrying them under the forest towards the king, and thirty-four sergeants armed followed to guard the king's treasure. When Fulk perceived the merchants, he called his brother John, and told him to go and talk with those people and inquire of what land they were. John struck his steed with his spurs, and came to the merchants, and demanded what folks they were and from what land. A fore-speaker proud and fierce sprang forward, and demanded what business it was of his to inquire what folk

gent y fussent. Johan lur demanda en amour venyr parler ou son seignur en la foreste, ou si noun il vendreynt maugré lur. Atant sayly avant un serjant, si fery Johan de un espée grant coupe. Johan le refery en la teste, qu'il chay à terre palmée. Donqe vynt sire Fouke e sa compaignie, e assaylerent les marchantz; e yl se defendyrent mout vigerousement. Audreyn se rendirent, quar force lur fist ce fere. Fouke les mena en la foreste, e yl ly conterent qe marchantz le roy erent; e quant Fouke ce entendy, mout fu lée. E lur dist: "Sire marchantz, si vus perdisiez cest avoyr, sur qy tornereit la pierre? dite-moi le veyr." "Sire," font-yl, "si nus le perdisoms par nostre coardise ou par nostre maveise garde de-

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were there. John demanded of them to come in love to speak with his lord in the forest, or if not they should come in spite of themselves. Then a sergeant sprang forward, and struck John a great blow with a sword. John struck him again on the head, that he fell to the ground insensible. Then came sir Fulk and his company, and assailed the merchants; and they defended themselves very vigorously. In the end they surrendered, for they were forced to do so. Fulk led them into the forest, and they related to him that they were merchants of the king; and when Fulk heard that, he was very glad. And he said to them: "Sirs merchants, if you should lose these goods, on whom will the loss turn? tell me the truth." "Sir," said they, "if we should lose it by our cowardice or by our own bad

meyne, la pierre tornereit sur nus; e si en autre manere le perdisoms, en peril de mer ou par force de gentz, la pierre tornereit desuz le roy.” “Ditez-vus le voyr?” “Oyl, sire,” fount-yl. Sire Fouke, quant entendy qe la pierre serreit al roy, donqe fist mesurer le riche drap e riche pelure par sa launce, e si vesti tous ceux qe ou ly furent, petitz e grantz, de cel riche drap, e dona à chescun solum ce qu’il estoit; mès mesure avoit chescun assez large. De l’autre aver prist chescun à volenté. Quant il fust avespré, e les marchauntz aveynt bien mangé, si les comanda à Dieu, e pria qu’il saluasent le roy de par Fouke fitz Warin, qe ly mercia mout de ces bones robes. Fouke ne nul de suens, de tot le tens qu’il fust exilée, unqe

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keeping, the loss would turn upon us; and if we lose it in other manner, by danger of the sea or by people’s force, the loss will turn upon the king.” “Say you the truth?” “Yes, sir,” said they. Sir Fulk, when he heard that the loss would be the king’s, caused the rich cloth and rich skins to be measured with his spear, and clothed all those who were with him, little and great, with that rich cloth, and gave to each according to what he was; but every one had large measure enough. Of the rest of the goods each took at his will. When evening was come, and the merchants had eaten well, he bade them adieu, and prayed them to salute the king from Fulk Fitz Warine, who thanked him much for his good robes. Fulk nor any of his, during the whole time that he was outlawed, would ever do hurt

ne voleint damage fere à nully, si noun al roy e à ces chevalers. Quant les marchantz e lur serjantz vindrent naufrez e mayhaymés devant le roy, e counterent al roy ce qe Fouke lur chargea e coment Fouke aveit son aver pris, a poy qu'il ne enraga de ire. E fist fere une criée par mi le realme, que cely qe ly amerreit Fouke, vyf ou mort, yl ly dorreit myl lyvres d'argent, e estre ce yl ly dorreit totes le terres qe à Fouke furent en Engleterre.

De yleqe vet Fouke, e vient en la foreste de Kent, e lessa ces chevalers en l'espesse de la foreste, e s'en vet tot soul chyvalchant le haut chemyn; si encontra un messenger trop jolyvement chauntant, e avoit vestu la teste de un chapelet de rose vermayl. Fouke ly pria

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to any one, except to the king and to his knights. When the merchants and their sergeants came wounded and maimed before the king, and related to the king Fulk's message and how Fulk had taken his goods, he almost went mad with rage. And he caused it to be cried through the kingdom, that whoever would bring him Fulk alive or dead, he would give him a thousand pounds of silver, and besides that he would give him all the lands which were Fulk's in England.

Fulk went thence, and came into the weald of Kent, and left his knights in the thick of the forest, and went all alone riding in the high road; and he met a messenger singing very joyously, with his head decorated with a chaplet of red roses. Fulk prayed him for love that he would give

pur amur qu'il ly donast le chapelet; e, si yl avoit afere de ly, yl ly rendreit le double. "Sire," fet le messager, "il est mout eschars de son aver, qe un chapelet de rose ne velt doner à la requeste de un chevaler." E dona le chapelet à Fouke; e il ly dona xx. sols de loer. Le messager le conust bien, quar yl le avoit sovent veu. Le messager vint à Canterbures; si encontra les c. chevalers q'aveyent quis Fouke par mi tot Engleterre, e lur dit: "Seignours, dont venez? Avez trové ce qe vus avez quis par le comandement nostre seignur le roy e pur vostre avancement?" "Nanyl," fount-yl. "Qey me dorez-vus?" fet-il, "e je vus amer-roï là où je ly vy huy e parlay." Tant donerent e promistrent al messager qu'il lur dit où yl ly avoit veu, e

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him the chaplet; and if he had need of him, he would repay him double. "Sir," said the messenger, "he is very sparing of his goods, who will not give a chaplet of roses at the request of a knight." And he gave the chaplet to Fulk; who gave him twenty sols for his pay. The messenger knew him well, for he had often seen him. The messenger came to Canterbury; and met the hundred knights who had sought Fulk through all England, and said to them: "Lords, whence come ye? Have you found that which you have sought by command of our lord the king and for your advancement?" "No," say they. "What will you give me?" said he, "and I will take you to the place where I saw him and spake to him yesterday." They gave and promised so much to the messenger that he told them

coment yl ly dona xx. s. pur le chapelet qu'il ly dona de grée. Les c. chevalers firent somondre hastivement tot le pays, chevalers, esquiers, e serjauntz, e enseggerent tote la foreste tot entour; e mistrent tosours e recevours come furent venours, e mistrent viele gent e autres par tot le champ ou corns, pur escrier Fouke e ces compaignons, quant furent issuz de la foreste. Fouke fust en la foreste, e rien ne savoit de cest affere. Atant oy un chevaler soner un gros bugle, si avoit suspesion, e comanda ces freres mounter lur destrers, Willam, Phelip, Johan, e Alayn. Ces freres monterent meyntenant. Audulf de Bracy e Baudwyn de Hodenet, Johan Malveysyn, monterent ensement. Les treis freres de Cosham, Thomas, Pieres, e Willam, furent bons ar-

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where he had seen him, and how he had given him twenty sols for the chaplet which he gave him gratis. The hundred knights caused all the country to be summoned in haste, knights, esquiers, and serjeants, and beset the forest all round; and set starters and receivers as if they were hunters, and placed old people and others all over the field, with horns, to raise the cry upon Fulk and his companions, when they should have issued from the forest. Fulk was in the forest, and knew nothing of this matter. At length he heard a knight sound a great bugle, and had suspicion, and commanded his brothers to mount their steeds, William, Philip, John, and Alan. His brothers mounted at once. Aldulf de Bracy and Baldwin de Hodnet, with John Malveysin, mounted also. The three brothers of Cosham, Thomas, Pierce, and William, were good arblastors,

blastars, e tote l'autre meyné Fouke furent tost aprestée à le assault.

Fouke e ces compaignouns issirent de la foreste, si virent, devant tuz les autres, le c. chevalers qe les aveynt quis par mi Engleterre. Si se ferirent entre eux, e ocistrent Gilbert de Mountferrant e Jordan de Colecestre e plusours autres chevalers de la compaignie; si passerent outre par my les c. chevalers, e autresfoyth revyndrent par my eux, e les abatirent espesement. Atant survyndrent tantz chevalers, esquiers, borgeys, serjantz, e pueple santz nounbre, qe Fouke aparçust bien qu'il ne poeit durer la batayle, si se retorna à la foreste; mès Johan son frere fust naufré en la teste par my le healme. Mès, eynz qu'il tornasent

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and all the rest of Fulk's people were soon ready for the attack.

Fulk and his companions issued from the forest, and saw, before all the others, the hundred knights who had sought them through England. And they charged among them, and slew Gilbert de Mountferrant and Jordan de Colchester and many other knights of the company; and they passed through the midst of the hundred knights, and sometimes returned among them, and struck them down in numbers. At length there came upon them so many knights, esquiers, burghers, sergeants, and people without number, that Fulk saw well he could not support the contest, and returned into the forest; but his brother John was wounded in the head through the helm. But, before they turned to the forest,

à la foreste, meint bon chevaler, esquiers, e serjantz furent detrenchez. Fouke e ces compaignons ferirent les destrers des esperouns, e fuyrent. Les gentz par tut leverent la menée sur eux, e les pursywyrent ou menée par tut. Atant entrerent en une veye, e ne vyrent qe un lever la menée ou un corn. Un de la compaignie le fery par mi le corps de un quarel; atant lessa le cri e la menée.

Fouke e ses compaignons lesserent lur chyvals, e tot à pié s'enfuyrent vers une abbeye qe lur fust deprès. Quant le porter les vist, si corust fermer ces portes. Alayn fust mout haut; si passa meyntenant outre les murs, e le porter comença fuyr. "Atendez," fet Alayn. Si ly corust après, e prist les clefs de ly; e fery de la

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many a good knight, squiers, and sergeants, were cut up. Fulk and his companions struck their steeds with their spurs, and fled. The people every where raised the hue and cry upon them, and everywhere pursued them with the country. At length they entered in a way, and saw but one raising the hue and cry with a horn. One of the company struck him through the body with an arrow; upon which he left the cry and the pursuit.

Fulk and his companions quitted their horses, and all on foot fled towards an abbey which was near at hand. When the porter saw them, he ran to shut the gates. Alan was very tall; and passed at once over the walls, and the porter began to fly. "Wait," said Alan. And he ran after him, and took the keys from him; and he struck him with the

masuele dont les clefs pendyrent un coup qu'à resoun ly grevereit pur sa fute. Alayn lessa tous ces freres entrer. Fouke prist un abit de un viel moyne, e se vesty meyntenaunt; e prist un grant potence en sa mayn, e s'en ala hors à la porte, e fist clore la porte après ly, e s'en vet. Vet clochaunt de le un pée, apuant tot le cors à le grant potence. Atant vindrent chevalers e serjantz, ou grant pueple. Donqe dit un chevaler : "Daun veylard moyne, avez-vus veu nuls chevalers armés passer par ycy?" "Oyl, sire; Dieu lur rende le damage qe il ont fet!" "Qey vus ount-il fet?" "Sire," fet-yl, "je su viels, e ne me pus ayder, tant su defet; e si vindrent vij. à chyvals, e entour xv. à pié; e, pur ce qe je ne lur pooy hastivement voider le

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staff on which the keys hung a blow that fairly stopped his flying. Alan let all the brothers come in. Fulk took a habit of an old monk, and immediately dressed himself in it; and took a great club in his hand, and went out at the gate, and caused the gate to be shut after him, and goes away. He goes limping with one foot, supporting all his body on the great club. At length came knights and sergeants, with much people. Then said a knight: "Sir old monk, have you seen any knights armed pass by here?" "Yes, sir; may God repay them the hurt they have done!" "What have they done to you?" "Sir," said he, "I am aged, and can no longer help myself, I am so decrepid; and there came seven on horseback, and about fifteen on foot; and because I could not quickly get out of their way, they took

chemyn, yl ne me esparnient de rien, mès firent lur chyvals coure outre moy, e ce fust pecchié dont poy lur fust.” “Tès-tey,” fet-il, “vus serrez bien vengé eynz huy.” Les chevalers e trestous les autres hastivement passerent avant à pursyvre Fouke, e furent bien tost esloygnee une lywe de le abbeye.

Sire Fouke estut en pées pur plus ver. Atant vynt sire Gyrard de Malfée e x. compaignons, chevalers bien monteez, quar il furent venuz de là outre; e amenerent ou eux chyvals de pris. Donqe dit Gyrard en mokant: “Veiez-cy un moygne gros e grant; e si ad le ventre bien large à herbiger deus galons de chens.” Les freres Fouke furent dedenz la porte, e aveyent oy e veu tote la continuaunce Fouke. Fouke,

no care of me, but made their horses run over me, and little did they reck of what they had done.” “Say no more,” said he, “you shall be well revenged before the day is over.” The knights and all the others passed forwards in haste to pursue Fulk, and were soon a league’s distance from the abbey.

Sir Fulk raised himself on his feet, to see more. At length came sir Girard de Malfée and ten companions, knights well mounted, for they were come from abroad; and they brought with them horses of value. Then said Girard in mockery: “Here is a monk who is stout and tall; and he has a belly large enough to hold two gallons inside.” Fulk’s brothers were within the gate, and had heard and seen all Fulk’s proceedings. Fulk, without more words, lifted up the great

santz plus dire, leva le grant potence, si fery sire Gyrard desouth l'oryle, qu'il chay tot estonée à terre. Les freres Fouke, quant ce vyrent, saylerent hors à la porte, si pristrent les x. chevalers e sire Gyrard e tote lur herneys, e les lyerent mout ferm en la loge le porter, e pristrent tote lur herneys e lur bons destriers; e s'en alerent, qe unqe ne fynerent de errer eynz qu'il vindrent à Huggefurd. E ileqe fust Johan sanée de sa plaie.

Quant avoient ileqe sojorné une piece, dount vint un messenger qe avoit bien longement quis sire Fouke, e ly dit salutz de par Hubert, l'arcevesque de Caunterbures, e ly pria hastivement venir parler ou ly. Fouke prist sa gent, e vynt deleez Caunterbures, en la

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club, and struck sir Girard under the ear, that he fell quite stunned to the earth. Fulk's brothers, when they saw this, rushed out at the gate, and took the ten knights and sir Girard and all their equipments, and bound them very tight in the porter's lodge, and took all their harness and their good steeds; and went their way, so that they never ceased wandering till they came to Huggefurd. And there John was healed of his wound.

After they had dwelt there awhile, there came a messenger who had been very long seeking sir Fulk, and saluted him on the part of Hubert archbishop of Canterbury, and begged him in haste to come and talk with him. Fulk took his people, and came near Canterbury, in the forest

foreste où eyntz avoit esté; e lessa tote sa compaignie ileqe, estre Willam son frere. Fouke e Willam se atyrent come marchauntz, e vindrent à Caunterbures à le evesqe Hubert. Le archevesqe Hubert le Botiler lur dit: "Beal fitz," fet-yl, "vus estes bien venuz à moy. Vus savez bien qe sire Thebaud le Botiler, mon frere, est à Dieu comandée, e avoit esposée dame Mahaud de Caus, une mout riche dame e la plus bele de tote Engleterre. E le roy Johan la desire taunt pur sa bealté, qe à peyne ele se puet garder de ly. E je la tienke seyntz, e vus la verrez. E je vus prie, cher amy Fouke, e comant sur ma benoysoun qe vus la prenez à espouse." Fouke la vist; e savoit bien qe ele fust bele, bone, e de bon los, e qe ele avoit en

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where he had been before; and left all his company there, except his brother William. Fulk and William dressed themselves as merchants, and came to Canterbury to bishop Hubert. The archbishop Hubert le Botiler said to them: "Fair sons," said he, "you are very welcome to me. You know well that sir Theobald le Botiler, my brother, is departed to God, and had espoused dame Maude de Caus, a very rich lady and the fairest in all England, and king John lusts after her so much for her beauty, that she can with difficulty be kept from him. And I have her here within, and you shall see her. And I pray you, dear friend Fulk, and command you on my benediction that you take her to wife!" Fulk saw her; and knew well that she was fair, good, and of good repute; and that she had in Ireland

Yrlaunde fortz chastels, cités, terres, e rentes, e grantz homages. Par assent Willam son frere, e par consayl de le erchevesqe Hubert, esposa dame Mahaud de Caus. Fouke demora deu jours yleqe, e pus prist congié de l'evesqe, e lessa sa femme yleqe, e revynt al boys à ces compaignouns, e lur conta quanqu'il avoit fait. Yl ly escharnyerent e rierent, e le ape-lerent *hosebaunde*; e ly demanderent où il amerreit la bele dame, le quel al chastel ou à le boys; e s'entre-solaserent. Mès grant damage firent à le roy par tot; e à nul autre, si noun à ceux qe furent overtement lur enymys.

Un chevaler qe fust apelée Robert le fitz Sampson fust menaunt en la marche de Escoce, e soleyt mout

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strong castles, cities, lands, and rents, and extensive homages. With the assent of his brother William, and by the counsel of archbishop Hubert, he married the lady Maude de Caus. Fulk remained two days there, and then took leave of the bishop, and left his wife there, and returned to the wood to his companions, and told them all he had done. They made game of him and laughed, and called him *hus-band*; and asked him where he should take the fair lady, whether to castle or to wood; and made merry together. But they did everywhere great damage to the king; and to no other, but to those who were openly their enemies.

A knight who was called Robert Fitz Sampson was dwelling in the march of Scotland, and used very often to receive sir Fulk and his people and lodge them with great honour;

sovent receyvre sire Fouke e sa gent e les herbiger à grant honour; e si fust home de grant tresour. E sa femme fust apelée dame Anable, e fust molt corteise dame. En cel temps fust un chevaler en la contrée qe fust apelée Pieres de Bruvyle. Cely Pieres soleit assembler tous les fitz de gentils homes de le pays qe volagous erent, e autre rybaudayle; e soleynt aler par le pays, e ocistrent e robberent lele gent, marchanz e autres. Cely Pieres, quant yl ou sa compaignie ala robber les gentz, se fesoit apeler Fouke le fitz Waryn; pur quey Fouke e ces compaignons furent trop malement aloseez de ce qu'il n'aveyent coupe. Fouke, qe trop longement, pur doute de le roy Johan, ne poeit demorer en un lyu, vint par nuyt en la marche d'Escoce, e vynt mout près la court sire Robertz le fitz

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and he was a man of great wealth. And his wife was called the lady Anable, and was a very courteous lady. At that time there was a knight in the country who was called Piers de Bruvile. This Piers used to collect all the sons of gentlemen of the country who were wild, and other ribald people; and used to go about the country, and slew and robbed loyal people, merchants, and others. This Piers, when he with his country went to rob people, caused himself to be called Fulk Fitz Warine, whereby Fulk and his companions gained very ill fame for that of which they were not guilty. Fulk, who could not, for fear of king John, remain too long in one place, came by night into the march of Scotland, and came very near the court of sir Robert

Sampsoun. E vist grant lumere dedenz la court, e oy parler leynz e sovent nomer son noun; si fist ces compaignons arester dehors. Fouke meismes hardie-ment entra le court, pus la sale, si vist Peres de Bruville e autres chevalers seantz à soper; e Robert le fitz Sampsoun e sa bone dame e la meyné furent lyez e juteez d'une part la sale. E sire Pieres [e] ces compaignons trestouz furent vysureez; e trestous qe servyrent leynz engenulerent devant sire Pieres, e le apelerent lur seigneur sire Fouke. La dame, qe just lyé deleez son seigneur en la sale, dit molt pitousement: "Hay! sire Fouke," fet-ele, "pur Dieu merci, je ne vus unqe meffis, mès vus ay amée à mon poer." Sire Fouke estut en pées, e avoit escoté quant qu'il aveient

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Fitz Sampson. And he saw a great light within the court, and heard talking within and frequent mention of his name; and he made his companions halt outside. Fulk himself boldly entered the court, and then the hall, and saw Piers de Bruville and other knights sitting at supper; and Robert Fitz Sampson and his good lady and the household bound and cast on one side of the hall. And sir Piers and his companions were all masked; and all who served within bent the knee before sir Piers, and called him their lord sir Fulk. The lady, who lay bound near her lord in the hall, said very piteously: "Ha! sir Fulk," said she, "for God's mercy, I never did you hurt, but have always loved you to my power." Sir Fulk stood up on his feet, and had heard all that he had said; but when he heard

dit; mès quant il avoyt oy la dame parler, qe grant bounté ly avoit fait, pur nulle chose du mounde ne se poeit plus deporter. Tut santz compaignon se mist avant, e sa espeie trete en sa meyn, e dit: "Ore, pées! je vus comand, trestous qe seynz voy, qe nul ne se moeve tant ne quant." E jura grant serement qe, [si] nul fust tant hardy de sey mover, il le detrenche-reit en menuz pieces. Pieres e ces compaignouns se tindrent engyneez. "Ore," fet Fouke, "qy de vus se fet apeler Fouke?" "Sire," fet Pieres, "je su chevaler, si su apellée Fouke." "De par Deus," fet-yl, "sire Fouke, levez sus tost, si liez bien e ferm tous vos compaignons, ou si noun tut premer perderez le chief." Pieres fust molt enpourys de la manace, e leva sus;

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the lady speak, who had done him great kindness, for nothing in the world could he longer contain himself. All without companion he stept forward, with his sword drawn in his hand, and said: "Now, peace! I command you, all whom I see in here, that no one stir the least." And he swore a great oath that, if any one was so bold as to stir, he would cut him into small pieces. Piers and his companions felt themselves overreached. "Now," said Fulk, "which of you causes himself to be called 'Fulk'?" "Sir," said Piers, "I am a knight, and am called Fulk." "By God," said he, "sir Fulk, rise quickly, and bind well and tight all your companions, or if not, you shall be the first to lose your head." Piers was much terrified with the threat, and rose; and he unbound the lord and the lady and all the rest

e delia le seignour e la dame e tous les autres de la meynée, e lya bien e ferm tous ces compaignouns. E quant tous furent liez, Fouke ly fist couper les testes de tous iceux qu'il avoit liez. E quant yl avoit tous ceux compaignons decoleez, "Vus recreant chevaler qe vus fetez apeler Fouke, vus y mentez. Je su Fouke, e ce sarez-vus bien; e je vus rendroy qe fausement m'avez alosée de larcyn." E ly coupa la teste meytenant; e quant avoit ce fet, apela ces compaignouns, e soperent là, e se fyrent bien aeese. E issi sire Fouke salva sire Robert e tut son tresour, qe rien ne perdy.

Le roy fist grant damage mout sovent à sire Fouke. E sire Fouke, tot fust-il fort e hardy, yl fust sages e engynous; quar le roy e sa gent pursiwyrent molt

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of the household, and bound well and tight all his companions. And when all were bound, Fulk made him cut off the heads of all those whom he had bound. And when he had beheaded all his companions, [said Fulke], "You recreant knight who cause yourself to be called Fulk, you lie in doing so. I am Fulk, and that you shall know well; and I will pay you off for falsely procuring me the reputation of a robber." And he immediately cut off his head; and when he had done that, he called his companions, and they supped, and enjoyed themselves much. And thus sir Fulk saved sir Robert and all his treasure, that nothing was lost.

The king very often did great damage to sir Fulk. And sir Fulk, strong and bold as he was, was also prudent and crafty; for the king and his people very often pursued sir

sovent sire Fouke par le esclotz des chyvals; e Fouke molt sovent fist ferrer ces chyvals e mettre les fers à revers, issint qe le roy de sa sywte fust desçu e engynée. Meynt dur estour soffry sire Fouke eynz qu'il avoit conquis son heritage.

Sire Fouke prist congié de moun sire Robert le fitz Sampson, e se vynt à Alberburs, e fist fere sa loge en une foreste deleez sur la ryvere. Fouke apela Johan de Raunpaygne; "Johan," fet-yl, "vus savez assez de menestralsie e de jogelerye; estes-vus osée d'aler à Blanche-Ville, e juer devant Morys le fitz Roger, e d'enquere lur affere?" "Oyl," fet Johan. Yl fist tribler un herbe, e la mist en sa bouche; e sa face comença d'engroser e emflyr moult gros, e tut devynt si descolorée qe ces compaignons demeyne à

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Fulk by the footmarks of his horses; and sir Fulk very often caused his horses to be shod with the shoes reversed. so that the king was deceived and tricked in the pursuit, Many a hard battle Fulk endured before he gained his heritage.

Sir Fulk took leave of sir Robert Fitz Sampson, and went to Alberbury, and caused his lodging to be made in a forest near the river. Fulk called John de Raunpaigne; "John," said he, "you know enough of minstrelsy and jonglery; dare you go to White-Town, and play before Moris Fitz Roger, and spy how things are going on?" "Yea," said John. He caused a herb to be crushed, and put it in his mouth; and his face began to enlarge and swell very great, and became all discoloured that his own companions

grant peyne le conurent. Johan se vesti asque povrement, e prist sa male ou sa jogelerie e un grant bastoun en sa meyn; vynt a Blanche-Ville, e dit al porter qu'il fust un jogelour. Le porter le mena devant sire Moris le fitz Roger; e Morys ly demaunda où yl fust née. "Sire," fet-il, "en la marche d'Escoce." "E quele noveles?" "Sire, je ne sai nulles, estre de sire Fouke le fitz Waryn, q'est ocys à une roberye qu'il fist à la mesone sire Robert le fitz Sampson." "Dites-vus voir?" "Oyl, certes," fet-il; "ce dient totes les gentz du pays." "Menestral," fet-il, "pur vostre novele je vus dorroy ceste coupe de fyn argent." Le menestral prent la coupe, e mercia molt son bon seignur. Johan de Rampaigne fust molt led de vus

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hardly knew him. John dressed himself very poorly, and took his box with his instruments of jogley and a great staff in his hand; came to White-Town, and said that he was a jogelour. The porter took him before sir Moris Fitz Roger; and Moris asked him where he was born. "Sir," said he, "in the march of Scotland." "And what news?" "Sir, I know none, except of sir Fulk Fitz Warine, who has been killed in a robbery which he was executing at the house of sir Robert Fitz Sampson." "Do you say the truth?" "Yes, certainly," said he, "all the people of the country say so." "Minstrel," said he, "for your news I will give you this cup of fine silver." The minstrel took the cup, and thanked very much his good lord. John de Rampaigne was very ill-favoured in face and body; and on

e de corps; e, pur ce, les rybaudz de leynz ly escharnierent e defolerent e detrestreint par ces chevoyls e par ces pées. Yl leva son bastoun, si fery un rybaud en la teste, qe la cervele vola en my la place. "Malveys rybaud," fet le seignur, "qey as-tu fet?" "Sire," fet-yl, "pur Dieu mercy, je ne pus meez; j'ai une maladie qe trop est grevouse, e ce poez vere par la face qe j'ay si emflée. E cele maladie me tent certeygues heures de jour tut le seen, dont je n'ay poer meymeismes à gouverner." Moris jura grant serement, s'il ne fust pur la novele qu'il avait porté, yl ly freit estre decollé maintenant. Le jogelour se hasta qu'il fust passée de là, quar molt ly sembla long la demuere. Revynt à Fouke, e counta de mot en autre coment avait

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this account the ribalds of the household made game of him and treated him roughly and pulled him by his hair and by his feet. He raised his staff, and struck a ribald on the head, that his brain flew into the midst of the place. "Wretched ribald," said the lord, "what hast thou done?" "Sir," said he, "for God's mercy, I cannot help it; I have a disease which is very grievous, which you may see by my face which is so much swollen. And this disease takes entire possession of me at certain hours of the day, whereby I have not power to govern myself." Moris swore a great oath, that if it were not for the news he had brought, he would have his head cut off immediately. The jogelour hastened his departure, for the time he remained there seemed very long. He returned to Fulk, and told him from

erré, e dit qu'il avoit oy en la court qe sire Morys e ces xv. chevalers e sa meyné irreynt lendemayn al chastel de Saloburs, quar il esteit gardeyn de tote la marche. Quant sire Fouke ce savoit, molt fust lée e ces compaignouns ensement.

Lendemeyn leva Fouke matyn, e fust armée tot à talent, e ces compaignons ensement. Morys vynt vers Soloburs, e quinze chevalers ou ly, e le iiij. fitz Gwy fitz Candelou de Porkyntone, e sa autre meyné. E quant Fouke ly vyst, molt fust lée; e molt fust irrée à ly, pur ce qu'il ly detient à force son heritage. Morys regarda vers le pas de Nesse, si vist un escu quartilée de goules e d'argent endentée, e par ces armes conust qe ce fust Fouke. "Ore sai-je bien," fet Morys, "qe

word to word how he had proceeded, and said that he had heard in the court that sir Moris and his fifteen knights and his household would go on the morrow to the castle of Shrewsbury, for he was keeper of all the march. When sir Fulk knew that, he was very glad and his companions also.

Fulk rose early on the morrow, and was armed all at his will, and his companions likewise. Moris came towards Shrewsbury, and fifteen knights with him, and the four sons of Guy Fitz Candelou of Porkington, and the rest of his household. And when Fulk saw him, he was very glad; and he was much angered against him, because he detained from him his inheritance by force. Moris looked towards the pass of Nesse, and saw a shield quartered with gules and endented argent, and by his arms knew that it was

jogelers sunt mensungers; quar là voy Fouke." Moris e ces chevalers furent molt hardis; e hardiement asaylyrent Fouke e ces compaignouns, e les apelerent larouns, e diseyent qe lur testes eynz la vesprée serreient assis al haut tour de Salobures. Fouke e ces freres se defendirent molt vigerousement; e yleqe fust sire Morys e ces xv. chevalers e les iiij. fitz Gwy fitz Candelou de Porkyntone ocys; e de atant aveit Fouke le meyns enymys.

Fouke e ces compaignons s'en alerent de yleqe vers Rothelan deparler ou sire Lewys, le prince, q'aveit esposée Johane, la fyle le roy Henré, suere le roy Johan; quar le prince e sire Fouke e ces freres furent norys ensemble en la court le roy Henré. Le prince

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Fulk. "Now know I well," said Moris, "that jogelours are lyers; for there is Fulk." Moris and his knights were very courageous; and they boldly attacked Fulk and his companions, and called them thieves, and said that before evening their heads should be placed on the high tower of Shrewsbury. Fulk and his brothers defended themselves very vigorously; and there were Moris and his fifteen knights and the four sons of Guy Fitz Candelou of Porkington slain; and by so many had Fulk the fewer enemies.

Fulk and his companions went their way thence toward Rhuddlan to talk with sir Lewis, the prince, who had married Joane, the daughter of king Henry, sister of king John; for the prince and sir Fulk and his brothers were educated together in the court of king Henry. The prince was very

fust molt lée de la venue sire Fouke, e ly demanda quel acord fust entre le roy e ly. "Sire," fet Fouke, "nul, quar je ne pus aver pées pur nulle chose; e pur ce, sire, su-je venuz à vus e à ma bone dame pur vostre pées aver." "Certes," fet le prince, "ma pées je vus grant e doynz, e de moy bon resut averez. Le roy d'Engleterre ne pées ou vus ne moy ne autre siet aver." "Sire," fet Fouke, "grant mercis; quar en vus molt me affy e en vostre grant lealté. E, pus qe vus me avez vostre pées grantée, je vus dirroy autre chose; certes, sire, Morys le fis Roger est mortz, quar je l'ay ocys." Quant le prince savoit qe Morys fust mortz, molt fust irrée; e dit qe, s'il ne ly avoit sa pées donnée, yl ly freit trayner e pendre, pur ce qe Morys

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glad of sir Fulk's visit, and asked him what accord there was between the king and him. "Sir," said Fulk, "none, for I cannot have peace for anything; and therefore, sir, am I come to you and to my good lady to have your peace." "Truly," said the prince, "my peace I grant and give you, and from me you shall have good protection. The king of England knows not how to have peace with you or me or anyone else." "Sir," said Fulk, "much thanks; for I trust me much in you and in your great loyalty. And, since you have granted me your peace, I will tell you another thing; truly, sir, Moris Fitz Roger is dead; for I have slain him." When the prince knew that Moris was dead, he was much enraged; and said that, if he had not given him his peace, he would have had him drawn and hanged, because Moris

fust son cosyn. Donqe vynt la bone dame, e fist accord entre le prince e sire Fouke, issint qu'il furent entrebayseez e toutz maltalentz pardoneez.

En icel temps grant descord fust entre le prince Lewys e Guenonwyn, le fitz Yweyn Keveyloc; e à cely Guenonwyn grant partie de le pays de Powys appendeit, e si fust molt orgoylous, hauteyn, e fer, e ne vodra rien deporter le prince, mès fist grant destruxiõn en sa terre. Le prince à force avoit tot abatu le chastel Metheyn, e avoit pris en sa meyn Mochnant, Lannerth, e autres terres qe furent à Guenonwyn. Le prince comaunda la mestrie de tote sa terre à Fouke, e ly comaunda coure sur Guenonwyn e destrure totes ces terres. Fouke fust sages e bien

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was his cousin. Then came the good lady, and brought about an accord between the prince and sir Fulk, so that they embraced each other and all offences were forgiven.

At this time there was great discord between prince Lewis and Gwenwynwyn, the son of Owen Keveyloc; and to this Gwenwynwyn great part of the country of Powis belonged, and he was very proud, haughty, and fierce, and would not submit to the prince in anything, but made great destruction in his land. The prince by force had totally demolished the castle of Metheyn, and had taken into his hand Mochnant, Lannerth, and other lands which belonged to Gwenwynwyn. The prince entrusted the mastery of all his land to Fulk, and commanded him to go against Gwenwynwyn and destroy all his lands. Fulk was prudent

avysée, e savoyt bien qe le tort fust al prince; si ly dist en bele manere: "Sire, pur Dieu," fet-il, "mercy! si vus ce fetez qe vus avez devysée, vus serrez molt blamé en estrange regneez de totes gentz. E, sire, si vus plest, ne vus peyse qe je le vus dy, tote gent dient qe vus avez peschié de ly. E, pur ce, sire, pur Dieu, eiez mercy de ly, e yl se redressera à vus à vostre volenté, e vus servira de grée. E vus ne savez quant vus averez mester à vos barouns." Tant precha Fouke au prince e parla, qe le prince e Guenonwyn furent entreacordeez; e le prince ly rendy totes ces terres qe de ly eynz furent prisées.

Le roy Johan fust à Wyncestre. Ataunt vynt la novele à ly qe Fouke avoit ocys Morys le fitz Roger, e

and cautious, and knew well that the wrong was on the prince's side; so he said to him in fair manner: "Sir, for God's sake," said he, "pardon! if you do that which you have devised, you will be much blamed in foreign kingdoms by every body. And, sir, if you please, be not offended that I tell it to you, all people say that you have sinned against him. And therefore, sir, for God's sake, have mercy towards him, and he will return to his service to you at your will, and will serve you with gladness. And you do not know when you will have need of your barons." Fulk preached and talked so much to the prince, that the prince and Gwenwynwyn were reconciled; and the prince restored to him all his lands which had been before taken from him.

King John was at Winchester. At length came news to

qu'il fust demorée ou Lewys le prince, q'aveit esposée Johane, sa suere; si devynt molt pensyf, e bone piece ne sona parole. Pus dit: "Hay, seinte Marie! je su roy, Engleterre guye, duc su d'Angoye e de Normaundye, e tote Yrland est en ma segnorie; e je ne pus trover ne aver en tot moun poer, pur quanqe je pus doner, nul qe me velt venger de le damage e hontage qe Fouke m'ad fet. Mès je ne lerroy qe je ne me vengeroy de le prince." Si fist somoundre à Salobures tous ces countes e baronz e ces autres chevalers, qu'il seient à un certeyn jour à Salobures ou tot lur gent. E quant furentz venuz à Salobures, Lewys fust garny par ces amys qe le roy Johan ly movereit grant guere; e apela Fouke, si ly mostra tote le aventure.

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him that Fulk had slain Moris Fitz Roger, and that he was dwelling with prince Lewis, who had married Joan, his sister; upon which he became very thoughtful, and for a good while uttered not a word. Then he said: "Ha! St. Mary! I am king, rule England, am duke of Anjou and Normandy, and all Ireland is in my lordship; and I cannot find or have in all my dominion, give what I will, anyone who will avenge me for the injury and shame that Fulk has done me. But I will not fail to avenge myself of the prince." He caused to be summoned to Shrewsbury all his earls and barons and his other knights, that they should be on a certain day at Shrewsbury with all their people. And when they were come to Shrewsbury, Lewis was warned by his friends that king John would stir up great war against

Fouke fist assembler al chastel Balaham en Pentlyn xxx. mil de bons honmes ; e Guenonwyn le fitz Yweyn vynt ou ces gentz, qe fortz e hardys furent. Fouke fust assez sage de guere, e conust bien tous les passages par ont le roy Johan covenant passer. E le passage fust mout escars, enclos de boys e marreis, issi qu'il ne poeit passer si noun le haut chemyn. E le passage est apelé le Gué Gymele. Fouke e Guenonwyn ou lur gentz vindrent al passage, e fyrent fouer, outre le haut chemyn, une fossé long, profound, e lée ; e firent emplyr la fossée d'ewe, issi qe nul poeit passer, quei pur le marreis, qei pur la fossé. E, outre la fossé, firent un palys trobien bataillée ; e uncore puet home vere la fossé.

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him ; and he called Fulk, and showed him all the circumstances. Fulk caused to assemble at castle Balaham in Pentlyn thirty thousand good men ; and Gwenwynwyn, the son of Owen, came with his men, who were strong and bold. Fulk was skilful enough in war, and knew well all the passes by which it behoved king John to pass. And the pass was very narrow, closed in by woods and marshes, so that he could pass only by the high way. And the pass is called the Ford of Gymele. Fulk and Gwenwynwyn and their people came to the pass, and caused a long, deep, and broad ditch to be dug across the highway ; and they caused the ditch to be filled with water, so that, what for the ditch and the marsh, nobody could pass. And beyond the ditch they made a defence of pales very well fortified ; and the ditch may still be seen.

Ly roy Johan ou tot son host vynt al gué, e a quida passer seurement; e vyst de là chevalers armés plus qe dys mil, qe gardoient le passage. Fouke e ces compaignons furent passez le gué par un privé chemyn qu'il avoyent fait, e furent de cele part où le roy fust, e Guenonwyn e plusours autres chevalers ou eux. Le roy escria Fouke, e les chevalers le roy de totes partz assailerent Fouke; mès molt lur mesavynt, qu'il ne le poeynt avenyr si noun par my le frount sur la caucé. Fouke e ces compaignons se defendirent com lyons, e sovent furent demonteez e sovent remonteez; e plusours des chevalers le roy furent ocys; e Guenonwyn fust sorement naufrée par my le healme en la teste. Quant Fouke veit qu'il ne sa gent ne

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King John with all his army came to the ford, and thought to pass it safely; but they saw on the other side more than ten thousand knights in arms, who guarded the passage. Fulk and his companions had passed the ford by a secret road which they had made, and were on that side where the king was, and Gwenwynwyn and many other knights with them. The king cried Fulk, and the king's knights on all sides assailed Fulk; but it was much to their disadvantage, that they could not come at him except in front by the causey. Fulk and his companions defended themselves like lions, and were often dismounted and often remounted; and many of the king's knights were slain; and Gwenwynwyn was sorely wounded in the head through the healm. When Fulk saw that he and his people could not

poeynt durer longement dehors lur fossé, si retournerent par lur privé chemyn, e defendyrent lur palys e la fossé; e des quarels e autres dartz launcerent e gitterent à les gentz le roy, e ocistrent grant gentz, e naufrerent pueple à demesure. Ceste fere e dure medlé dura tanqe à seyr. Quant le roy vist tantz de ces gentz ocys e naufrez, tant fust dolent ne savoit qey fere; mès se retorna vers Salobures.

Le roy Johan fust home santz conscience, mavois, contrarious, e hay de tote bone gent, e lecherous; e, s'yl poeit oyr de nulle bele dame ou damoisele, femme ou fyle de counte ou de baron e d'autre, yl la voleyt à sa volenté aver; ou par promesse ou par don engyner, ou par force ravyr. E pur ce fust le plus hay; e pur

long hold out on the outside of their ditch, they returned by their secret way, and defended their pales and the ditch, and hurled and threw quarels and other darts on the king's people, and slew a great number, and wounded people beyond measure. This fierce and hard battle lasted till evening. When the king saw so many of his people slain and wounded, he was so grieved that he knew not what to do; but he returned to Shrewsbury.

King John was a man without conscience, wicked, quarrelsome, and hated by all good people, and lecherous; and if he could hear of any handsome lady or damsel, wife or daughter of earl or baron or other, he would have her at his will; either seducing her by promise or gift, or ravishing her by force. And therefore he was the more hated; and

cele encheson plusours grantz seignurs d'Engleterre aveyent rendu al roy lur homages ; dont le roy fust le meynz doté d'assez.

Johan Lestraunge, seignour de Knokyn e de Rutone, se tynt tous jours ou le roy, e fist damage as gentz le prince. E pur ce le prince fist abatre le chastel de Rutone, e prendre ces gentz e les enprisonner ; dount Johan fust molt dolent. Le prince vynt al chastel Balaham, et apela Fouke, si ly dona e rendy tote Blanche-Ville, son herytage, e Estrat, e Dynorben. Fouke le mercia molt, e prist ceus qu'il voleyt e s'en ala à Blanche-Vyle ; e fist refermer e par tut amender le chastiel.

Johan Lestrangle vynt al roy, e ly conta qe Fouke

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for this reason many of the great lords of England had thrown up their homages to the king ; for which the king was the less feared.

John Lestrangle, lord of Knokyn and of Ruton, held always with the king, and did damage to the prince's people. And therefore the prince caused the castle of Ruton to be demolished, and took his people and imprisoned them ; at which John was much grieved. The prince came to castle Balaham, and called Fulk, and gave and restored to him all White-Town, his inheritance, and Estrat, and Dinorben. Fulk thanked him much, and took those he would and went to White-Town ; and caused the castle to be thoroughly fortified and repaired.

John Lestrangle went to the king, and told him how Fulk

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ly avoit fet grant damage de sa gent e abatu le chastiel de Rutone; e pria al roy (quar il fust bien de ly) qe yl ly aydast de poer, e yl se vengereit bien de sire Fouke e de ces gentz. Le roy apela sire Henré de Audelée, qe fust seignour e premer conquerour de le chastiel Rous e de l'onour; si ly comanda prendre x. mil chevalers des plus vaylantz d'Engleterre, e qu'il e ces chevalers fuissent en totes choses entendauntz à sire Johan Lestrangle. Sire Henré e sire Johan e lur chevalers s'aparillerent vers Blaunche-Ville; e, en cheminant, quanqu'il troverent, homes e femmes, ocis-trent, e robberent le pays. Le cry se leva par tot. Fouke fust à Blanche-Ville, e tynt yleqe bele compaignée, pur ce qu'il avoyt donqe son novel entré en

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had caused him great loss of his people and demolished his castle of Ruton; and prayed the king (for he was in favour with him) that he would aid him with power, and he would avenge him effectually on Fulk and his people. The king called sir Henry de Audley, who was lord and first conqueror of Red Castle and of the honour; and commanded him to take ten thousand knights of the most valiant in England, and that he and his knights should be in all things obedient to sir John Lestrangle. Sir Henry and sir John and their knights proceeded towards White-Town; and, in their progress, slew all they found, men and women, and robbed the country. The cry was raised everywhere. Fulk was at White-Town, and entertained there a fair company, because he had then new entry into his lands; and there were there

ces terres; e furent ileqe de Gales vij. chevalers, e serjantz plusours. Quant la novele vynt à Fouke qe sire Johan e sire Henré vindrent vers ces parties, se armerent meyntenant e s'en alerent privéement al pas de Mudle. E quant sire Johan vist sire Fouke, brocha le destrer, sy feri sire Fouke de sa lance, qe ele vola en menu pieces. E sire Fouke referi sire Johan en my la face par my le healme, qe le coupe tote sa vie fust aparisaunt; e sire Johan vola tot plat à terre. Sire Johan fust molt vaylant; sayly tost en piés, e s'escria molt halt: "Ore, seynours, à Fouke tous!" Fouke respond cum orgoilous: "Certes," fet-il, "e Fouke à tous!" Donqe les chevalers d'ambepartz s'entreferrent. Fouke e sire Thomas Corbet e ces autres com-

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from Wales seven hundred knights, and many serjeants. When the news came to Fulk that sir John and sir Henry were approaching those parts, they armed at once and went privately to the pass of Mudle. And when sir John saw sir Fulk, he spurred his steed, and struck sir Fulk with his lance that it flew into little pieces. And sir Fulk in return struck sir John in the face through the helm, that the blow was apparent all his life; and sir John fell all flat on the ground. Sir John was very valiant; he jumped up quickly on his feet, and shouted very loud: "Now, lords, all at Fulk!" Fulk replied proudly: "Right," said he, "and Fulk at all!" Then the knights on both sides encountered each other. Fulk and sir Thomas Corbet and his other companions slew many. Alan Fitz Warine

paignons plusours ocistrent. Aleyn fitz Guaryn e Phelip, son frere, furent naufrez. Quant Fouke vist ces freres naufrez, a poy qu'il n'enraga d'yre. Sire Fouke se mist en la presse, e quanqu'il ateynt ne puet avoir socours de mort. Sire Fouke n'aveit à la jorné qe vij<sup>c</sup>. chevalers, e les autres furent x. myl e pluz; pur quoy Fouke ne poeit veyndre l'estour, si se retorna vers Blanche-Ville. Sire Audulf de Bracy fust demontée en mi la presse, e molt se defendy hardiement; audreyn fust pris e amenée vers Saloburs. Sire Henré e sire Johan furent molt leez de la prise; si vyndrent à Salobures devant le roy, e rendirent sire Audulf al roy, qe ly aresona molt fierement, e jura grant serement qu'il ly freit trayner e pendre, pur ce

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and Philip, his brother, were wounded. When Fulk saw his brothers wounded, he went almost mad with rage. Sir Fulk put himself in the thick of the fight, and whomever he reached, he could have no succour from death. Sir Fulk had that day but seven hundred knights, and the others were ten thousand and more; wherefore Fulk could not conquer in the battle, but returned towards White-Town. Sir Audulf de Bracy was dismounted in the press, and defended himself very courageously; but at length he was taken and carried to Shrewsbury. Sir Henry and sir John were very glad of the capture; and came to Shrewsbury to the king's presence, and gave up sir Audulf to the king, who questioned him very proudly, and swore a great oath that he would have him drawn and hanged, because he was his

qu'il fust son traytour e son laroun, e avoit ocys ces chevalers, ars ces cités, ces chastels abatuz. Audulf ly respondy hardiement, e dit qe unqe ne fust traytour, ne nul de son lignage.

Fouke fust à Blaunche-Ville, e fist laver e mediciner ces freres e ces autres gentz. Atant ly sovynt de sire Audulf, e le fist quere par tot; e quant ne poeyt estre trovée, yl ne ly quida vere à nul jour, si demena si grant duel qe home ne poeit greynour. Atant vynt Johan de Rampayne, e vist Fouke fere tiel duel. "Sire," fet-il, "lessez estre ce duel; e, si Dieu plest, eynz demayn prime orrez bone novele de sire Audulf de Bracy; quar je meismes irroy parler au roy."

Johan de Rampayne savoit assez de tabour, harpe,

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traitor and his thief, and had slain his knights, burnt his cities, and demolished his castles. Audulf replied to him boldly, and said that he was never traitor, nor any of his lineage.

Fulk was at White-Town, and caused his brothers and his other people to be washed and doctored. At length he be-thought him of sir Audulf, and caused him to be sought everywhere; and when he could not be found, he thought he should never see him again, and made so great lamentation that one could not do more. At last came John de Rampaigne, and saw Fulk making this lamentation. "Sir," said he, "leave this mourning; and, if God please, before prime to-morrow you will hear good news of sir Audulf de Bracy; for I myself will go and talk with the king."

viele, sitole, e jogelerie; si se atyra molt richement, auxi bien come counte ou baroun. E fist teyndre ces chevoyls e tut son corps entierement auxi neyr come geet, issi qe rien ne fust blanke si ces dentz noun. E fist pendre entour son col un molt beal tabour; pus monta un beal palefroy, e chevalcha par my la vile de Salobures, desqe à la porte du chastiel; e de meynt un fust regardé. Johan vynt devant le rey, e se mist à genoylounz, e salua le roy mout corteysement. Le roy ly rendy ces salutz, e ly demanda dont yl estoit. "Sire," fet-yl, "je su un menestral Ethiopien, née en Ethiopie." Fet le roy: "Sunt touz les gentz de vostre terre de vostre colour?" "Oyl, mon seignur, home e femme." "Qei dient-yl en estrange

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John de Rampaigne knew enough of tabor, harp, fiddle, citole, and jogelery; and he attired himself very richly, like an earl or baron. And he caused his hair and all his body to be entirely dyed as black as jet, so that nothing was white except his teeth. And he hung round his neck a very fair tabor; then mounted a handsome palfrey and rode through the town of Shrewsbury to the gate of the castle; and by many a one was he looked at. John came before the king, and placed himself on his knees, and saluted the king very courteously. The king returned his salutation, and asked him whence he was? "Sire," said he, "I am an Ethiopian minstrel, born in Ethiopia." Said the king: "Are all the people in your land of your colour?" "Yea, my lord, man and woman." "What do they say in foreign

regneez de moy?" "Sire," fet-yl, "vus estez le plus renomée roy de tote la cristieneté; e, pur vostre grant renoun, vus su-je venu vere." "Bel sire," fet le roy, "bien viegne." "Sire, mon seignur, grant mercy." Johan dist qu'il fust renomée plus pur mavesté qe bounté; mès le roy ne l'entendi point. Johan fist le jour meynthe menestralsie de tabour e d'autre instrumentz. Quant le roy fust alée cocher, sire Henré de Audelée fist aler pur le neyr menestral, e le amena en sa chambre. E fesoient grant melodie; e quant sire Henré avoit bien beu, donqe dit à un vadlet: "Va quere sire Audulf de Bracy, qe le roy velt ocyre demeyn; quar une bone nutée avera avant sa mort." Le vadlet bien tost amena sire Audulf en la chambre.

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realms of me?" "Sire," said he, "you are the most renowned king of all Christendom; and, for your great renown, am I come to see you." "Fair sir," said the king, "you are welcome." "Sire, my lord, great thanks." John said he was more renowned for wickedness than goodness; but the king heard him not. John during the day made great minstrelsy of tabour and other instruments. When the king was gone to bed, sir Henry de Audley sent for the black minstrel, and led him into his chamber. And they made great melody; and when sir Henry had drunk well, then he said to a valet, "Go and fetch sir Audulf de Bracy, whom the king will put to death to-morrow; for he shall have a good night of it before his death." The valet soon brought sir Audulf into the chamber. Then they talked

Donqe parlerent e juerent. Johan comença un chanson  
qe sire Audulf soleit chaunter; sire Audulf leva la  
teste, si ly regarda en my le vys, e à grant peyne le  
conust. Sire Henré demanda à beyvre; Johan fust  
molt servisable, saily legerement en piés, e devant  
tous servy de la coupe. Johan fust coynte; gitta un  
poudre en la coupe, qe nul ne le aparçust, quar yl  
fust bon jogelere; e tous qe burent devyndrent si  
sommylous qe bien tost après le beyre se cocherent  
dormyr. E quant tuz furent endormys, Johan prist  
un fol qe le roy aveit, si ly mist entre les deus che-  
valers qe devereynt garder sire Audulf. Johan e sire  
Audulf pristrent les tuayles e lintheals qe furent en la  
chambre; e, par une fenestre devers Salverne, s'escha-

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and played. John commenced a song which sir Audulf  
used to sing; sir Audulf raised his head, looked at him  
full in the face, and with great difficulty recognized him.  
Sir Henry asked for some drink; John was very serviceable,  
jumped nimbly on his feet, and served the cup before them  
all. John was sly; he threw a powder into the cup, which  
nobody perceived, for he was a good jogeler; and all who  
drunk became so sleepy that soon after drinking they lay  
down and fell asleep. And when they were all asleep, John  
took a fool whom the king had, and placed him between the  
two knights who had the custody of sir Audulf. John and  
sir Audulf took the towels and sheets which were in the  
chamber; and, by a window towards Severn, escaped and

perent e s'en alerent vers Blanche-Ville, qe ert xij. lywes de Salobures.

La chose ne poeit longement estre celée; quar lende-meyn fust tote la verité dite al roy, qe mout fust corocée pur l'eschap. Fouke fust levé matyn lende-meyn, quar poy aveit doñmi la nuyt; si regarda vers Salobures, e vist sire Audulf e Johan venyr. Ne fet à demaunder s'il fust lée quant il les vist; si les corust embracer e beysir. Il les demanda quele noveles; e sire Audulf ly conta coment Johan se contynt e coment il eschaperent; dont Fouke, qe eyntz dolent ert, fist deduyt e grant joye.

Ore lessum de Fouke e parloms de dame Mahaud de Caus. Quant le roy, qe tant l'aveit desirrée, sa-

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went to White-Town, which was twelve leagues from Shrewsbury.

The thing could not be long concealed; for next day the whole truth was told to the king, who was much enraged at the escape. Fulk had risen early on the morrow, for he had slept little during the night; he was looking towards Shrewsbury, and saw sir Audulf and John coming. It need not be asked if he was glad when he saw them; he ran to embrace and kiss them. He asked them what news; and sir Audulf related to him how John had acted and how they escaped; on which Fulk, who was before sorrowful, made great solace and great joy.

Now let us leave Fulk and talk of dame Maude de Caus. When the king, who had so much lusted for her, knew of a

voit de verité q'ele fust esposée à sire Fouke, son enemy, par le consayl l'archevesqe Hubert, molt fist grant damage à le archevesqe e à la dame; quar il la voleit fere ravyr. E ele fuy à moster, e yleqe fust delyvré de une fyle, e l'archevesqe la baptiza Hawyse, qe pus fust dame de Wemme. Fouke e ces compaignonz vindrent une nuyetée à Caunterbures, e amenerent la dame de yleqe à Huggeforde, e demora une piece yleqe. Pus avynt qe la dame fust enceinte, e fust privéement demorant à Albrebures. E le roy la fist espier, e ele s'en ala de yleqe privéement à Salobures; e ileqe fust espié, e ele fust si grosse qe ele de yleqe ne poeit travailler. E s'en fuy à la eglise Nostre-Dame à Salobures; e ileqe fust delyvré de une

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truth that she was married to sir Fulk, his enemy, by the counsel of archbishop Hubert, he did great damage to the archbishop and to the lady; for he wanted to have her carried off by force. And she fled to the church, and was there delivered of a daughter, whom the archbishop baptised by the name of Hawise, and who was afterwards lady of Wem. Fulk and his companions came one night to Canterbury, and conducted the lady from thence to Hugford, and she remained awhile there. Then she became again with child, and was residing privately at Alberbury. And the king set spies upon her, and she went thence privately to Shrewsbury; and there she was followed by the spies, and she was too big to support the labour of removing from thence. And she took refuge in the church of Our Lady at Shrewsbury; and was

file qe fust baptizé Johane, qe pus fust mariée à sire Henré de Penebrugge. Pus avoit Mahaud un fitz, qe fust née sur un montaigne de Gales, e fust baptizée Johan en une russele qe vyent de la fontaigne de puceles. La dame e l'enfant furent molt fiebles; quar l'enfant nasquist deus moys avaunt son terme. E quant l'enfant fust confermé de evesqe, yl fust apelée Fouke. La dame e l'enfant, qe febles erent, furent aporteez de la montaigne à une graunge, qe fust celle à Carreganant.

Quant le roy ne se poeit en nulle manere venger de Fouke, ne la dame honyr e prendre, si fist une letre al prince Lewys, q'avoit esposée Johane, sa suere, e ly pria par amour oster de sa meynée son mortel

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there delivered of a daughter who was baptised Joan, who was afterwards married to sir Henry de Pembridge. Subsequently Maude had a son, who was born on a mountain in Wales, and was baptised John in a brook which comes from the Maidens' well. The lady and the child were very weak; for the child was born two months before its term. And when the child was confirmed by the bishop, it was named Fulk. The lady and the child, who were weak, were carried from the mountain to a grange, which was that at Carreganant.

When the king could in nowise avenge himself of Fulk, or put the lady to shame and take her, he wrote a letter to the prince Lewis, who had married his sister Joan, and prayed him out of love to expel from his household his mortal

enymy e son feloun (ce fust Fouke); e yl ly rendroit tous les terres qe ces ancestres aveient unqe prises de sa seignurye, à teles qu'il ly fesoit avoir le cors Fouke. Le prince apela en sa cambre Johane, sa feme, e la mostra la lettre qe le roy son frere ly avoit maundée. Quant la dame avoit oy la letre, manda privément à sire Fouke tot le tenour e qe le roy velt acordeer à son seignur. Quant Fouke oy la novele, molt fust dolent e se dota de tresoun; si maunda dame Mahaud par Baudwyn de Hodenet privément à l'evesqe de Canturbures, e assyigna Baudwyn de venyr à ly à Dover. Fouke e ces quatre frere e Audulf e Johan de Rampayne se armerent tot à talent, e lur autres gentz vindrent al chastiel Balaha devant le prince. "Sire,"

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enemy and his felon (that was, Fulk); and he would restore to him all the lands which his ancestors had ever taken from his lordship, on condition that he should cause him to have the body of Fulk. The prince called into his chamber Joan, his wife, and showed her the letter which the king her brother had sent him. When the lady had heard the letter, she sent privately to sir Fulk all the tenor of it and that the king wanted to accord with her lord. When Fulk heard this news, he was much grieved and feared treason; he sent dame Maude by Baldwin de Hodnet privately to the bishop of Canterbury, and assigned Baldwin to come to him at Dover. Fulk and his four brothers and Audulf and John de Rampayne armed themselves at their will, and their other people, and came to castle Balaha before the prince.

fet Fouke, "je vus ay servy à mon poer lealment; mès ore, sire, ne siet-um à qy affyer; quar, pur la grant promesse le roy, me volez-vus gerpyr. E le roy vus ad maundée une lettre, laquelle, sire, vus avez celée de moy; dount, sire, je me doute le plus." "Fouke," fet le prince, "demorez ou moy; quar, certes, ne le pensay de vus fere tresoun." "Certes, sire," fet Fouke, "je le crey molt bien; mès, sire, je ne remeyndroy en nulle manere." E prist congé de le prince e de tous ces compaygnons. De yleqe tant erra nuyt e jour qu'il vynt à Dovre; e yleqe encontra Baudwyn, qe la dame mena à l'archevesqe. E se mistrent en meer, e aryverent à Whytsond.

Fouke e ces freres e ces autres compaignouns, quant

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"Sire," said Fulk, "I have served you to my power loyally; but now, sir, one knows not in whom to put trust; for, in return for the king's great promise, you intend to desert me. And the king has sent you a letter, which, sir, you have concealed from me; wherefore, sir, I fear the more."

"Fulk," said the prince, "remain with me; for, truly, I had no thought of committing treason against you." "Truly, sir," said Fulk, "I believe it full well; but, sir, I will not remain in any wise." And he took leave of the prince and of all his companions. From thence he wandered so day and night that he came to Dover; and there he met Baldwin, who had conducted the lady to the archbishop. And they put themselves to sea, and arrived at Whitsand.

Fulk and his brothers and his other companions, when

vyndrent à Parys, si vyrent le roy Phelip de Fraunce, qe fust venuz as champs pur vere ces chevalers de Fraunce jostier. Fouke fust uncore mu, e ces compaignons ensement; quant vyrent tant beal assemblé, demorerent pur vere les jostes. Quant les Fraunçoys virent chevalers d'Engleterre, se penerent molt le plus de bien fere. Donqe sire Druz de Montbener, un molt orgoilouse Franceys, maunda à sire Fouke e ly pria joster ou ly; si Fouke meyntenaunt ly granta sa requeste. Fouke e ces freres se armerent e monterent les bons destrers. Johan de Rampaigne fust molt richement atyrée e bien mountée; e si avoit un molt riche tabour, e fery le tabour al entré des renks, dont les montz e les vals rebondyrent e les chyvals s'en-

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they came to Paris, saw king Philip of France, who was come to the fields to see the knights of France joust. Fulk remained silent, and so did his companions; when they saw so fair an assemblage, they remained to see the jousts. When the French saw the knights of England, they laboured much the more to do well. Then sir Druz de Montbener, a very proud Frenchman, sent to sir Fulk and asked him to joust with him; and Fulk immediately granted him his request. Fulk and his brothers armed and mounted their good steeds. John de Rampaigne was very richly attired and well mounted; and he had a very rich tabor, and he struck the tabor at the entrance of the lists, that the hills and valleys rebounded and the horses became joyful. When the king saw sir Fulk armed, he said to sir

jolyverent. Quant le roy vist sire Fouke armée, si dist à sire Druz de Montbener : “Avyseez-vus bien ; quar cely chevaler engleys est molt pruz e vaylant, e ce piert bien.” “Sire,” fet-yl, “n’y a chevaler en tot le mond qe je n’osase bien encontrer, al chyval ou à pée, cors contre cors.” “De par Dieu !” fet le roy. Fouke e sire Druz brocherent les destrers e s’entre-feryrent. Fouke ly fery de sa launce par my l’eschu e pierça le bon hauberke, e par my l’espaulde, qe la lance vola en pieces ; e sire Druz chey tut plat à terre. Fouke prist le chyval sire Druz ; sy l’amena e le manda en present à sire Druz, quar sire Fouke n’avoit cure à detenir le chyval. Atant vynt un chevaler franceis, qe à son vueyl voleit venger sire Druz ; sy fery Fouke de sa

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Druz de Montbener : “Be on your guard ; for this English knight is very able and valiant, and this is very apparent.” “Sire,” said he, “there is not a knight in all the world whom I dare not encounter, on horse or on foot, body against body.” “God be with you !” said the king. Fulk and sir Druz spurred their steeds and encountered each other. Fulk struck him with his lance in the middle of the shield and pierced his good hauberc, and through the shoulder, that the lance flew in pieces ; and sir Druz fell all flat on the ground. Fulk took the horse of sir Druz ; he led it away, and sent it as a present to sir Druz, for sir Fulk had no desire to keep the horse. At last came a French knight, who volunteered to avenge sir Druz ; he struck Fulk with his lance in the middle of the shield, that his lance

launce par my l'escu, qe sa launce depessa. Fouke le refery en my le healme, qe sa lance tote defruscha; e le chevaler voida les arçons, volsist ou noun. Les frere Fouke e ces compaignons furent prestz à joster; mès la roy ne le voleyt sofryr. Le roy vynt poignant à Fouke, e ly dyt: "Chevaler engleys, seiez benet; quar trop bien avez fet." E ly pria demorer ou ly. Fouke mercia molt le roy, e ly granta de estre à sa volenté. Fouke le jour de meynt un fust regardée, alowé, e preysée par tot. Fouke avoit tele grace qu'il ne vynt unqe en nul lyu où hardiesse, chevalerie, prouesse, ou bountée fust, qu'il ne fust tenuz le meylour e santz pier.

Fouke demora ou le roy Phelip de Fraunce, e fust

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broke. Fulk returned the blow in the middle of his helm, that he all bruised his lance; and the knight quitted his saddle, whether he would or not. Fulk's brothers and his companions were ready to joust; but the king would not suffer it. The king came pricking to Fulk, and said to him: "English knight, God bless you; for you have demeaned yourself right well." And he invited him to remain with him. Fulk thanked the king much, and consented to be at his will. Fulk that day was of many a one regarded, praised, and esteemed everywhere. Fulk had such favour that he came never to any place where courage, knight-hood, prowess, or goodness was, that he was not held the best and without equal.

Fulk remained with king Philip of France, and was loved

amée e honorée de l[e] roy e la roigne e totes bone gentz. Le roy ly demanda quel noun avoit; Fouke dit qu'il fust apelée Amys del Boys. "Sire Amys," fet le roy, "conussez-vus Fouke le fitz Warin, de qy um parle grant bien partut?" "Oil, sire," fet-il, "je l'ay sovent veu." "De quel estature est-il?" "Sire, à mon entendement, de meisme l'estature qe je suy." Fet le roy, "Yl puet bien, quar vaylantz estes ambe-deus." Fouke ne poeit oir de nul tornoy ne jostes par tute France qu'il ne voleyt estre; e par tot fust prysé, amée, e honorée, pur sa proesse e sa largesse.

Quant le roy d'Engleterre savoit qe sire Fouke fust demorant ou le roy Phelip de Fraunce, manda al roy e ly pria, si ly plust, qu'il volsist oster de sa meynée

and honoured by the king and the queen and all good people. The king asked him what was his name; Fulk said that he was called Amis du Bois. "Sir Amis," said the king, "do you know Fulk Fitz Warine, of whom they say much good every where?" "Yes, sire," said he, "I have often seen him." "Of what stature is he?" "Sire, to my estimation, he is of the same stature as I am." Said the king, "It may well be, for you are both valiant." Fulk could hear of no tournament or jousts in all France but he would be there; and everywhere he was prized, loved, and honoured, for his prowess and his liberality.

When the king of England knew that sir Fulk was residing with king Philip of France, he sent to the king and prayed him, if he pleased, that he would expel from his

e de sa retenance Fouke le fitz Guarin, son enmy mortel. Quant le roi de France avoit oy la letre, si dist par seint Denys qe nul tiel chevaler fust de sa retenance; e tiele respounce manda al roy d'Engleterre. Quant sire Fouke avoit oy cele novele, vynt al roy de Fraunce e demanda congié de aler. Fet le roy : "Ditez-moy si nulle chose vus faut, e je hautement fray fere les amendes pur quoy volez departir de moy." "Sire," fet-yl, "je ay oy teles noveles par ont me covyent partir à force." E par cele parole entently le roy qu'il fust Fouke. Fet le roy : "Sire Amys de Boys, je quid qe vus estez Fouke le fitz Waryn." "Certes, mon seignur, oyl." Fet le roy : "Vus demorrez ou moy, e je vus dorroy plus riches terres qe

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household and from his suite Fulk Fitz Warine, his mortal enemy. When the king of France had heard the letter, he declared by St. Denis that no such knight was in his retenance; and this was the answer he sent to the king of England. When sir Fulk heard this news, he came to the king of France and asked leave to go. Said the king, "Tell me if anything is wanting to you, and I will cause full amends to be made for anything that gives you cause to leave me." "Sire," said he, "I have heard such news as compels me to go." And by this speech the king understood that he was Fulk. Said the king : "Sir Amis du Bois, I think that you are Fulk Fitz Warine." "Truly, my lord, yes." Said the king : "You shall dwell with me, and I will give you richer lands than ever you had in England." "Truly, sire," said

vus unqe n'avyez en Engleterre." "Certes, sire," fet-il, "yl n'est pas digne de receyvre terres de autruy doun, que les suens de dreit heritage ne puet tenir à reson."

Fouke prist congié de le roy, e vynt à la mer; e vist les nefz floter en la mer, e nul vent fust vers Engleterre, e le temps fust assez bel. Fouke vist un maryner, qe sembla hardy e feer; e le apela à ly e dit: "Bel sire, est ceste nef la vostre?" "Sire," fet-il, "oyl." "Q'est vostre noun?" "Sire," fet-il, "Mador del Mont de Russie, où je nasqui." "Mador," fet Fouke, "savez-vus bien cest mester e amener gentz par mer en diverse regions?" "Certes, sire, yl n'y ad terree renommée par la cristieneté qe je ne saveroy

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he, "he is not worthy to receive lands of another's gift, who cannot hold rightfully those which are his own by direct heritage."

Fulk took leave of the king, and came to the sea; and he saw the ships afloat on the sea, and no wind was towards England, though the weather was fair enough. Fulk saw a mariner, who seemed bold and courageous, and he called him to him and said: "Fair sir, is this ship yours?" "Sir," said he, "yes." "What is your name?" "Sir," said he, "Mador of the mount of Russia, where I was born." "Mador," said Fulk, "do you know well this business, and to carry people by sea into divers regions?" "Truly, sir, there is not a land of any renown in Christendom whither I could not conduct a ship well and safely." "Truly," said

bien e salvement mener nef." "Certes," fet Fouke, "molt avez perilous mester. Dy-moi, Mador, bel douz frere, de quel mort morust ton pere?" Mador ly respond qe neyeez fust en la mer. "Coment ton ael?" "Ensement." "Coment ton besael?" "En meisme la manere; e tous mes parentz qe je sache, tanqe le quart degré." "Certes," dit Fouke, "molt estes fol hardys qe vus osez entrer la mer." "Sire," fet-il, "pour quoy? Chescune creature avera la mort qe ly est destinée. Sire," fet Mador, "si vus plest, responez à ma demaunde: Où morust ton pere?" "Certes, en son lyt." "Où son ael?" "Einsement." "Où vostre besael?" "Certes, trestous qe je sai de mon lignage morurent en lur lytz." "Certes, sire," fet Mador, "depus qe tot

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Fulk, "you have a very perilous occupation. Tell me, Mador, fair sweet brother, of what death died thy father?" Mador replied to him that he was drowned in the sea. "How thy grandfather?" "The same." "How thy great-grandfather?" "In the same manner; and all my relations that I know to the fourth degree." "Truly," said Fulk, "you are very fool-hardy that you dare go to sea." "Sir," said he, "wherefore? Every creature will have the death which is destined for him. Sir," said Mador, "if you please, answer my question: where did thy father die?" "Truly, in his bed." "Where thy grandfather?" "The same." "Where your great-grandfather?" "Truly, all of my lineage that I know died in their beds." "Truly, sir," said Mador, "since all your lineage died in beds, I

vostre lignage morust en litz, j'ay grant merveille qe vus estes osée d'entrer nul lyt." E donqe entendy Fouke qe ly mariner ly out verité dit, qe chescun home avera mort tiele come destinée ly est, e ne siet le quel, en terre ou en ewe.

Fouke parla à Mador, qe savoit la manere des nefes, e ly pria pur amur e pur du suen, qu'il ly volsist devyser e ordyner une neef; e il mettreit les costages. Mador ly granta. La neef fust fete en une foreste de-leez la mer, solum le devys Mador en tous poyntz, e totes cordes e autres herneis quanqe apendeit, si bien e si richement q'a merveille; e fust à demesure bien vitaillée. Fouke e ces freres e sa meysné se mistrent en la mer, e acosterent Engleterre. Adonqe vist Mador

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marvel greatly that you have dared to go into any bed." And then Fulk perceived that the mariner had told him the truth, that every man shall have such death as is destined for him, and he knows not which, on land or in water.

Fulk spoke to Mador, who knew the manner of ships, and prayed him for love and for money that he would devise and ordain a ship, and he would pay the costs. Mador agreed to it. The ship was made in a forest beside the sea, according to the design of Mador in all points, and all the ropes and other furniture that belonged to it, so well and so richly as was wonderful; and it was exceedingly well provisioned. Fulk and his brothers and his men put to sea, and coasted England. Then saw Mador a ship well

une neef bien bataillée venant vers eux ; e quant les neefs s'apochierent, un chevaler parla à Mador e dit : "Danz maryner, à qy e dount est cele neef qe vus guyez? quar nulle tiele n'est custumere de passer par ycy." "Sire," fet Mador, "c'est la moye." "Par foy!" fet le chevaler, "noun est; vus estes larounz, e je le say bien par le veyl quartronée q'est des armes Fouke le fitz Waryn; e il est en la neef, e eynz huy rendroi-je son corps à roy Johan." "Par foy!" fet Fouke, "noun freez; mès si rien desirrez de nostre, vus le averez volenters." "Je averei," fet-il, "vus tous e quanqe vus avez, estre vostre grée." "Par foy!" fet Fouke, "vus y menterez." Mador, qe bon e hardy maryner fust, lessa sa neef sigler; si trespersa

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fitted for fighting coming towards them; and when the ships approached each other, a knight spoke to Mador and said: "Master mariner, whose is that ship which is in your governance? for none such is accustomed to pass here." "Sir," said Mador, "it is mine." "Faith!" said the knight, "it is not; you are thieves, and I know it well by the quartering of the sail, which is the arms of Fulk Fitz Warine; and he is in the ship, and before to-day is past I will deliver his body to king John." "Faith!" said Fulk, "you will not do so; but if you desire anything of ours, you shall have it willingly." "I will have," said he, "you all, and whatever you have, in spite of you." "Faith!" said Fulk, "you shall be proved a liar." Mador, who was a good and bold mariner, let his ship sail; and he run right into the

l'autre neef tot par my, dont la mer entra. E si fust la neef pery ; mès eynz y out meint dur coupe donée. E quant la neef fust vencue, Fouke e ces compaignons pristrent grant richesse e vitaille, e aportèrent en lur neef. Atant perist e enfoundry l'autre neef.

Fouke tot cel an entier demora costeaunt par Engleterre ; e à nul home ne voleit fere mal, si noun al roy Johan ; e sovent prist son aver e quant qu'il poeit del suen. Fouke comença sigler vers Escoce ; atant lur vynt de le occident un vent favonyn, e lur chaça treis jorneez de la Escoce. Atant virent un yle molt delitable e bel, à ce qe lur fust avys, e se trestrent laundreit, e troverent bon port. Fouke e ces quatre freres e Audulf e Baudwyn alerent en la terre pur

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middle of the other ship, so that the sea entered it. And thus the ship perished ; but many a hard blow was given first. And when the ship was conquered, Fulk and his companions took great riches and provisions, and brought it into their ship. At last the other ship perished and sank.

Fulk all that whole year continued coasting England ; and he desired to injure nobody but king John ; and he often took his goods, and whatever he could get of his. Fulk began to sail towards Scotland ; at last there came from the west a favonine wind, which drove them three days from Scotland. At length they saw an island that was very pleasant and fair, as they judged, and they proceeded to it, and found good port. Fulk and his four brothers and

vere le pays e vitailier lur neef. Atant virent un juve[n]cel gardant berbis; e quant vist les chevalers, s'en ala vers eux e les salua de un latyn corumpus. Fouke ly demanda s'il savoit nulle viande à vendre en le pais. "Certes, sire," fet-il, "nanil; quar c'est une yle q'est habité de nule gent, si noun de poy, e cele gent vivent de lur bestes. Mès si vus plect venir ou moy, tele viaunde come j'ay averez volenters." Fouke le mercia e ala ou ly; le vadlet lur mena par une caverne desoutz terre, qe fust molt bele, e lur fist seer e lur fist assez bel semblant. "Sire," fet le vadlet, "j'ay un serjant en la montaigne; ne vus peise si je corne pur ly; e bien tost mangeroms." "De par

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Audulf and Baldwin went on land to observe the country and to victual their ship. At last they saw a lad keeping sheep; and when he saw the knights, he went forwards to them and saluted them in a corrupt Latin. Fulk asked him if he knew of any meat to sell in the country. "Truly, sir," said he, "no; for it is an isle which is inhabited by no people, except a few, and these people live by their beasts. But if you please to come with me, such meat as I have you shall have willingly." Fulk thanked him, and went with him; the youth led them into a cavern under ground, which was very fair, and made them be seated, and showed them good countenance enough. "Sir," said the youth, "I have a servant in the mountain; be not annoyed if I sound the horn for him; and we will soon eat." "In God's

Dieu !” fet Fouke. Le juvencel ala dehors le caverne, e corna sys meotz, e revynt en la caverne.

Bien tost vindrent sis gros e grantz vilaynz e fers, vestuz de grosse e vyls tabertz, e chescun avoit en sa meyn un gros bastoun dur e fort. E quant Fouke les vist, si avoit suspecion de mavesté. Les sis vyleinz entrerënt une chambre, e osterent lur tabertz, e se vestirent de un escarlet vert e sodliés d’orfreez ; e de tous atirs furent auxi richement atireez come nul roy poeit estre. E revyndrent en la sale, e saluerent sire Fouke e ces compaignonz ; e demanderent les eschetz, e um lur porta un molt riche eschecker ou meyné de fyn or e argent. Sire Willam assist un geu ; mès il le perdy meyntenant. Sire Johan assist un autre ;

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name, let it be so !” said Fulk. The lad went outside the cavern, blew six moots, and returned into the cavern.

Soon there came six great and tall clowns and fierce, clad in coarse and filthy tabards, and each had in his hand a great staff which was hard and strong. And when Fulk saw them, he had suspicion of their ill designs. The six clowns entered a chamber, and put off their tabards, and dressed themselves in a green scarlet and shoes of orfrey ; and in all articles of dress they were as richly attired as any king could be. And they returned to the hall, and saluted sir Fulk and his companions, and there was brought to them a very rich chessboard with chessmen of fine gold and silver. Sir William sat to a game ; but he lost it immediately. Sir John sat to another ; it was immediately lost. Philip, Alan,

maintenant fust perdu. Phelip, Aleyn, Baudwyn, e Audulf, chescun après autre, assist un giw, e chescun perdy le suen. Donqe dit un des plus fers berchers à Fouke, "Volez-vus juer?" "Nanyl," fet-il. "Par foi!" fet le bercher, "vus juerez ou luttrez, malgré le vostre." "Par foi!" fet Fouke, "maveys vileyn bercher, vus y mentez; e, depus qe je dey luttre ou juer malgré mien, je jueroi ou vus en la manere qe j'ay apris." Si sayly sus, haunça l'espée, si ly fery qe la teste vola en my la place; pus un autre, pus le tierce, issi qe Fouke e ces compaignouns ocistrent tous les vileynz glotouns.

Fouke en une chambre entra, e trova une vele seant; e avoit un corn en sa meyn, e sovent le mist à sa

Baldwin, and Audulf, one after the other, sat to a game, and each lost his game. Then said one of the fiercest of the shepherds to Fulk, "Will you play?" "No," said he. "Faith!" said the shepherd, "you shall play or wrestle, in spite of your will." "Faith!" said sir Fulk, "wretched clown of a shepherd, you lie in that; and, since I must wrestle or play in spite of my will, I will play with you in the manner I have learnt." And he jumped up, drew his sword, and struck him with it that his head flew into the middle of the place; then another, then the third, until Fulk and his companions slew all the clownish rascals.

Fulk entered a chamber, and found an old woman seated; and she had a horn in her hand, and often put it to her

bouche ; mès ele ne le poeit de rien corner. Quant ele vist Fouke, ly cria merci ; e il la demanda dont le corn servireit, si ele le poeit corner. La viele ly dist qe, si le corn fust cornée, socours lur vendreit à plenté. Fouke le corn prist, e en une autre chambre se mist. Donqe vist seet damoiseles, qe à demesure furent beles ; e molt richement furent vestues, e molt riche oevre fesoient. E quant virent Fouke, à genoyls se mistrent, e ly crierent merci. Fouke lur demanda dont il estoient ; e la une ly dyt : “ Sire,” fet[-ele], “ je su la fyle Aunflorreis de Orkanye ; e mon seignur demorant à un son chastiel en Orkanie, q’est apelée chastel Bagot, qu’est sur la mer, deleez une molt bele foreste, avynt qe je e ces damoiseles, à quatre

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mouth ; but she could not blow it at all. When she saw Fulk, she cried for mercy ; and he asked her what use the horn would be, if she could sound it. The old woman told him that, if the horn were sounded, succour would come to her in abundance. Fulk took the horn, and passed into another chamber. Then he saw seven damsels, who were wonderfully beautiful ; and they were very richly dressed, and were working very rich work. And when they saw Fulk, they threw themselves on their knees, and cried him mercy. Fulk asked them whence they were ; and one said to him : “ Sir,” said she, “ I am the daughter of Aunflorreis of Orkney ; and my lord dwelling in a castle of his in Orkney, which is called castle Bagot, and is on the sea, beside a very fair forest, it happened that I and these damsels,

chevalers e autres, entrames un batil en la mer, si alames deduyre. Atant survyndrent les seet fitz la vele de seynz, ou lur compaignie, en une neef; si ocistrent tous nos gentz, e nus amenerent sà, e si ount desolé nos corps, estre nostre grée, Dieu le siet; dont nus pñioms en le noun Dieu, en qy vus creez, qe vus nus aidez de ceste cheytyvetée, si vus poez de cy eschaper; quar je vey bien, par vostre semblant, qe vus n'estez mie de ce pays menant." Fouke conforta les damoyseles, e dyt qu'il les aydera à son poer. Fouke e ces compaignons troverent grant richesse, vitaille, e armure; e ileqe trova Fouke le haubergon qu'il tynt si riche e qe molt ama, qu'il soleit user privément, qu'il ne voleit en tote sa vie pur nul aver vendre ne doner.

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with four knights and others, entered a boat in the sea, and went to solace ourselves. At last came upon us the seven sons of the old woman within, with their company, in a ship; and they slew all our people, and brought us hither, and have dishonoured our bodies, against our will, God knows; wherefore we pray in the name of God, in whom you believe, that you will help us from this captivity, if you can escape hence; for I see well, by your appearance, that you are not dwellers in this country." Fulk comforted the damsels, and said that he would aid them to his power. Fulk and his companions found great riches, victual, and armour, and there Fulk found the haubergeon, which he held so rich and which he loved so much, which he used to

Fouke richement garny sa neef; e amena les damoiseles à sa neef, e les eesa en quanqu'il poeit. E pus comanda totes ces gentz qu'il se armassent hastivement; e quant tous furent armeez à volenté, donqe leva Fouke la menée de le petit corn qu'il avoit pris de la vele, e donqe vindrent corantz par les champs plus qe deus c. des larons de la countrée. Fouke e sa compagnie les corurent sur, e yl se defendyrent vigerousement. Yleqe furent ocys plus qe ii<sup>e</sup>. des robbeours e larouns; quar yl n'y avoyt nulle gent en tote cele yle si robbeours e larouns noun, qe soleynt ocire quanqu'il porreynt ateyndre e prendre par mer. Fouke demanda Mador sy ly savoit amener par mer en le

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use privately, and which he would not in all his life for any consideration sell or give.

Fulk furnished his ship richly; and carried the damsels to his ship, and made them as much at their ease as he could. And then he commanded all his people to arm in haste; and when they were all armed at will, then Fulk raised the hue and cry with the little horn which he had taken from the old woman, and then there came running over the fields more than two hundred of the thieves of the country. Fulk and his company run at them, and they defended themselves vigorously. There were slain more than two hundred of the robbers and thieves; for there was no people in all that island but robbers and thieves, who used to slay all they could reach or take by sea. Fulk asked Mador if he knew how to conduct him by sea into the

realme qe um apele Orkanie. "Oyl, certes," fet-il; "ce n'est qe un isle, e le chastel Bagot est molt près de le port." Fouke dit: "A cel chastiel vodrey-je estre." "Sire, eynz huy vus y serrez." Quant Fouke fust aryvée, dont demanda les damoyseles sy yl aveyent conisance de le pais. "Certes, sire," fet la une, "c'est le realme Aunflour mon pierre." Fouke vynt al chastiel, e rendy al roy sa fyle e les damoyseles; e il à grant honour les reçust, e dona à Fouke riche douns.

Fouke ad tant siglée, pur vere merveilles e aventures, qu'il ad envyronée les vii. yles de le Occean, la Petite-Bretaygne, Yrlande, Gutlande, Norweye, Denemarche, Orkanye, la Graunde-Eschanye. En Eschanye ne meynt nul home, fors serpentz e autres

realm which they call Orkney. "Yes, truly," said he; "it is but an isle; and castle Bagot is very near the port." Fulk said: "At that castle would I be." "Sir, within this day you shall be there." When Fulk was arrived, then he asked the damsels if they had knowledge of the country. "Truly, sir," said the one, "this is the realm of Aunflour my father." Fulk came to the castle, and restored to the king his daughter and the damsels; and he received them with great honour, and gave Fulk rich gifts.

Fulk has sailed so much, to see marvels and adventures, that he has gone round the seven isles of the ocean, Little Britain, Ireland, Gothland, Norway, Denmark, Orkney, and Great Eschanie. In Eschanie dwells no man, but serpents and other foul beasts. And there Fulk saw horned ser-

lede bestes. E là vist Fouke serpentz cornuez, e les corns furent molt aguz; e si ount iiii. peez, e sunt volantz come oysels. Un tel serpent asayly Fouke e ly fery de son corn, e tresperça son escu par my. Fouke s'en mervila molt de le coupe; e se avysa molt bien qe, quant le serpent ly fery en l'escu, ne poeit hastivement delyverer son corn; e Fouke le bota par my le cuer de son espée. Ileqe vist Fouke beste verminouse q'avoit teste de mastyn, barbe epées come chevre, oreiles come de levre; e autres plusors bestes qe seint Patrik enchaça d'Yrlande, e les encloyst ileqe par la vertu de Dieu; quar le prodhome seint Patrik fust bien de ly. E uncore nulle beste venymouse ne habite la terre d'Yrlande, si noun lesartes descowés.

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pents, and the horns were very sharp-pointed; and they have four feet, and fly like birds. One of these serpents assailed Fulk, and struck him with his horn, and pierced through his shield in the middle. Fulk wondered much at the blow; and he perceived very well that, when the serpent struck him in the shield, he could not quickly withdraw his horn; and Fulk stabbed him through the heart with his sword. Then saw Fulk a venomous animal which had the head of a mastiff, a thick beard like a goat, and ears like a hare; and many other animals which St. Patrick drove out of Ireland, and inclosed them there through the virtue of God; for the good man St. Patrick was in favour with him. And still no venomous animal inhabits the land of Ireland. except lizards without tails.

Fouke vet siglant vers le north par la mer occian, outre Orkanye, si trova tant de freydure e gelée, qe home ne poeit la freidure durer, ne la nef en la mer pur la gelée ne poeit avant passer. Fouke se retorna vers Engleterre. Atant vynt une molt hydouse tempeste, dont trestous quidoient pur la tempeste moryr, e il crierent devoutement à Dieu e à seint Clement qu'il lur delyvrast del torment. Ceste tempeste lur durra xv. jours. Donqe vyrent terre, mès ne savoient quele. Fouke s'en ala à terre, e vist un chastiel molt biel. Il entra le chastel, quar la porte fust defermé, e ne trova leynz honme ne beste vivant, ne en tot le pays. E s'en merveila molt qe si bel lu fust de nully habitée. Revynt à sa neef, si le counta à sa meyné. "Sire," fet

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Fulk goes sailing towards the north over the ocean sea, beyond Orkney, and found so much cold and ice, that one could not endure the cold, nor could the ship pass forward in the sea for the ice. Fulk turned back towards England. At length came a very hideous tempest, whereby all expected to perish by the tempest, and they cried devoutly to God and St. Clement to be delivered from the storm. This tempest lasted them fifteen days. They then saw land, but knew not what. Fulk went ashore, and saw a very fair castle. He entered the castle, for the gate was unclosed, and he found within neither man nor beast living, nor in all the country. And he wondered much that so fair a place should be inhabited by no one. He returned to his ship, and told it to his company. "Sir," said Mador, "let

Mador, "lessum si la neef e aloms tous à terre, estre ceux qe garderount nostre vitaile; e bien tost par aventure orroms par ascun coment il est de cet pays." Quant vindrent à la terre, encontrerent un pesant. Mador ly demanda quele terre ce fust, e coment apelée, e pur quoy n'est habitée. Ly pesant lur dyt qe "c'est le reygne de Yberye, e cest pays est apellée Cartage. Cest chastiel est al duc de Cartage, qe tient de le roy de Yberye. Cesti duc avoit une file, la plus bele pucele qe um savoit en le regne de Yberye. Cele damoisele mounta un jour le mestre tour de cest chastel. Atant vynt un dragoun volaunt, e prist la damoisele, e la porta sur un haut mount en la mer, si la manga. Cesti dragoun ad ocys e destrut tot cet pays; pur qy nul

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us leave the ship and go ashore, except those who shall guard our provisions; and soon, perhaps, we shall hear from somebody what is the matter with this country." When they came on shore, they met a peasant. Mador asked him what land it was, and how it was named, and why it was not inhabited. The peasant told them that "it is the kingdom of Iberie, and this country is called Cartage. This castle belongs to the duke of Cartage, who holds of the king of Iberie. This duke had a daughter, the fairest maiden that one knew in the kingdom of Iberie. This damsel mounted one day the principal tower of the castle. Then came a flying dragon, and took the damsel, and carried her to a high mountain in the sea, and ate her. This dragon has slain and destroyed all this country; on which

home n'est osée cet pays habiter, ne le duc n'est osée cet chastel entrer, tant est hydous le dragoun."

Fouke se retorna à sa galye, e siglerent avant. Donqe virent un grant mont en la mer. "Sire," fet Mador, "c'est le mont où meynt le dragon; jà sumes-nus tous en grant peril!" "Tès-tey," fet Fouke, "uncore ne veiez si bien noun. Dantz Mador, volez estre mort de poour? Meynt dragon avoms veu, e Dieu nus ad bien de peril delyveré. Unqe ne fumes uncore en peryl dont, la merci Dée, n'avoms bien eschapé. Vostre maveis confort mettreit coars à la mort." Fouke prist Audulf de Bracy, e par degrés monta le mont, qe bien haut ert; e quant vindrent al somet de le mont, virent meint bon hauberc, healmes e espeiez e autres

account no man has dared to inhabit the country, nor has the duke dared to enter this castle, the dragon is so hideous."

Fulk returned to his galley, and sailed forward. Then they saw a great mountain in the sea. "Sir," said Mador, "it is the mountain where the dragon dwells; now we are all in great peril!" "Hold thy peace," said Fulk, "as yet you see nothing but good. Master Mador, will you be dead of fear? Many a dragon we have seen, and God has easily delivered us from danger. We were never yet in peril from which, thank God, we have not well escaped. Your bad comfort would put a coward to death." Fulk took Audulf de Bracy, and by steps ascended the mountain, which was very high; and when they came to the summit of the mountain, they saw many a good hauberk, helms and swords

armes, gisantz yleqe, e ne vyrent delées les armes nulle chose si os des gentz noun. E virent un arbre gros e bel, e une fontaine par desouth corant d'ewe bele e clere. Fouke se regarda deleez, e vist une roche crosée; leva sa destre e se seyigna en le noun le Piere, Fitz, e le Seynt-Espyryt; saka sa espeye, e mout hardiement se mist dedenz, come cely qe s'en fya del tot à Dieu. E vist une molt bele damoisele ploraunte e grant duel demenaunte. Fouke la demaunda dont estoit. "Sire," fet-ele, "je su file al duc de Cartage; e j'ai esté seynz seet anz. E unqe n'y vy cristien seynz, s'il ne venist malgrée le suen, e, si vus estes de poer, pur Dieu, aiez-vus-ent; quar, si le dragoun de seynz vienge, jamès n'eschapez." "Certes," fet Fouke,

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and other arms, lying there, and they saw beside the arms nothing but people's bones. And they saw a large and fair tree, and a fountain beneath it running with fair and clear water. Fulk looked about him, and saw a hollow rock; raised his right arm and crossed himself in the name of the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost; drew his sword, and very boldly entered, as one who trusted entirely in God. And he saw a very fair damsel weeping and making great lamentation. Fulk asked her whence she was. "Sir," said she, "I am daughter of the duke of Cartage; and I have been in here seven years. And I never saw a Christian herein, unless he came against his will, and, if you have the power, for God's sake, go away; for if the dragon come from within, you will never escape." "Truly," said Fulk, "I

“uncore ne vueil aler, eynz orroy e verroy plus. Damoisele,” fet Fouke, “que fet le dragoun de vus? Ne vus fet-il si ben noun?” “Sire,” fet-ele, “le dragoun est fier e fort; e portereyt un chevaler armée en ces mountz, s’il ly poeit prendre en ces powées; e meynt un ad si aportée e mangée, dount vus poez là dehors vere les os; e pluz ayme humayne char qe nul autre. E quant sa hydouse face e sa barbesunt ensenglaunteez, donqe vient-il à moy e me fet laver de clere ewe sa face e sa barbe e son pys. E quant ad talent de dormyr, vet à sa couche qe tot est de fyn or; quar il ad tele nature qu’il est trop chaut à demesure, e or est molt freyd par nature; e, pur sey refroidir, yl se couche en or. E quant vet à sa couche, il prent un gros pierre, come vus

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will not go hence till I hear and see more. Damsel,” said Fulk, “what does the dragon do with you? Does he do you no harm?” “Sir,” said she, “the dragon is fierce and strong; and he would carry an armed knight to these mountains, if he could take him in his claws; and many a one has he brought and eaten, of whom you may see there outside the bones; and he likes human flesh better than any other. And when his hideous face and his beard are covered with blood, then he comes to me, and makes me wash with clear water his face and his beard and his breast. And when he wants to sleep, he goes to his couch which is all of fine gold; for such is his nature that he is very hot in the extreme, and gold is very cold by nature; and, to cool himself, he lies on gold. And when he goes to his couch,

poez vere là, si le met al us devant, pur doute de moy que je ne le deveroy ocyre en dormant; quar il ad sen de honme e me doute grantment. E, adrein, je say bien qe il m'ociera." "Par Deu!" fet Fouke, "si Dieu plest, noun fra."

Fouke prist la damoisele, si la bailla à sire Audulf à garder, e s'en issirent de la roche. E ne furent geres issuz qu'il ne vyrent le dragoun volaunt en l'eyr venyr vers eux, si gitta de sa bouche, qe chaut ert, fumée e flambe molt oryble. E si fust trop lede beste; si avoit grosse teste, dentz quarreez, fers les powés, long la cowe. Le dragoun, quant vist Fouke, si se fery à ly, e de sa powé en volant ly fery en l'eschu qu'il l'en-racha par my. Fouke leva l'espée, si ly fery le dra-

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he takes a great stone, as you may see there, and puts it before the door, for fear of me lest I should kill him when asleep; for he has the sense of a man and fears me greatly. And, in the end, I know well that he will slay me." "By God!" said Fulk, "if it please God, he shall not do it."

Fulk took the damsel, and gave her in charge to sir Audulf, and they came out from the rock. And they had not long come out when they saw the flying dragon in the air come towards them, and it cast forth from its mouth, which was hot, smoke and flame very horrible. And it was a very foul beast; and it had a great head, teeth squared, sharp claws, and long tail. The dragon, when it saw Fulk, aimed at him, and with its claw in flying struck him on the shield that it tore it through the middle. Fulk raised his

goun en la teste auxi durement come il poeit. E le coup ne ly malmist de rien, ne il ne s'enmaya de rien pur le coup, tant out dur l'escharde e l'esclot devant. Le dragoun prent son cours de loyns pur durement feryr; e Fouke, qe le coup ne puet endurer, guenchy derere l'arbre q'esta utre la fontaygne. Fouke aparçust qu'il ne poeit le dragoun damager devaunt, si se avysa à un retorn qe le dragon fist, si ly fery bien del corps sur la cove, e la coupa en deus. Le dragon comença crier e brayre; saut à la damoysele, si la voleit prendre e porter aylours; e sire Audulf la defendy. Le dragon prist sire Audulf de sa powé si estroytement qe, si Fouke n'ust venuz plus hastivement, il le ust afolée. Donqe vynt Fouke, si coupa la powé, e à grant peyne

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sword, and struck the dragon on the head as hard as he could. And the blow did not hurt him at all, nor did he at all flinch at the blow, so hard had he both bone and skin. The dragon took his run from afar to strike hard; and Fulk, who could not withstand the blow, shrunk behind the tree which stood beyond the fountain. Fulk perceived that he could not hurt the dragon in front, so he contrived, at a return which the dragon made, to strike him well in the body upon the tail, and cut it in two. The dragon began to cry and roar; jumps at the damsel, and would take her and carry her elsewhere; and sir Audulf defended her. The dragon took sir Audulf with his claw so tightly that, if Fulk had not come very hastily, he would have crushed him. Then came Fulk, and cut off his paw, and with great

delyvra sire Audulf; quar durement le avoit de sa powé encloée par my le hauberc. Fouke fery le dragoun en my la bouche de l'espée, e par ileqe le ocist.

Fouke fust molt las, e se reposa une piece; puis ala à la couche le dragon, e prist le or quanqu'il yleqe trova e fist apporter à sa galye. Johan de Rampaigne tasta la plaie sire Audulf, e la medicina; quar bien savoit de medicines. Mador retorna sa neef vers Cartage, e ariverent en la contrée, e rendyrent al duc sa file, qe molt fust lée quant yl la vist. La damoisele ad counté à son seigneur quele vie ele ad demenée, e coment Fouke ocist le dragoun. Le duc chay as pées Fouke, e le mercia de sa file; e ly pria, si li plust, qu'il volsist demorer en le pays, e il ly dorreït tote

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difficulty set sir Audulf free, for he had fixed him hard with his paw through the hauberk. Fulk struck the dragon through the middle of the mouth with his sword, and by that slew him.

Fulk was very weary, and reposed himself awhile; then he went to the dragon's sleeping place, and took all the gold he found there and caused it to be carried to his galley. John de Rampaigne examined the wound of sir Audulf, and doctored it; for he knew much of medicines. Mador turned back his ship towards Cartage, and they arrived in the country, and restored to the duke his daughter, who was very glad when he saw her. The damsel related to her lord what life she had led, and how Fulk slew the dragon. The duke fell down at Fulk's feet, and thanked him for his

Cartage ou sa file en mariage. Fouke ly mercia finement de cuer pur son bel profre, e dit qe volenters prendreit sa file, si sa cristieneté le poeit soffryr; quar femme avoit esposée. Ce dit, Fouke demora ileqe tanqe Audulf fust seyn de sa playe; e donqe prist congié del duc, qe molt fust dolent pur le departyr. Le duc lur dona meynt bon juel e bel, e destrers molt bels e ygnels, e à chescun dona ryche dons.

Fouke e ces compaignouns siglerent vers Engleterre. Quant vyndrent à Dove, entrèrent la terre, e lesserent Mador ou la nef en un certeyn leu là où il ly porreyent trover quant vodreyent. Fouke e ces compaignons avoient enquis des paissantz qe le roy Johan fust

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daughter; and prayed him, if he pleased, that he would dwell in the country, and he would give him all Cartage with his daughter in marriage. Fulk thanked him finely and heartily for his fair offer, and said that he would willingly take his daughter, if his Christianity would suffer it; for he had already a married wife. This said, Fulk dwelt there until Audulf was whole of his wound; and then he took leave of the duke, who was very sorrowful for his departure. The duke gave them many a good jewel and fair, and steeds very handsome and swift, and to everyone he gave rich gifts.

Fulk and his companions sailed towards England. When they arrived at Dover, they went on shore, and left Mador with the ship in a certain place where they could find him when they would. Fulk and his companions had learnt

à Wyndesoure, e se mistrent privément en la voie vers Wyndesoure. Les jours dormyrent e se reposèrent, les nuytz errerent, tanqu'il vyndrent à la foreste; e là se herbigerent en un certeyn lyw où y'l soleynt avant estre en la foreste de Wyndesoure, quar Fouke savoit yleqe tous les estres. Donqe oyerent veneours e berners corner, e par ce saveyent qe le rey irroit chacer. Fouke e ces compaignons s'armerent molt richement. Fouke jura grant serement qe pur pour de moryr ne lerreit qu'il ne se vengeroit de le roy, q'à force e à tort ly ad desherytée, e qu'il ne chalengereit hautement ces dreytures e son herytage. Fouke fist ces compaignons demorer yleqe; e il meymes, ce dit, irreit espier adventures.

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from the people who passed them that king John was at Windsor, and they set out privily on the way towards Windsor. By day they slept and reposed, and by night they wandered, until they came to the forest; and there they lodged in a certain place where they used before to be in the forest of Windsor, for Fulk knew all the parts there. Then they heard huntsmen and men with hounds blow the horn, and by that they knew that the king was going to hunt. Fulk and his companions armed themselves very richly. Fulk swore a great oath that for fear of death he would not abstain from revenging himself on the king, who forcibly and wrongfully had disinherited him, and from challenging loudly his rights and his heritage. Fulk made his companions remain there; and himself, he said, would go and look out for adventures.

Fouke s'en ala, e encontra un viel charboner portant une tribble en sa meyn; si fust vestu tot neir, come apert à charboner. Fouke ly pria par amour qu'il ly velsist doner ces vestures e sa tribble pur du seon. "Sire," fet-il, "volenters." Fouke ly dona x. besantz, e ly pria pur s'amour qu'il ne le contast à nully. Le charboner s'en va. Fouke remeynt, e se vesty meyntenant de le atyr qe le charboner ly avoit donée, e vet à cès charbons, si comence de adresser le feu. Fouke vist une grosse fourche de fer, si la prent en sa meyn, e dresse saundreyt e landreyt ces coupons. Atant vynt le roy ou treis chevalers, tot à pée, à Fouke là où il fust adresaunt son feu. Quant Fouke vist le roy, assez bien le conust, e gitta la fourche de

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Fulk went his way, and met an old collier carrying a tribble in his hand; and he was dressed all in black, as a collier ought to be. Fulk prayed him for love that he would give him his clothes and his tribble for money. "Sir," said he, "willingly." Fulk gave him ten besants, and begged him for his love that he would not tell anybody of it. The collier went away. Fulk remained, and now dressed himself in the attire which the collier had given him, and went to his coals, and began to stir up the fire. Fulk saw a great iron fork, which he took in his hand, and arranged here and there the pieces of wood. At length came the king with three knights, all on foot, to Fulk where he was arranging his fire. When Fulk saw the king, he knew him well enough, and he cast the fork from his hand, and sa-

sa meyn, e salua son seignour, e se mist à genoyls devant ly molt humblement. Le roy e ces trois chevalers aveient grant ryseye e jeu de la noreture e de la porture le charboner; esturent ileqe bien longement. "Daun vyleyn," fet le roy, "avez veu nul cerf ou bisse passer par ycy?" "Oyl, mon seignour, pieça." "Quele beste veitez-vus?" "Sire, mon seignur, une cornuée; si avoit longe corns." "Où est-ele?" "Sire, mon seignur, je vus say molt bien mener là où je la vy." "Ore avant, daun vyleyn! e nus vus siweroms." "Sire," fet le charboner, "prendroy-je ma forche en mayn? quar, si ele fust prise, je en averoy grant perte." "Oyl, vyleyn, si vus volez." Fouke prist la grosse fourche de fer en sa meyn, si amoyne le roy pur archer;

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luted his lord, and went on his knees before him very humbly. The king and his three knights had great laughter and game at the breeding and bearing of the collier; they stood there very long. "Sir villan," said the king, "have you seen no stag or doe pass here?" "Yes, my lord, a while ago." "What beast did you see?" "Sir, my lord, a horned one; and it had long horns." "Where is it?" "Sir, my lord, I know very well how to lead you to where I saw it." "Onward, then, sir villan; and we will follow you." "Sir," said the collier, "shall I take my fork in my hand? for, if it were taken, I should have thereby a great loss." "Yea, villan, if you will." Fulk took the great fork of iron in his hand, and led the king to shoot; for he had a very handsome bow. "Sir, my lord," said Fulk,

quar yl avoit un molt bel arke. "Sire, mon seignur," fet Fouke, "vus plest-il attendre, e je irroy en l'espesse e fray la beste venir cest chemyn par ycy?" "Oil," ce dit le roy. Fouke hastyvement sayly en le espesse de la forest, e comanda sa meyné hastivement prendre le roy Johan; "Quar je l'ay amenée sà, solement ou treis chevalers; e tote sa meysné est de l'autre part la forest." Fouke e sa meyné saylyrent hors de la espesse, e escrierent le roy, e le pristrent maintenant. "Sire roy," fet Fouke, "ore je vus ay en mon bandon; tel jugement froi-je de vus come vus vodrez de moy si vus me ussez pris." Le roy trembla de pour, quar il avoit grant doute de Fouke. Fouke jura qu'il morreït pur le grant damage e la desheritesoun qu'il avoit fet à ly

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"will you please to wait, and I will go into the thicket, and make the beast come this way by here?" "Yea," said the king. Fulk hastily sprang into the thick of the forest, and commanded his company hastily to seize upon king John, "For I have brought him there, only with three knights; and all his company is on the other side of the forest." Fulk and his company leaped out of the thicket, and cried upon the king, and seized him at once. "Sir king," said Fulk, "now I have you in my power; such judgment will I execute on you as you would on me if you had taken me." The king trembled with fear, for he had great dread of Fulk. Fulk swore that he should die for the great damage and disinheriting which he had done to him and to many a

e à meint prodhome d'Engleterre. Le roy ly cria mercy, e ly pria pur amour Dieu la vie; e yl ly rendreyt enterement tou son heritage e quanqu'il aveit tolet de ly e de tous les suens, e ly grantereit amour e pès pur tous jours, e à ce ly freit en totes choses tiele seureté come yl meysmes voleit devyser. Fouke ly granta bien tote sa demande à tieles qu'il ly donast, veantz ces chevalers, la foy de tenyr cest covenant. Le roy ly plevy sa fey qu'il ly tendroit covenant, e fust molt lée que issi poeit eschaper.

E revynt à soun paleis, e fist fere assembler ces chevalers e sa meisné, e lur counta de mot en autre coment sire Fouke le avoit desçu; e dit que par force fist cel serement, pur quoy qu'il ne le velt tenyr; e

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good man in England. The king implored his mercy, and begged his life of him for the love of God; and he would restore him entirely all his heritage and whatever he had taken from him and from all his people, and would grant him his love and peace for ever, and of this he would make him in all things such security as he might himself choose to devise. Fulk soon yielded his demand, on condition that he gave him, in presence of his knights, his faith to keep this covenant. The king pledged his faith that he would hold the covenant, and he was very glad that he could thus escape.

And he returned to his palace, and caused his knights and his courtiers to assemble, and told them from word to word how sir Fulk had deceived him; and he said that he had made that oath through force, and therefore he would

comaunda que tous se armassent hastivement à prendre ces felons en le parke. Atant pria sire James de Normandie, que fust cosyn le roy, qu'il poeit aver l'avaunt-garde; e dit qe "les Engleis, à poy tous les grantz, sunt cosyns à sire Fouke, e pur ce sunt treitours al roy, e ces felouns ne vueillent prendre." Donqe dit Rondulf le counte de Cestre: "Par foy, sire chevaler! sauve le honour nostre seigneur le roy, noun pas vostre, vus y mentez." E ly vodra aver feru del poyn, si le counte mareschal ne ust esté; e dit qu'il ne sount ne unque furent treitours à le roy ne à suens, mès bien dit que tous les grantz e le rey meismes est cosyn al dit Fouke. Dont dit le counte mareschal: "Aloms pursyvre sire Fouke; donqe verra le roy qui

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not hold it; and commanded that they should all arm in haste to take those felons in the park. At length sir James of Normandy, who was the king's cousin, prayed that he might have the advanced guard; and said that "the English, nearly all the men of rank, are cousins to sir Fulk, and for that are traitors to the king, and will not take those felons." Then said Randolph earl of Chester: "In faith, sir knight! saving the honour of our lord the king, not yours, you lie." And he would have struck him with his fist, and it not being for the earl marshal; and said that they neither are nor never were traitors to the king nor to his, but he said right that all the men of rank and the king himself were cousins to sir Fulk. Then said the earl marshal: "Let us go and pursue sir Fulk; the king will then see who will

se feyndra pur la cosynage." Sire James de Normandy e ces xv. compaignouns chevalers se armerent molt richement e tot de blanche armure, e furent tous noblement mountez de blancz destrers; e se hasta devant ou sa compaignie, pur aver pris.

E tot lur affere avoit Johan de Rampaigne espiée, e counté à sire Fouke, qe ne poeit en nulle manere eschaper si par bataille noun. Sire Fouke e ces compaignouns se armerent molt richement, e se mistrent hardiement contre sire James, e se defendirent vigoureuxment, e ocistrent tous ces compaignouns, estre quatre que furent à poi naufrés à la mort; e sire James fust pris. Sire Fouke e ces compaignouns se armerent maintenant de les armes sire James e des autres Nor-

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finch for his cousenage." Sir James of Normandy and fifteen knights his companions armed themselves very richly and all in white armour, and were all nobly mounted on white steeds; and he hurried forward with his company, to have the capture.

Now John de Rampaigne had spied all their proceedings, and told them to sir Fulk, who could in no manner escape except by battle. Sir Fulk and his companions armed themselves very richly, and put themselves boldly against sir James, and defended themselves vigorously, and slew all his companions except four, who were almost wounded to death; and sir James was taken. Sir Fulk and his companions now armed themselves with the arms of sir James and of the other Normans; and mounted their good steeds,

mauntz; e mounterent lur bons destrers que blanks erent, quar lur destrers demeyne furent las e mesgres; e armerent sire James de les armes sire Fouke; e lyerent sa bouche, qu'il ne poeit parler, e mistrent son helme sur sa teste; e chevalcherent vers le roy. E quant yl les vist, il les conust par les armes, e quida que sire James e ces compaignouns amenerent sire Fouke.

Lors presenta sire Fouke sire James à le roy, e dist que ce fust sire Fouke. Le counte de Cestre e le counte mareschal, quant ce virent, mout furent dolentz. Le roy, pur le present, ly comaunda qu'il ly baysast; sire Fouke dit qu'il ne poeit attendre de oster son healme, quar yl ly covensist pursyvre les autres fitz Waryn. Le roi descendy de soun bon destrer e co-

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which were white, for their own steeds were tired and lean; and they armed sir James with the arms of sir Fulk; and bound his mouth, that he could not speak, and put his helm on his head; and rode towards the king. And when he saw them, he knew them by their arms, and thought that sir James and his companions were bringing sir Fulk.

Then sir Fulk presented sir James to the king, and said that it was sir Fulk. The earl of Chester and the earl marshal, when they saw this, were very sorry. The king, for the present, commanded him that he should kiss him; sir Fulk said that he could not wait to take off his helm, for he must go and pursue the other Fitz-Warines. The king descended from his good steed, and commanded him to

manda qu'il le mounta, quar isnel ert à pursiwre ces enymys. Sire Fouke descendy, e mounta le destrer le roi, e s'en va vers ces compaignouns, e s'en fuyrent bien sis lyws de yleqe. E là se desarmerent en un boschage, e laverent lur playes ; e benderent la playe Willam, son frere, qe durement fust naufré de un des Normauntz, e le tyndrent pur mort ; dont tous fesoient duel à demesure.

Le roy comaunda meynテナunt pendre sire Fouke. Atant vint Emery de Pyn, un Gascoyn, qe fust parent à sire James, e dit qu'il le pendreit ; e le prist, e le amena un poy de yleqe, e fist oster son healme ; e meynテナant vist qe ce fu James, e delya sa bouche. E il ly conta quanqe avynt entre ly e sire Fouke. Emery

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mount it, for it was fleet to pursue his enemies. Sir Fulk descended, and mounted the king's steed, and went his way towards his companions, and they fled soon to a distance of six leagues from thence. And there they disarmed in a wood, and washed their wounds ; and they bandaged the wound of William, his brother, who was severely wounded by one of the Normans, and they held him for dead, for which they all made excessive lamentations.

The king commanded on the spot to hang sir Fulk. At length came Emery de Pin, a Gascon, who was kinsman to sir James, and said that he would hang him ; and took him, and led him a little from thence, and caused his helm to be taken off ; and now he saw that it was James, and unbound his mouth. And he told him all that had hap-

vint meintenaunt au roy, e amena sire James, qe ly conta coment sire Fouke ly avoit servy. E quant le roy se aperçust estre issi desçu, molt fust dolent, e jura grant serement qe jà ne se devestereit de son haubreke avaunt qu'il avoit ces treytres pris. E de ce ne savoit sire Fouke rien.

Le roy e ces countes e barouns les pursiwyrent par le esclot des chivals, tant qu'il vindrent à poy à le boschage là où Fouke fust. E quant Fouke les aperçust, plourte e weymente Willam, son frere, e se tient perdu pur tous jours. E Willam lur prie qu'il coupent sa teste e la emportent ou eux, issi qe le roy, quant trovee son cors, ne sache qui yl fust. Fouke dit qe ce ne freit pur le mounde, e prie molt tendrement en

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pened between him and sir Fulk. Emery came immediately to the king, and brought sir James, who told him how sir Fulk had served him. And when the king perceived that he was thus deceived, he was much vexed, and swore a great oath that he would not divest himself of his hauberk until he had taken these traitors. And of this sir Fulk knew nothing.

The king and his earls and barons pursued them by the footmark of their horses, until they came almost to the wood where Fulk was. And when Fulk perceived them, he wept and lamented for William his brother, and held himself lost for ever. And William begged of them that they would cut off his head and carry it with them, that the king, when he found his body, might not know who he

ploraunt qe Dieu pur sa pieté lur seit en eyde ; e tiel duel come entre eux est, ne veistes unqe greindre fere.

Rondulf le counte de Cestre vint en prime chef ; e quant aperçust sire Fouke, comaunda sa meisné ares-tier, si voit privément à sire Fouke, e li pria pur le amour de Dieu rendre sei al roy, e yl serroit pur ly de vie e de membre, e qu'il serroit bien apesée al roy. Fouke redist que ce ne froit pur tut le aver du mounde ; “ Mès, sire cosyn, pur l'amour de Dieu, je vus prie qe mon frere qe là gist, quant il est mors, qe vus facez enterrer son cors, qe bestes savages ne le devourent, e les nos, quant mort sumes. E retornez à vostre seignur le roy, e fetes à ly vostre service sanz feyntyse e saunz avoir regard à nus, qe sumes de vostre sang ; e nus

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was. Fulk said that he would not do that for the world, and prayed very tenderly and in tears that God for his pity would be to them in aid ; and such grief as was among them, you never saw greater made.

Rondulf, earl of Chester, came in the first place ; and when he perceived sir Fulk, he commanded his company to halt, and went alone to sir Fulk, and prayed him for the love of God to yield himself to the king, and he would answer for him for life and limb, and his peace would be easily made with the king. Fulk replied that he would not do that for all the wealth in the world ; “ But, sir cousin, for the love of God, I pray you for my brother, who is there, when he is dead, that you cause his body to be buried, that wild beasts may not devour it, and ours too, when we

receveroms ore issi la destiné qe à nos est ordinée.” Le counte tot emplorant retorna à sa meyné. Fouke remeint, qe molt tendrement plourt de pieté pur son frere, qe ly covent à force ileqe lesser; e prie à Dieu qu’il lur socourt e eyde.

Le counte comande sa meisné e sa compaignie à le asaut, e yl s’i ferirent vigerousement. Le counte meismes asaily sire Fouke; mès à dreyn le counte perdy son chival, e sa meisné fust grant partie ocys. Fouke e ces freres se defendirent hardiement; e come Fouke se defendy, sire Berard de Blées ly vynt derere e ly feri de son espée en le flanc, e le quida aver ocis. Ataunt se retorna Fouke, e ly referi sur le espaulde senestre ou ambedeus les mayns, e ly coupa le cuer e le

are dead. And return to your lord the king, and do your duty to him without feintisé, and without having regard to us, who are of your blood; and we will receive now here the destiny which is ordained for us.” The earl, all weeping, returned to his company. Fulk remained, who very tenderly wept with pity for his brother, whom he was compelled to leave there; and prays God to succour and aid them.

The earl commanded his retinue and his company to the assault, and they laid on vigorously. The earl himself attacked sir Fulk; but at last the earl lost his horse, and his retinue were in great part slain. Fulk and his brothers defended themselves bravely; and as Fulk was defending himself, sir Berard de Blées came behind him, and struck him with his sword in the side, and believed he had killed

pulmoun, e chei mort de soun destrer. Fouke avoit taunt seigné qu'il palma sur le col de son destrer, e le espeye chey de sa meyn. Donqe comença duel à merveille entre les freres. Johan, son frere, sayly derere Fouke sur le destrer e ly sustynt qu'il ne poeit cheyer; e se mistrent à fuyte, quar poer ne aveient de demorer. Le roy e sa meyné les pursiwyrent, mès prendre ne les purreynt. Tote la nuit errerent issi, qe lendemayn matyn vindrent à la mer à Mador le maryner. Donque reverci Fouke, e demaunda où il fust e en qy poer; e ces freres ly confortoyent à mieux qu'il purroient, e ly cocherent en la nef en un molt bel lit, e Johan de Rampayne medicina ces playes.

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him. At length Fulk turned round, and returned the blow on his left shoulder with both his hands, and cut through his heart and lung, and he fell dead from his steed. Fulk had bled so much that he fainted on the neck of his steed, and his sword fell from his hand. Then began grief wonderfully among the brothers. John, his brother, leapt behind Fulk on the steed, and held him up that he could not fall; and they took to flight, for they had not power to remain. The king and his retinue pursued them, but they could not take them. Then they wandered all the night, till on the morrow morning they came to the sea to Mador the mariner. Then Fulk revived, and asked where he was, and in whose power; and his brothers comforted him in the best way they could, and laid him in bed in the ship in a very fair bed, and John de Rampaigne doctored his wounds.

Le counte de Cestre avoit grantment perdu de sa gent, e vist dejouste ly Willam le fitz Waryn à poy mort, e prist le cors e le maunda à une abbeye pur medeciner. Au drein fust ileqe aparçu, e le roy le fist venyr en litere devant ly à Wyndesoure, e la fist ruer en profonde prisone, e molt fust corocé à le counte de Cestre pur ce qu'il le cela. Fet le roy: "Fouke est naufré à la mort, e cesti ay-je ore ici; les autres averei-je bien, où qu'il seient. Certes, m'en poise durement de le orgoil Fouke; quar si orgoil ne fust, il ust unquore vesqy. E tant come il fust en vie n'y out tiel chevaler en tot le munde; dont grant pierre est de perdre un tel chevaler."

En la mer près de Espaigne est une ysle tote close

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The earl of Chester had lost greatly of his people, and saw near him William Fitz-Warine almost dead, and took the body and sent it to an abbey to be doctored. In the end he was discovered there, and the king caused him to be brought in a litter to Windsor before him, and caused him to be thrown into a deep prison, and was much angered against the earl of Chester because he concealed him. Said the king: "Fulk is mortally wounded, and this one have I now here; the others I shall easily take, be they where they will. Truly, I am greatly annoyed at the pride of Fulk; for had it not been for his pride, he would have been still alive. And as long as he was alive there was not such a knight in all the world; wherefore it is a great loss to lose such a knight."

de haut roche, e si n'est que une entré, si est apelée Beteloye, une demie luwe de long e autretant de lée, e là n'y avoit home ne beste habitaunt. Le sisme jour vindrent à ce ysle. Fouke comença donque dormyr, quar sis jours devant ne avoit dormy. Ces freres e sa meismé alerent à la terre; e yl meismes soulement dormy en la nef, que fust fermée à la roche. Ataunt survynt un hydous vent, e rompy le cordes de la nef, e emporta la nef en haute mer. Lors se enveilla Fouke, e vist les estoilles e le firmament, apela Johan son frere e ces autres compaignons; e nully le respondy, e vist qu'il fust soulement en haute mer. Donque comença à plurer e maldire sa destiné, que ly fust si dure, e regreta ces freres. Lors ly prist un somoil, e bien tost

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In the sea near Spain is an island entirely closed in with high rock, and there is only one entrance; it is called Beteloye, half a league long and as much broad, and there was neither man nor beast inhabiting it. The sixth day they came to this isle. Fulk began then to sleep, for during six days before he had not slept. His brother and his retinue went on shore; and he himself alone slept in the ship, which was attached to the rock. At length came a hideous wind, and broke the cords of the ship, and carried the ship out into the open sea. When Fulk awoke and saw the stars and the firmament, he called his brother John and his other companions; and nobody answered him, and he saw that he was alone on the open sea. And then he began to weep, and to curse his destiny, which was so hard,

ariva sa nef e[n] la terre de Barbarie à la cité de Tunes. E yleqe adonqe estoit Messobryns, le roy de Barbarie, ou quatre rois e sis admirals, qe tous furent Sarazyns. Le roi se apua en un tour vers la mer, e vist cele merveilleuse galye arivé en sa terre, e comanda deus serjauntz aler e vere ce qe fust. Les deus serjauntz entrerent la nef; rien ne troverent si le chevaler noun, qe uncore fust endormy. Le un le bota de ces piés e le comaunda esveiller. Le chevaler saut sus come honme effraée, si le fery de le poyn qu'il chay outre bord en my la mer; le autre se mist à fuste, e vint counter le roi coment ly avynt. Le roi comanda c. chevalers aler prendre cele nef, e amener à ly le

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and he regretted his brothers. Then a slumber seized upon him, and soon his ship arrived in the land of Barbary, at the city of Tunis. And there at that time was Messobryns, king of Barbary, with four kings and six admirals, who were all Saracens. The king leaned on a tower towards the sea, and saw this marvellous gally arrive in his land, and commanded two serjeants to go and see what it was. The two serjeants entered the ship; they found nothing but the knight, who was still asleep. The one pushed him with his feet, and commanded him to awake. The knight jumped up like a man in a fright, and struck him with his fist that he fell overboard into the middle of the sea; the other took to flight, and came to tell the king how it had happened to him. The king commanded a hundred knights to go and take that ship, and bring the knight to him.

chevaler. Les c. chevalers tot armés vindrent à la nef, e le assailerent de tote partz. Fouke se defent hardie-ment countre tous; mès à drein se rendy à tieles qu'il ne averoit si bien noun. Yl le amenerent devant le roy, e il comaunda qu'il fust bien servi en une chambre.

Isorie, la suere le roy, le soleit sovent visiter e conforter, e si fust trebele e gentile damoisele; e aperçust qu'il fust playé en la flanke, e ly pria pur amour que yl la dist coment out noun e de quele terre fust e en quele manere fust playé. Yl la respoundy qu'il avoit à noun Maryn le Perdu de Fraunce, e qu'il ama tendrement de cuer une damoisele file de un counte de son pais, e ele ly refist grant semblaunt d'amour; mès ele ama plus un autre. "E avynt que ly e moy un jour

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The hundred knights, all armed, came to the ship, and assailed it on all sides. Fulk defended himself courageously against them all; but at last he surrendered on condition that he should have no hurt. They led him before the king, who commanded that he should be served well in a chamber.

Isorie, the king's sister, used often to visit and comfort him, and was a very fair and gentle damsel; and she saw that he was wounded in the side, and prayed him for love that he would tell her how he was named, and from what land he was, and in what manner he was wounded. He replied that he was named Marin le Perdu of France, and that he loved tenderly from his heart a damsel, daughter of an earl of his country, and she made him in return great semblance of love; but she loved more another. "And it

fumes assemblés par grant amour, e ele me tint entre les bras molt estroit; ataunt survynt le autre qe ama plus, e me feri issi de un espé; e pus me mistrent en une galye en la mer pur mort, e la galye me amena en ces parties." "Certes," dit Isorie, "cele damoisele ne fust geres cortois." Isorie prist sa harpe, qe molt riche fust, e fist descaunz e notes pur solacer Fouke; quar le vist bel e de corteise poiture.

Fouke demaund à Isorie la bele quei fust la noyse qe fust devaunt le roi en la sale. "Certes," fet-ele, "je le vus dirroi. En la terre de Yberie avoit un duc qe fust apelé duc de Cartage, e avoit une très bele fyle, Ydoyne de Cartage. Cele vivaunt le pere sojorna en un son chastiel de Cartage. Atant vint un dragoun,

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happened that she and I one day were together through great love, and she held me in her arms very tight; at length came the other whom she loved more, and struck me here with a sword; and then they placed me in a galley on the sea for dead, and the galley brought me into these parts." "Truly," said Isorie, "that damsel was not over courteous." Isorie took her harp, which was very rich, and made descants and notes to solace Fulk; for she saw that he was handsome, and of courtly breeding.

Fulk asked of Isorie the fair what was the noise that was before the king in the hall. "Truly," said she, "I will tell you. In the land of Iberie was a duke who was called duke of Cartage, and he had a very fair daughter, Ydoine of Cartage. She during her father's life dwelt in his castle of Cartage.

qe la prist e emporta en un haut mount en la mer ; e la tynt plus qe sept aunz, si là qe un chevaler de Engleterre, que fust apelé Fouke le fitz Waryn de Mées, vint sur cel mont, e ocist le dragoun, e la rendy à son piere. Tost après le duc morust, e ele tient tote la ducheyse. Le roi mon frere maunda à ly messagers qu'il la prendroit à femme, e ele le refusa ; e pur vergoyne qe le roi avoit, fist assembler grant pueple e destruit ces cités, abati ces chastiels. La damoisele s'en fui en estraunge regne pur querre socours ; mès ore est-ele revenue ou pueple saunz nonbre, e comence fierement à guerrier le roy, e si est preste de fere bataille countre ost ou chevaler countre chevaler, issi que si le suen seit vencu qe ele ayle vers sa terre, e si le nostre seit

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At length came a dragon, and took her and carried her to a high mountain in the sea ; and held her more than seven years, when there came to the mountain a knight of England, who was called Fulk Fitz-Warine de Metz, and slew the dragon, and restored her to her father. Soon after the duke died, and she holds all the duchy. The king, my brother, sent messengers to her that he would take her to wife, and she refused him ; and for shame which the king had, he caused a great multitude to be assembled, and destroyed her cities and beat down her castles. The damsel fled thence into a foreign country to seek succour ; but now she is returned with people without number, and begins fiercely to make war upon the king, and she is ready to do battle against host, or knight against knight,

vencu, qe le rey mon frere entierement restore ces damages. E sur ce vindrent huy en sale fieres messagers; e plust à dieu Mahoun que vus fussez tiel qe la bataille de par le roy mon frere ossasez prendre; quar grant honeur vus avendreit.” “ Certes, ma damoysele, je su grantment tenuz à mon seigneur le roy, e nomément à vus; mès jamès bataille ne prendrei pur Sarazyn countre Cristien, pur perdre la vie. Mès si le roy vueille reneyer sa ley e devenyr Cristien e estre baptizé, je prendroy la bataille, e salveroy sa terre e ces gentz, e ly froi aver cele damoysele dount me avez counté.” Isorie va tot counter Messobryn, son frere, le roy de Barbarie, quanqe Fouke, qe se fet appeler

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so that if her's be vanquished she shall go to her own country; and if ours be vanquished, the king, my brother, shall make good all her damages. And upon this there came to-day proud messages; and may it please the god Mahoun that you were such as you dare take the battle for the king my brother; for great honour would accrue to you.” “ Truly, my damsel, I am greatly obliged to my lord the king, and especially to you; but I will never take battle for Saracen against Christian, though I should lose my life. But if the king will relinquish his faith, and become a Christian, and be baptized, I will take the battle, and will save his land and his people, and will cause him to have that damsel of whom you have told me.” Isorie goes to tell to Messobryn, her brother, the king of Barbary, all that Fulk, who had assumed the name of Marin le Perdu of

Maryn le Perdu de France, ly out promis. Le roy graunta meyntenaunt quanqe vodra ordyner, si yl purra cele bosoigne issi achevyr.

Le jour qe la bataille fust ordyné, le roy arma mout richement sire Fouke, e Isorie meismes de bone volenté ly servy. Le roy e ces Barbaryns, ces admyrals, e tous ces autre gentz, furent richement armés, e grant pueple ou eux; e mistrent avant son chevaler Fouke, que devereit fere la bataille; e la duchesse mist avant le suen. Les chevalers, que fiers furent, brocherent les chivals des esperouns, e fierent de launces, que tronçouns volent par les chauns; pus treient les espiés, e si entrefierent hardiement. Fouke fery le cheval son compaignon, que mort le abati; mès à son vueil yl ust

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France, had promised her. The king at once granted all that he would ordain, if he could so effect this business.

The day of the battle was ordained, the king armed sir Fulk very richly, and Isorie herself served him very willingly. The king and his Barbarines, his admirals, and all his other people, were richly armed, and much people with them; and they put forward his knight Fulk, who was to do the battle; and the duchess put forward her (knight). The knights, who were fierce, urged their horses with spurs, and struck with their lances, that the pieces flew about the field; then drew their swords, and encountered each other courageously. Fulk struck the horse of his companion, that he felled it down dead; but it was his intention to have

feru le chevaler. Quant le chevaler fust à terre, dont dit : “Maveis payen, maveis Sarazin de male foy, Dieu de ciel vus maldie ! pur quoy avez ocis mon chival ?” Fouqe descendy à pié, e s’entrecombatyrent durement tot le jour. Quant fust à poy avesprée, dit le chevaler à Fouke : “Daun paien, tu es fort e vigerous ; par amours dy-moy, où nasquiste-vus ?” “Si vus plest saver mon nation, je ne le vus dirroi mye, si vus ne me diez eynz del vostre ; e je le vus grant.” Le chevaler ly dit qu’il fust Cristien nez en Engleterre, le fiz Waryn de Mées, e fust appelé Phelip le Rous ; e counta de mot en autre tot par ordre entierement tote sa vie e ces freres, e come la ducheyse vynt en une nef par le ysle de Beteloye, e les rescust en la nef e les sauva ;

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struck the knight. When the knight was on the ground, then said he : “Wicked pagan, wicked Saracen of ill faith, God of heaven curse you ! why have you slain my horse ?” Fulk dismounted on foot, and they fought one another hard all day. When it was almost evening, said the knight to Fulk : “Sir pagan, you are strong and vigorous ; for love tell me, where were you born ?” “If it please you to know my nation, I will not tell it you, if you do not first tell me yours ; (on that condition) I grant it you.” The knight said that he was a Christian born in England, the son of Warine de Metz, and that he was called Philip the Red ; and he related to him in order from word to word entirely all his life and that of his brothers, and how the duchess came by ship to the isle of Beteloye, and received them in

quar demy-an e plus y furent, e mangerent lur chivaus pur feym. "E quant la countesse nus ust veu, meyn-tenaunt nus conust, e nus trova quanqe mestier nus fust; e nus counta que ele vint de Engleterre, e là nus avoit quis pur sa gere meintenyr; e tiele dure vie avoms demeyné." Lors dit Fouke: "Beu frere Phelip le Rous, ne me conusez-vus? je su Fouke, vostre frere." "Nay, certes, daun Sarazyn, non estes; mès ore me vodrez engyner. Par Dieu! noun frés." Donqe ly dit Fouke verroy enseigne, qu'il bien conust. Donqe demenerent grant joye, e respiterent la bataille tanqe lendemeyn. Phelip conta la ducheyse qe ce fust Fouke son frere ou qy il avoit combatu, issi qe par le consayl Fouke e Phelip e ces autres freres, le roy e tote sa

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the ship and saved them; for they were there half a year and more, and eat their horses for hunger. "And when the countess saw us, she knew us at once, and found us whatever we needed; and told us that she came from England, and that she had sought us there to maintain her war; and such hard life have we led." "Fair brother Philip the Red, do you not know me? I am Fulk, your brother." "Nay, truly, sir Saracen, you are not; but now you would deceive me. By God! you shall not do it!" Then Fulk told him a true mark, by which he knew him well. Then they made great joy, and respited the battle till the morrow. Philip told the duchess that it was Fulk his brother with whom he had fought, so that by the counsel of Fulk and Philip and his other brothers, the king and all his household were bap-

meysné furent baptizé, e le roy esposa la duchesse à grant honour.

Fouke e ces freres e sa meyné demorerent une piece ou le roy, pus se apresterent mout richement vers Engleterre. Le roy lur dona or, argent, chivals, armes, e totes richesses que il voderount aver ou coveyter; e emplyrent lur nef de taunt de richesse qe a merveille. Quant furent arivez privéement en Engleterre, Fouke ordina qe Johan de Rampayne se freit marchaunt e enquerreit où le roy Johan fust, e si Willam, soun frere, fust en vie ou ne mye. Johan se apparilla molt richement à gyse de marchaunt, vint à Loundres, e se herberga à la mesoune le meyr, e se fist servir molt richement, e se acointa ou le meyr e tote la meyné, e

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tized, and the king married the duchess with great honour.

Fulk and his brothers and his retinue remained a while with the king, then prepared them very richly towards England. The king gave them gold, silver, horses, arms, and all the riches that they would have or desire; and they filled their ship with so much riches as was wonderful. When they had arrived secretly in England, Fulk ordered that John de Rampaigne should make himself a merchant and inquire where king John was, and if William, his brother, were alive or not. John dressed himself very richly in guise of a merchant, came to London, and lodged in the house of the mayor, and caused himself to be served very richly, and obtained the acquaintance of the mayor and all

lur dona bel douns; e pria al meir qu'il ly fesoit aver conisaunce de le rey, issi qu'il purreit ariver sa nef en sa terre. E quanqu'il parla fust latyn corrupt; mès le meir le entendy bien. Le meir le amena devant le roy Johan à Westmoster, e le marchant mout cortoisement ly salua en son langage. Le roi l'entendi bien, e demanda qui il ert e dont vint. "Sire," fet-il, "je su marchaunt de Grece, si ay esté en Babiloyne, Alixandre, et Ynde le Majour, e ay un nef chargé de avoir de pois, riche dras, perye, chevaux, e autres richesses qe grantment purreint valer à ceste reigne." "Je vueil," fet le roy, "qe vus e vos bien aryvez en ma terre, e je vus serroi garant." E furent comaundez demorer à

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his household, and gave them fair gifts; and prayed the mayor that he would cause him to have knowledge of the king, so that he could bring his ship to the shore in his land. And what he talked was corrupt Latin; but the mayor understood it well. The mayor conducted him to the presence of king John at Westminster, and the merchant very courteously saluted him in his language. The king understood it well, and asked who he was and whence he came. "Sir," said he, "I am a merchant of Greece, and have been in Babylon, Alexandria, and India the Greater, and have a ship laden with avoirdupoise, rich cloths, pearls, horses, and other riches which might be of great worth to this kingdom." "I will," said the king, "that you and yours come to shore well in my land, and I will be your warrant." And they were commanded to stay and eat. The mayor

mangier. Le meir e le marchant mangerent ensemble devant le roy. Atant vindrent deus serjauntz de mace, e amenerent en la sale un chevaler grant, corsu, longe barbe e neyre, e fieblement atyré, e le assistrent en my le eyr, e ly donerent à manger. Le marchaunt demanda al meir qui ce fust; e il ly dit un chevaler nommé sire Willam le fitz Warin, e ly counta entierement tote le estre de ly e ces freres. E quant il le oy nomer, donqe fust molt lée qu'il le vist en vie; mès molt a deseese de cuer qu'il le vist si meseysé. Le marchaunt, al plus tost qu'il poeit, se hasta vers sire Fouke, e ly counta tot soun affere, e fist amener la nef auxi près la cité come il poeynt. Lendemeyn le marchant prist un palefroy blanc (si bel ne fust en tote le roialme), e le

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and the merchant eat together before the king. At last came two sergeants-at-mace, and conducted into the hall a tall knight, stout, with a long and black beard, and meanly clad, and they seated him in the midst of the area, and gave him to eat. The merchant asked the mayor who he was; and he told him a knight named sir William Fitz Warine, and related to him entirely all the affair of him and his brothers. And when he heard him named, then he was very glad that he saw him alive; but much grieved in his heart that he saw him so ill at ease. The merchant, as soon as he could, hastened to sir Fulk, and told him all his proceedings, and caused them to bring the ship as near the city as they could. On the morrow the merchant took a white palfrey (there was not so beautiful a one in all the

presenta à le roy Johan, qe molt léement le reçust pur sa belté. Le marchant dona si largement qu'il se fist amer de tous, e poeit fere en court quanqe ly plust.

Un jour prist ces compaignons, e se armerent bien, e pus vestirent lur gounes come à mariners apent, vindrent à Westmoster à court, e ileque furent noblement resçuz, e virent Willam le fitz Warin qe fust amené de ces gardeins vers la chartre. Le marchaunt e ces compaignouns, malgrée les gardeynz, le pristrent à force e le aportèrent à lur batil, que flota assez près desouz le paleis, e se mistrent cynz. Les gardeynz leverent la menée e les pursiwyrent; les marchauntz furent bien armés e se defendirent hardiement, e s'eschaperent à

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kingdom), and presented it to king John, who received it very joyfully on account of its beauty. The merchant gave so liberally, that he made himself beloved by all, and could do in court what he pleased.

One day he took his companions, and they armed themselves well, and then put on their gowns as is the custom with mariners, came to Westminster to court, and were there nobly received, and saw William Fitz Warine who was led by his keepers towards the prison. The merchant and his companions, in spite of the keepers, took him by force and carried him to their boat, which was afloat pretty near below the palace, and put themselves in. The keepers raised the hue and cry, and pursued them; but the merchants were well armed, and defended themselves courageously, and escaped to their galley, and sailed towards

lur galye, e siglerent vers haute mer. Quant Fouke vist Willam, son frere, e Jon de Rampaigne qe fust marchant, ne fet à demaunder si lée fust; e s'entrebeyserent, e chescun counta [à] autre sa aventure e son meschief. E quant le roy entendy qu'il fust engyné par le marchant, molt se tynt mal bayly.

Fouke e ces compaignouns aryverent en Bretagne le Menour, e demorerent là demy-an e plus, ou ces parentz e cosyns. Atant se purpensa qu'il ne lerreit pur rien qu'il n'yrreit en Engleterre. E quant vint en Engleterre, en la Novele-Forest, où yl soleit converser, encontra le roy, que pursiwy un cengler. Fouke e ces compaignouns le pristrent e sis chevalers ou ly, e le amenerent en lur galye. Le roy e tous les suens furent

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the high sea. When Fulk saw William, his brother, and John de Rampaigne, who was merchant, it need not be asked if he was joyful; they kissed each other, and each told the other his adventures and his griefs. And when the king heard that he was taken in by the merchant, he was very much mortified.

Fulk and his companions arrived in Britain the Less, and dwelt there half a year and more, with his kinsmen and cousins. At length he thought that nothing should hinder him from going into England. And when he came into England, in the New Forest, where he used to haunt, he fell in with the king, who was pursuing a boar. Fulk and his companions took him and six knights with him, and carried him into their galley. The king and all his were

molt esbays. Molt de paroles furent; mès à dreyn le roy lur pardona tot son maltalent, e lur rendi tote lur heritage, e lur promist en bone fei qu'il freit crier lur pées par tote Engleterre; e à ce fere lessa ses sis chevalers ou eux en hostage, si là qe la pès fust crié.

Le roy s'en ala à Westmostier, e fist assembler countes, barouns, e la clergie, e lur dit apertement qu'il avoit de grée graunté sa pees à Fouke le fitz Warin e à ces freres e à tuz lur aherdauntz, e comanda qu'il fuissent honorément resçuz par tot le roialme, e lur granta entierement tot lur heritage. Quant Hubert le erchevesqe ce oy, molt fust lée, e maunda meynテナnant ces letres à Fouke e al counte de Gloucestre e à

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much abashed. There were many words; but at last the king pardoned them all his spite, and restored them all their inheritance, and promised them in good faith that he would cause their peace to be proclaimed through all England; and for the doing of this he left his six knights with them as hostages, until the peace was proclaimed.

The king went thence to Westminster, and caused to assemble earls, barons, and the clergy, and told them openly that he had of his own will granted his peace to Fulk Fitz Warine and his brothers and all his adherents, and commanded that they should be honourably received through all the kingdom, and granted them entirely all their heritage. When Hubert the archbishop heard this, he was very glad, and sent his letters immediately to Fulk and to the earl of Gloucester, and to Randulf earl of Chester, and to

Rondulf le counte de Cestre e à Hue counte mareschal, qu'il venissent hastivement à ly à Caunterbery; e quant furent venuz, ordinerent qe Fouke e ces freres se rendreynt à Loundres à le roy. Fouke e ces freres e les trois countes ou lur poer se apparillerent auxi richement come yl saveient e poyeynt, si vindrent par mi Londre ou noble apparail, e s'engenoillerent al roy à Westmoster, e se rendirent à ly. Le roy les reçust, e lur rendy quanqe lur fust en Engleterre, e les comanda demorer ou ly; e si firent-yl un mois entier. Puis prist Fouke congié, e demora ou le counte mareschal; e le counte ly dona sur Asshesdoune, Wantynge, e autres terres. Fouke e ces freres se armerent à talent, e vindrent à Abyndone, e remuerent de ileqe

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Hugh earl-marshal, that they should come in haste to him at Canterbury; and when they were come, they ordained that Fulk and his brothers should surrender themselves at London to the king. Fulk and his brothers and the three earls with their power apparelled themselves as richly as they knew how and were able, and came through London with noble apparel, and knelt before the king at Westminster, and rendered themselves to him. The king received them, and restored to them all that was theirs in England, and commanded them to remain with him; which they did a whole month. Then Fulk took leave, and remained with the earl-marshal; and the earl gave him on Ashdown, Wanting, and other lands. Fulk and his brothers armed themselves to their liking, and came to Abingdon,

quanqu'il purreynt trover à vendre, e les firent porter e carier à Wantynge; e fist feyre yleque e ville marchande, que pus en sà ad este tenu e uncore est.

Fouke prist coungé de le counte mareschal, e s'en ala à le counte Rondulf de Cestre, que se apparilla ou grant pueple vers Yrlande pur defendre ces droitz yleque. Quant il furent arivez, si virent grant assemblé de lur enymis. Le counte comaunda qe tous se armassent; e le counte avoit ou ly trois juvencels freres, qe furent gent de grant valour e force e furent armés e bien mountés, e ou eux fust Fouke. Ataunt virent un hidous geant entre lur enemys, que fust bien armé, tot à pié, hidous, neir, e orrible, plus long que nul autre de xii. piés; e criout: "Counte de Cestre, maundez-

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and removed thence all that they could find to sell, and caused it to be taken and carried to Wanting, and he made there a fair and a market town, which has been since held there and is still.

Fulk took leave of the earl-marshall, and went thence to earl Randulf of Chester, who was appareling himself with much people towards Ireland to defend his rights there. When they arrived, they saw a great assemblage of their enemies. The earl commanded that all should arm; and the earl had with him three youthful brothers who were people of great valour and force and were armed and well mounted, and with them was Fulk. At length they saw a hideous giant among their enemies, who was well armed, all on foot, hideous, black, and horrible, longer than any

moy le plus vailant chevaler qe vus avez pur dereyner vostre dreit." Les treis juvencels, que le oyrent, se mistrent à ly chescun après autres; e il les ocist meyn-tenaunt de sa hasche qu'il tynt. Atant lest Fouke coure le destrer, e ly vodra aver feru de sa launce; e le geant gwencha un poy, e fery à Fouke qu'il le ust à poy afolée. Fouke le dota grantment e le avysa bien, issi qe de sa launce le fery par mi le cors; yl chay à terre, e en gisant fery le cheval Fouke e ly coupa les deus piés. Fouke chay à terre e resailly, e saka l'espée e coupa sa teste; e emporta sa hasche à Blaunche-Ville, où Fouke avoit fet fermer en marreis un chastel fort e bel. E issi conquist le counte tous ces terres e

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other by twelve feet; and he cried: "Earl of Chester, send me the most valiant knight you have to advocate your right." The three youths, who heard it, encountered him each after the other; and he slew them immediately with the axe he held. At last Fulk let go his horse, and would have struck him with his lance; and the giant flinched a little, and struck at Fulk that he had almost killed him. Fulk feared him much and watched him well, until with his lance he struck him through the body; he fell to the ground, and as he fell struck Fulk's horse and cut off two of his feet. Fulk fell to the ground, and sprung up again, and drew his sword and cut off his head; and he carried his axe to White-Town, where Fulk had caused to be built in the marsh a strong and fair castle. And thus conquered the earl all his lands and castles in Ireland. And when he

chastiels en Irlaund. E quant avoit ileqe demorrée, e restorré ces terres, pus retorna en Engleterre.

Fouke vint à Blaunche-Ville, e trova ileqe Mahaud, sa femme, e ces enfaunz, qe molt furent lée de sa venue; e grant joye entrefirent. Donqe fist Fouke apporter ces tresours e ces richesses; terres, chivals, dona à ces serjauntz e amis molt largement, e meintint sa terre à grant honour. Fouke se purpensa qu'il avoit grantment meserré countre Dieu, come en occisioun des gentz e autres grauntz meffetz; e, en remissioun de ces pecchiés, founda une priorie en le honour de Nostre-Dame seinte Marie de le ordre de Grantmont près de Alberburs, en le boschage, sur la rivere de Sauverne; e si est appelée la Novele Abbeye. En'i a geres après

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had remained there, he replenished his lands, and then returned to England.

Fulk came to White-Town, and found there Maude, his wife, and his children, who were very glad of his coming; and they made great joy between them. Then Fulk caused his treasures and his riches to be brought; gave lands and horses to his serjeants and friends very largely, and maintained his land in great honour. Fulk bethought him that he had greatly sinned against God, as by slaughter of people and other great offences; and, in remission of his sins, founded a priory in the honour of our lady St. Mary of the order of Grandmont near Alberbury, in a wood, on the river Severn; and it is called the New Abbey. And not long after died dame Maude de Cause, his wife, and was interred

morust dame Mahaud de Caus, sa femme, e fust enterrée en cele priorie. E bone piece après qe cele dame fust devyé, Fouke esposa une molt gentile dame, dame Clarice de Auberville; e de la une e l'autre dame engendra bials enfauntz e molt vaillauntz. Quaunt dame Johane, la femme Lowis le prince de Walys, que fust la file le roi Henré de Engleterre, fust devyée, pur le grant renoun de prowess e de bounté que sire Fouke aveit, yl maunda à ly pur Eve sa file; e il la graunta, e à grant honour e solempneté furent esposée. Mès Lowis ne vesqui que un an e demi après; morust, e fust ensevely à Aberconewey, saunz heir engendré de Eve. E pus fust ele esposé à ly sire de Blanc-Mostiers, que fust chevaler de grant aprise, coragous e hardy.

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in this priory. And a good while after ths lady was dead, Fulk married a very gentle lady, lady Clarice de Auberville; and by his two wives he begat fair children and very valiant. When lady Joane, wife of Lewis prince of Wales, who was the daughter of king Henry of England, was dead, for the great renown of prowess and goodness that sir Fulk had, he sent to him for Eve his daughter; and he gave her to him, and they were married with great honour and solemnity. But Lewis only lived a year and a half after; he died and was buried at Aberconway, without heir begotten of Eve. And afterwards she was married to the lord of White-Minster, who was a knight of great breeding, courageous and bold.

Fouke e dame Clarice, sa femme, une nuit chocherent ensemble en lur chaunbre; la dame dormy, e Fouke veilla e se purpensa de juvente, e molt se repenti de cuer de son trespeis. Ataunt vist en la chaunbre si grant clareté que a merveille, e se pensa que ce poeit estre. Donque oy une vois come ce fust de tonayre en le heir, e disoit: "Vassal, Dieu te ad graunté ta penaunce, que mieux valt ci qe aillours." A cele parole, la dame enveilly, e vist la grant clareté, e mussa sa face de pour. Ataunt envanist cele clareté. E pus cele clareté, unque ne poeit Fouke vere plus; mès fust veogle pur tous jours.

Cesti Fouke fust bon viaundour e large; e fesoit turner le real chemyn par mi sa sale à soun maner de

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Fulk and lady Clarice, his wife, one night were sleeping together in their chamber; the lady was asleep, and Fulk was awake and thought of his youth, and repented much in his heart for his trespass. At length he saw in the chamber so great a light that it was wonderful, and he thought what could it be. Then he heard a voice as it were of thunder in the air, and it said: "Vassal, God has granted thee thy penance, which is better here than elsewhere." At that word, the lady awoke, and saw the great light, and covered her face for fear. At length this light vanished. And after this light, Fulk could never see more; but he was blind all his days.

This Fulk was very hospitable and liberal; and he caused the king's road to be turned through his hall at his manor

Alleston, pur ce que nul estraunge y dust passer s'il n'avoit viaunde ou herbergage ou autre honour ou bien du suen. Merlyn dit que

En Bretagne la Graunde  
 Un lou vendra de la Blaunche-Launde;  
 xii. dentz avera aguz,  
 Sys desouz e sis desus.  
 Cely avera si fer regard,  
 Qu'il enchacera le leopard  
 Hors de la Blaunche-Launde;  
 Tant avera force e vertue graunde.  
 Mès nus le savom qe Merlyn  
 Le dit par Fouke le fitz Waryn;

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of Alleston, in order that no stranger might pass there without having meat or lodging or other honour or goods of his. Merlin says that

In Britain the Great  
 A wolf will come from the White-Launde;  
 Twelve teeth he shall have sharp,  
 Six beneath and six above.  
 He shall have so fierce a look,  
 That he shall drive away the leopard  
 Out of the White-Laund;  
 He shall have such great force and virtue.  
 But we know that Merlin  
 Said it for Fulk Fitz Warine;

Quar chescun de vus deit estre ensur  
Qe en le temps le roy Arthur  
La Blanche-Launde fust apelée,  
Qe ore est Blaunche-Vile nomée.  
Quar en cel pays fust la chapele  
De seint Austyn, que fust bele,  
Où Kahuz le fitz Yweyn sounga  
Qu'il le chaundelabre embla,  
E qe il à un home acountra  
Qe de un cotel le naufra,  
E en la coste le playa;  
E il en dormaunt si haut cria,  
Qe roi Arthur oy le a,  
E de dormir esveilla.

---

For each of you may be sure  
That in the time of king Arthur  
That was called White-Launde,  
Which is now named White Town.  
For in that country was the chapel  
Of St. Augustine, which was fair,  
Where Kahuz the son of Ywein dreamt  
That he stole the candelabrum,  
And that he encountered a man  
Who wounded him with a knife,  
And gave him a wound in the side;  
And in his sleep he cried so loud,  
That king Artur heard him,  
And awoke from his sleep.

E quant Kahuz fus esveillée,  
Si mist sa meyn à son costée ;  
Le cotel yleqe ad trovée  
Qe par mi ly out naufré.  
Issi nus counte le Graal,  
Le lyvre de le seint vassal.  
Yleqe recovery ly reis Arthur  
Sa bounté e sa valur,  
Quant il avoit tot perdu  
Sa chevalerie e sa vertu.  
De cel pais le lou issist,  
Come ly sage Merlyn dist ;  
E les xij. dentz aguz  
Par son escu avom conuz.

---

And when Cahuz was awake,  
He put his hand to his side ;  
There he found the knife  
Which had made the wound in him.  
Thus the Graal tells us,  
The book of the holy vessel.  
There king Arthur recovered  
His goodness and his valour,  
When he had lost all  
His chivalry and his virtue.  
From that country the wolf issued,  
As the wise Merlin says,  
And the twelve sharp teeth  
We have recognised by his shield.

Yl porta l'escu endentée,  
 Come les disours ont devisée ;  
 En l'escu sunt xii. dentz  
 De goules e de argentz.  
 Par le leopart puet estre conuz  
 Le roy Johan e bien entenduz ;  
 Quar il porta en son escu  
 Les leopartz de or batu.

Cesti Fouke remist sept aunz veogle, e soffri bone-  
 ment sa penaunce. Dame Clarice morust, e fust ense-  
 vely à la Novele Abbeye ; après qi mort, Fouke ne  
 vesqui qe un an, e morust à Blaunche-Vyle. E à grant  
 honour fust enterré à la Novele-Abbeye ; de la alme de

---

He carried a shield indented,  
 As the sayers have devised ;  
 In the shield are twelve teeth  
 Of gules and of argent.  
 By the leopard may be known  
 And well understood king John ;  
 For he carried on his shield  
 The leopards of beaten gold.

This Fulk remained seven years blind, and suffered well  
 his penance. Lady Clarice died, and was buried at the New  
 Abbey ; after whose death, Fulk lived but a year, and died  
 at White-Town. And in great honour was he interred at  
 the New Abbey ; on whose soul may God have mercy. Near

cui Dieus eit merci ! Joste le auter gist le cors. Deus  
eit merci de tous, vifs e mortz ! AMEN !

---

the altar lies the body. God have mercy on us all, alive  
and dead ! AMEN.

THE END



## NOTES.

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*Page 2. Yweyn Goynez.* Owen Gwynned, or Gwyneth, ruled North Wales from 1137 to 1169, so that there is here an anachronism of at least fifty-six years.

*Mont Gylebert.* Mount Gilbert was the common name, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, for the Wrekin.

*Vint ou grant ost.* The Saxon Chronicle places king William's expedition to Wales in 1081. Leland, following the early English poem, says, "William Conqueror toke counsel of Corbet and Mortimer for strenkething of his marches aboute the quarters of Shropshire agayn the Walschmen."

*Page 3. Rogier de Belehealme.* This is a mistake of the composer of the narrative, who, of course, means Roger de Montgomery, to whom the Conqueror gave the earldom of Shropshire after 1071, but the exact year is not known. The title, de Belesme, belonged to earl Roger's first wife, and from her descended to their eldest son Robert.

*Une abbeye de Seynt-Piere.* Shrewsbury Abbey, dedicated to St. Peter, was the foundation of Roger de Montgomery, as here stated. The building appears to have been commenced in 1087.

*Brugge.* Bridgnorth. Earl Roger did not begin the castel here; but he built a castle at Quatford, which his son Robert transferred to "Brugge."

*Dynan.* Ludlow. The history of the commencement of Ludlow Castle is very obscure, and the territorial division of the district, as stated in Domesday, would seem to contradict the statement of its being begun by earl Roger, or, at least, to render it improbable. Yet I cannot but think that there was some foundation for the statement of our writer, which was evidently the common belief of the locality in the thirteenth century.

*Robert.* Robert de Belesme, the eldest son of Roger de Montgomery. It was his brother, Hugh de Montgomery, however, who succeeded his father in the Shropshire estates, on whose death they reverted to Robert de Belesme.

*Ernaud.* Arnulf de Montgomery, Roger's fifth and youngest son, had the custody of Pembroke Castle. The violent and unprincipled lives of these two brothers are related by Ordericus Vitalis. The account of the insurrection alluded to on the next page, will be found in *Ordericus*, lib. xi, c. 3; and more briefly in *Florence of Worcester*, under the years 1101 and 1102.

*Page 4. Joce, sun chevaler.* "Ludlow, in all probability came to the hands of Henry I, not by forfeiture of Robert de Belesme, but as an escheat of de Lacy; nor is it at all likely that Jocas de Dinan obtained footing there under the auspices of Henry I, but of Stephen or of the empress." R. W. E.

*Un pount de pere e chaus.* This bridge, from the allusions to it further on, must have occupied the site of the

present Castle, or Dinham, bridge; but there is no tradition at present of any other than a wooden bridge having crossed the river Teme at this place until recent times. I am informed by old inhabitants of Ludlow that within their recollection the river below Dinham was crossed by a wooden bridge for foot passengers only, that it was a very old one, and that all horses and carriages had to cross a ford, which at times became exceedingly dangerous; in consequence of which, the bridge was replaced by a wooden bridge for carriages, and about thirty years ago this also was taken down, and the present stone bridge erected.

*Page 5. Double fossée.* This brief description answers exactly to Ludlow Castle as it now stands, the three baillies being the keep, the inner court, and the outer court. The two fosses were, that which still exists in the outer court, and one which separated the wall of the outer court from the town, now filled up and turned into a promenade.

*Une ville mout large.* It is not easy to fix on the site of this ruined city, of whom our writer has preserved the wild legend that follows. Yet I am inclined to think that it may be Old Oswestry. It is worthy, however, of remark, that the articles mentioned in p. 10 are just such as are commonly found, made of bronze, on Roman sites. The wrestling match between Corineus and Geomagog, or Gogmagog, is well known to every reader of the fabulous British history.

*Page 7. Payn Peverel.* This is another anachronism. Payn Peverel was not a contemporary of William the

Conqueror, but he owed his first advancement to Henry I, who gave him the forfeited honour of Brunne, in Cambridgeshire.

*Page 10. Blaunche Laund.* The White Laund was evidently the district around Whittington; but I have not met with the name elsewhere applied to it.

*Page 12.* The boar and the wolf probably refer to the badges of the families to whom this prophecy applied.

*Page 14. Meredus fitz Beledyns.* Meredith ap Blethyn. "Meredith ap Blethyn, the person alluded to, was a contemporary of William I, and Prince of North Wales at the time when that king invaded it. He died in 1133. It was his son Madoc whose name became associated with Oswestry, of which he seems to have been possessed during the exile of William fitz Alan, in Stephen's time. Alan fitz Flaald was not a contemporary of William I. He was advanced by Henry I. The same is probably true of Warine de Metz." R. W. E.

*Aleyn fitz Flaau.* In the abstract of the English poem in Leland he is called Alan Fleilsone.

*Samit.* The samit was a kind of rich satin, usually interwoven with gold or silver thread, and appears to have been rather a favourite material for banners that were to be more splendid than usual. The oriflamme of France is sometimes spoken of as being of *vermeilsamit*.

*Alburburs.* Alberbury is a village about seven miles to the west of Shrewsbury, and eleven from Oswestry.

*Page 16. Payn Peverel morust.* "Payn Peverel was

never lord of the Peak. His successor, William Peverel, of Dover and of Brun, was either Payn's own son, or his brother's son. William Peverel, of Brun, had no neices answering this description. His four sisters were his heirs. The wives of the first William fitz Alan were a niece of Robert the Consul, and, on her death, Isabel de Say, baroness of Clun." R. W. E.

Leland tells us, from the English poem :—"Payne Peverel had no issue. But his sister had a sunne, caullid William, a worthy knight, that wan the hundredes of Ellesmere and Melior, and other mo. This William in his enterprises was wonded so sore that no man beheight hym life; yet by eating of a sheelde of a wilde bore he got an appetite, and after recoverid. This William made thre chirches, as testifieth the book of the romance."

*Morelas.* This ought probably to have been rendered "from Morelas to Keyroc."

*Elesmere, Maylour, e Nauhendon.* The town of Ellesmere is about five miles north of Whittington. The hundred of Maelor was a district in the north-west of Shropshire, but belonging to the Welsh county of Flint. I am not able to identify Nauendon, or Navendon.

*Whytyntone.* Whittington, a considerable village, about two miles N.N.E. of Oswestry. There are still considerable and picturesque remains of the Castle, said here to have been first built by William Peverel.

*L'ewe de Keyrock.* The river Ceiriog is a tributary of the Dee, which it enters on the borders of Denbighshire, a few miles below Llangollen.

*Page 18. Fist William une crié.* "The pretended tournament at Peak Castle may be a tradition of some similar

affair at William Peverel's castle of Whittington. If, however, Owen, prince of Wales, was there, it will have happened after his accession in 1137, and before William Peverel's death in 1147. But Warine de Metz must have been married long before, for his sons Roger and Fulk attest deeds early in Stephen's reign. There is some reason to believe that the Fitz Warines and Lestranges were related." R. W. E.

*Page 19.* Perhaps it will be the safest to consider all this story of the tournament as romance, and not attempt to identify the persons mentioned in it.

*Page 23.* *Si fust apelée Gwy le Estraunge.* "Guy Lestrage, if, indeed, he were father of the three well known brothers of Henry II's time, is mentioned here with circumstances of some probability; but it is the only notice we have of the father of those three brothers. We know, upon better evidence, that their mother was an Englishwoman." R. W. E.

*Yervard, le fitz Yweyn.* Jorwerth ap Owen, otherwise known as Jorwerth Drwyndwn, or Jorwerth (Edward) with the broken nose, from a damage on his face, on account of which he was not allowed to succeed his father Owen, as prince of Powis. The English poem, as abridged by Leland, tells this incident somewhat differently. "Gwarine warrid apon the Walschmen, and they on him. After the death of Iweynes, Jereverd was prince of that part of Wales. One Roger, a stoute knight, and a great owner in Powis lande, counselid Jereverde to warre apon Guarine and the marches there aboute. Syre Gioun Gaudeline kept

Whittington, Guarines castel; and when Jereverd with syr Roger was prikking thither-warde, he watchid in a marisck and wodde, firste hurting Roger, and then Jereverd. Gioun Gaudeline sent one Morgan for help to Albourbyri. Guarine cam to the Walschmennis campe, and ther Jonas, brother to the aforesaide Roger, prikid againe hym. But at the conclusion Jereverde was discomfitid, and fledde with his hoste." Leland adds in the margin, apparently also from the English poem, the following note on the site of the skirmish in which Roger and Jorwerth were wounded:—"This skirmouche was by the Maiden welle, and in the Maiden frithe."

*Page 24. Gwy le fitz Candelou de Porkyntone.* Porkington is a hamlet about three miles from Whittington.

*Apelerent l'enfaunt Fouke.* "Warine de Metz had two sons, Roger and Fulk. The last eventually succeeded him, and died about 1171, leaving Fulk II his son and heir. It was Fulk II who married Hawyse, daughter and coheir of Jocas de Dynan. Fulk II died about 1197, leaving Fulk III his son and heir. It is of Fulk II and Fulk III principally that this narrative speaks, though it combines in the former much that can be true only of his father. There is no probability whatever that Jocas de Dynan and Walter de Lacy were antagonists in Ireland, or anywhere. The former must have been an old man, and deceased before the latter attained his majority." R. W. E.

*Le mandèrent à Jocas de Dynan.* It was the practice among the Normans, almost as generally as among the Celtic race, for the chiefs to send their children to be edu-

cated or "fostered" in the families of other chiefs, thus establishing relationships more intimate even than those of blood.

The abstract of the English poem, in Leland, tells these events briefly as follows :—"Joos, a knight, was lefte as a governer to yong Fulco. Guarine and he defendid his landes agayne one Walter, the greatest of the marche lordes owt of Lacy and Ludlow. They mette at a bent by Bourne, at a bridge ende, a litle from Ludlowe. Joos bare a sheeld of sylver, with thre blew lyons coronid with gold. Joos had a doughter caullid Hawise, whom Fulco Guarine entirely lovid, and seyng her in great dolour, askid the cause of her sorow, and she answerid that it was no matier for an hauker to amende : and he upon that toke his horse and spere to rescow Joos, her father, as one Godarde was aboute to streke of his hede ; so that Godarde was slayne of hym, and Gualter Lacy dryven away. Then Joos recovered a horse, and sone woundid syr Arnold, that did hym much hurte. Ther Fulco killid one Andrew, a knight longging to Walter Lacy. Gualter Lacy and syr Arnold were taken prisoners, and put in the castel of Ludlow, in a prison caullid Pendover. A gentil-woman, caullid Marion, deliverid booth these knighttes by treason owte of Pendover, for the love of syr Arnold de Lis, one of them, that promisid her falsely mariage."

*Ewyas.* The castle of Ewyas, in Herefordshire, named from this family Ewyas Lacy, was the head seat of Walter de Lacy's barony.

*Page 25. Un tour.* Probably one of the towers on the north-east side of the castle.

*Page 27. Vers Champ-Geneste.* Literally the Broom-field.

The village of Bromfield is hardly two miles from Ludlow. This is an exact description of the scene, as it may be viewed from Ludlow Castle,—the banks of the Teme, the wood of Whitcliff descending towards them, and Bromfield in the distance.

*Page 28. Sire Godard de Bruyz.* The Bruces were located in the marches, and were much concerned in the border wars during the twelfth century. William de Bruce, lord of Brecon, was one of the most turbulent of the border barons towards the end of that century.

*Page 30. Sire Ernalt de Lyls.* I have not been able to ascertain who this individual was, or if he be merely a name of romance. The name, literally Arnald of the Lilly, sounds rather poetical.

*Page 31. Quar borgeys relement ont vestu les armes.* This is an allusion to one of the strong prejudices of feudal chivalry. As Joce says, there were instances of “burgers” having shewn themselves worthy of bearing the armour of a knight; and such instances are made the subject of one or two of the medieval romances, but it generally turns out that the upstart had come some way or other of gentle blood.

*Pendover.* From the sequel, it is evident that this tower must have stood at the eastern extremity of the north front of the castle.

*Page 32. Marioun de la Bruere.* There are still several places named the Heath in the neighbourhood of

Ludlow, from some one of which Marion may have taken her name. *Chaunbrere* is perhaps not well represented by the modern English *chamber-maid*. The maidens attendant upon the ladies of knights and barons were damsels of gentle blood, who were placed with them to learn good manners and the forms of courtesy, as well as the accomplishments which could only be learnt there. They were often numerous, and lived with their lady in her chamber (whence their title), where they worked with her at embroidery, spinning, weaving, needlework, etc.

*Page 34. A sa chapele.* This allusion is no doubt to the round chapel in the inner court of Ludlow Castle, the walls of which still remain, with some good Norman arches. It appears from this account to have been dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene.

*Seynt Cyryac.* The day of St. Cyriac, or Ciriac, was the 8th of August. The seventy days of pardon were of course to be the reward of those who offered up a prayer for the founder.

*Que or est apelé de plusours Mortemer.* It is curious that a tower in the outer court (third bailly) of the castle is still popularly known by the name of Mortimer's Tower, which it thus seems to have retained since the thirteenth century; for I think there is no room for doubt that it is identical with the one alluded to in the text.

*Page 35. Corner à laver.* The regularity with which all the domestic operations were carried on in the middle ages is well known to readers of the literature of that

period; it was the more necessary from the number of persons who had to act in unison. The usual signal for meals, etc., was the blowing of a horn.

*Gentz d'Irlaunde.* The Lacies had large possessions in Ireland, in the conquest of which, Hugh de Lacy, the father of Walter de Lacy, took an active part, and he was rewarded with a grant of the whole county of Meath.

*Un jour d'amour.* Love days (*dies amoris*) were days agreed upon for settling differences by umpire, instead of having recourse to violence, or to legal proceedings. They appear to have been sometimes a means of hindering justice, and the ecclesiastics seem generally to have managed them, and to have made them a source of profit and of temporary enjoyment, for they appear usually to have been accompanied with a feast. The reader of the fine border poem of *Piers Ploughman* will remember the lines,—

“Ac now is religion a rydere,  
A romere aboute,  
A ledere of *love-dayes*,  
And a lond-buggere [buyer of land],  
A prikere on a palfrey,  
Fro manere to manere.”—l. 6217.

Chaucer tells us of his friar, who was—

“ . . . over al, ther eny profyt schulde arise,  
Curteys . . . and lowe of servyse,—

that,—

In love-dayes ther couthe he mochil helpe.”

*Canterbury Tales*, l. 260.

*Page 37. Le evesque Robert de . . . .* The scribe, for some reason or other, has left a blank for the name in the

MS. There were three Roberts, bishops of Hereford, in the twelfth century; Robert de Betun, from 1131 to 1148; Robert de Melun, from 1162 to 1167; and Robert Foliot, from 1174 to 1186. The prelate alluded to was probably the latter, who must have been bishop about the time of the marriage of the second Fulk fitz Warine.

*Vers Hertlande.* Hartland in Devonshire. It appears that Leland read it *Ireland*. See the note on p. 48.

*Page 42. Le boys près de Whytecliff.* The wood adjacent to Whitcliff will be familiar to every one who has visited Ludlow. The gardens belonging to the castle lay in the meadows to the north, at the foot of the rock, and bordering on the river Teme, perhaps extending to the river Corve, which runs into the Teme, at a very short distance from the castle.

*Page 43. Par le mur derere la chapele.* The parapet along the wall behind the chapel was the direct way from the towers on the north-east of the inner court to the entrance of the keep tower, in which the knights who guarded the castle, and their attendants, appear to have had their lodgings. The watchman must have been stationed at this entrance of the keep, just over the gateway leading into the outer court, and, therefore, into the town. The object of the assailants was, by securing this watchman before he could give an alarm, to obtain an easy entrance into the keep tower, and take the knights by surprise and in a defenceless condition, as they had done before he had whistled his "one note."

*Page 46. Une fenestre devers Lyneye.* The name of Linney is still preserved, and its position, just below that part of the castle where the rock is steepest and highest, fixes that of the tower of Pendover, the scene of Marion's adventures. The state apartments were placed here because it was least exposed to attack, and this circumstance would also facilitate the enterprise of sir Arnald de Lis, as, on account of the impossibility of any one entering the castle on that side, except by such an act of treason as that here described, no watchmen would be stationed there.

*Page 47. La porte de Dynan.* The gate of the town, called, in modern times, Dinham Gate. The majority of sir Arnold's men had been left outside; and now that the castle had been surprised and taken, they were admitted into the town. The original town of Dynan was built under the immediate protection of the castle, and probably occupied only that part of the present town in and adjacent to what is still called Dinham. No doubt one of the two names is only a corruption of the other.

*Page 48. A ce qe l'estoyre dyt, i.e.,* "As it is related in the original narrative, of which this is a paraphrase." The following is Leland's abridgment of this part of the English metrical history, in which there appears to have been mention of at least one individual, Owen of Cornwall, who does not figure in our Anglo-Norman history. It may be remarked, that the Cornwalls were established in this neighbourhood, but not till the century following. "Fulco Guarrine weddid Hawise, doughter

to Joos, at Ludlow castelle. Joos and Fulco Guarine toke a journey into Ireland. Marion taried, faining sikenes, behinde, and write a lettre to her love sir Arnold de Lis, to cum secretely to her up into the castel with a lader of leder and cordes. Owen of Cornewale. Arnold cam acording to Marions desier, and had his pleasure of her; and sone after cam his bande, and secretely scalinge the walles killid the castellanes. Then Mariane, seing this treason, lept owte of a toure, and brake her nek. And Arnold killid aftir many of the burgeses of Ludlow toune, sparing nother wife, widow, nor childe. Walter Lacy, hering that the castel and toune of Ludlow was won, cam with his band thither, and mannid and vitailid Ludlow, keping it as his owne. This tidinges was tolde to Joos lying at Lambourne."

*Page 49. A chastel Key . . . . Keyenhom.* Caynham camp, a well-known entrenched hill, about two miles to the eastward of Ludlow. There are still traces of the remains of building upon it, and pieces of mortar are picked up in the ground, of very ancient character, I think not improbably Saxon. It is curious that at the early period of this history it should be already a ruin. There was a well towards the eastern end of the inclosure, which has only been filled up at a very recent period. I think it not improbable that it was originally a Roman post.

*Key, le seneschal mon sire Arthur.* Sir Key, or Cay, the well-known seneschal or steward of king Arthur's court, holds a very prominent place in the romances of this cycle. The way in which the legend has here, and in

other parts of this history, been located on the border, is extremely curious.

*Page 50. Treblées.* I may mention, that in one or two instances in this book, I have been obliged to translate a word rather by guess than with a certain knowledge of its meaning, and I am not sure that the interpretation I have given to this word is correct.

*Page 51. Fochun.* The objective case of *Fouke*, as *Gioun*, in the extract from *Leland* in an ensuing note, is of *Guy*. This objective case of proper names in *on* or *oun* is constantly used in the Anglo-Norman and early French romances; but it was already becoming obsolete when our prose text was written.

*Page 52. Yervard Droyndown.* "Jorwerth Drwyndwn, eldest son of Owen Gwyneth, was never prince of North Wales. His and his son's exclusion from the government, if not originally suggested by the contrivance of Henry II, was perpetuated by the policy of that king, and of Richard I. The narrative in this part, and indeed throughout, gives a glimmering allusion to facts which we know, from other sources, to have had an existence. The way in which such facts are combined is, on the other hand, in defiance of all chronology. For instance, the inveterate hostility of Jorwerth Drwyndwn to the English king, the disaffection of Walter de Lacy, the sometime possession of Ellesmere by the last William Peverel of Brun, are all facts; but the earliest and latest of these facts were separated by an interval of half a century." R. W. E.

*Page 53. Roger de Pourwys e Jonas son frere.* Roger de Powis and his brother Jonas were both in the service and pay of king Henry II. Roger had two sons, Meredyth and Meurich, the latter of whom was the Morice of our history. Roger and his eldest son died between 1179 and 1187. Meurich fitz Roger went with king Richard to Normandy in 1194, and was under the constant patronage of that king; he seems to have died about A.D. 1200, which proves the inaccuracy of several passages in the narrative. His son, Wrenock, succeeded him, and was deprived of Whittington in consequence of king John's reconciliation with the Fitz Warines; but he was in the pay of the English crown till 1224. Wianus, son of Jonas de Powis, occurs as receiving favours from kings Richard and John from 1194 to 1209.

*Page 55. Yweyn Keyvelloke.* Owen Cyveilioc was the nephew of Madoc ap Meredydh, prince of Powis, and held considerable estates in that principality. Owen was prince of Higher Powis, Madoc of Powis Vadoc, or Lower Powis. He was one of the chiefs who acknowledged the sovereignty of England; but he often sided with the Welsh princes against the English king, and on either side he was an active partizan.

*Page 56. A Rothelan.* Rhuddlan, in Flintshire.

Leland has, in this part of the story, singularly misunderstood his original. "Gualter Lacy sent to the prince of Wales for help, and he cam wynning by the way Whittington, the which Gioun Gaudelines sunne had kept a while, but after he was taken prisoner, and sent

to the Rutheland. Deonoan, a place aboute Ludlo, wither the prince of Wales with his men resortid to help Lacy. Fulco Guarine hurte the prince of Wales in the shoulder, and drave hym to a castelle caullid Cayhome, where Cay had be lorde, and there asseging by thre days parte of the princes mén, killid many of them at a certen issue. Fulco was woundid, and yet roode to mete king Henry by Glocestre, of whom he was welle intertēynid as his kinneman, and there had his wounde that Arnoldes brother gave hym yn the waste welle helid."

Leland has noted in the margin that Deonoan may be Deouoan, or Deovoan, but I cannot identify the place alluded to.

*A Gloucestre.* It would perhaps be a fruitless labour to trace the exact visit of king Henry to Gloucester, here alluded to; he was there in the year 1175, when, in consequence of the troubled state of the border, king Henry held a great council in that city. Many of the Welsh princes came to him here, and made their peace, and Jorwerth Drwyndwn himself at last followed their example. At a council held in 1177 at Oxford, David, prince of North Wales, Rhys ap Gryffyth, and Owen Cyveilioc, and other chieftains in Powis, came upon Henry's summons to confer with him on the state of their country. It was on this occasion that the king granted Ellesmere to David, prince of North Wales, and the territory of Merioneth to Rhys ap Gryffyth. The king appears to have been at Gloucester again in 1179 and in 1184, and perhaps in other years.

*Apres soper.* It must be borne in mind, that the hours of the domestic meals differed very widely from those of the present day. The king's hour of supper was pro-

bably four o'clock in the afternoon, his dinner hour being ten in the morning. These continued during several centuries to be the regular hours of dinner and supper both in England and France. So late as the year 1510, a letter, written from the court of Louis XII, tells us,—“ Apres souper, environ entre quatre et cinq, nous allasmes avec le roy chasser au parcq.”

*Page 58. Outre Whytecliff.* The original high road down the border was of course the Roman road, which is still called the Watling Street (though it is not the real Watling Street), and ran through Clungunford, Leintwardine, Wigmore, and Aymestrey, and so on direct to Hereford, or rather to Kenchester. At an early period, a part of this road, to the north of Wigmore, seems to have been deserted, and travellers turned down the valley of the Oney, to Bromfield, and thence apparently on the western side of the Teme to Ludlow Castle; they appear then to have turned over Whitcliff hill, and to have joined the old road again at Wigmore. Ludlow Castle thus protected as well as commanded the road, and merchants and travellers might be subjected to any exactions as they passed. Fulk fitz Warine, when he escapes from a skirmish, which is represented as taking place between Caynham and Ludlow, goes “over” or “beyond” Whitcliff, on his way to Gloucester, which he would not have done by the present road from Ludlow to Leominster and Hereford. Giraldus Cambrensis seems to have passed by Bromfield, under Ludlow Castle (without entering the town), and onward to Leominster, by this road.

*Page 59. A Lambourne.* Lamburne, in Berkshire.

*E ly fist conestable.* This is probably an error: we have no evidence that this office was ever given to Fulk fitz Warine, and all the facts we know lead us to believe the contrary.

*Page 60. Delées Herford, à Wormeslowe.* It is not easy to decide whether this be meant for Wormlow, about five miles to the south-west, or Wormseley, about eight miles to the north-east of Hereford; but probably the latter. The battle is not recorded in any of the chronicles.

*Vus doin-je Alleston.* "The allusion is to Alveston, in Gloucestershire, undoubtedly a manor of the Fitz Warines, but given to them much earlier than the period indicated. The first Fulk fitz Warine held it in capite in 1156." R. W. E.

*Page 61. Lewis, le fitz Yervard.* The lady to whom prince Lewis was married was a natural daughter of king John, and not of Henry II, and the marriage took place in 1204, many years after the events here related. It is true that the lordship of Ellesmere was given with the princess as her dower; but other parts of the statement are inaccurate. "It was Henry II who gave Whittington to Roger de Powis. It is hardly possible that the claim of the Fitz Warines on Whittington arose from any blood relationship to the Peverels, but much more probably by feoffment. It may confidently be asserted, that from 1140 to 1200 no Fitz Warine was tenant in capite of Whittington. Neither, as under tenant, was any Fitz Warine of the twelfth century the sole tenant of Whittington. A portion thereof was held by d'Engaine, independently of Fitz Warine, and

d'Engaine's tenure was certainly by feoffment of (not by inheritance from) Peverel." R. W. E.

*Page 62. Sibile . . . . . à Payn le fitz Johan.* This is another error. "Sibil, the eldest daughter and co-heir of Jocas de Dynan, was wife of Hugh de Plugenaï. Both Sibil and Hawyse were widows in 1199, their respective husbands having died within the five years previous. As to Sibil, wife of Pain fitz John, though I cannot undertake to name her parentage, she was married before 1125, and her husband was killed in 1136." R. W. E.

*Page 63. Juauantz à escheques.* Chess was the fashionable game at this period, and indeed generally, from the time the Western Christians first became acquainted with the Saracens, to the introduction of cards. The Anglo-Norman princes and barons were great chess players. The game of the Anglo-Saxons was *tæfel*, something of the nature of our backgammon.

*Page 64. Baudwyn de Hodenet.* Baldwin de Hodnet was hereditary seneschal of Montgomery castle, and held Hodnet *in capite* by that service. He also held Westbury, under the barons Corbet of Caus, and Fitz Warine was vassal of the same barons at Alderbury. It is very probable that Fitz Warine and he were relations, as here stated; they are found attesting jointly deeds of the Corbets, and Baldwin's participation in Fitz Warine's rebellion and forfeiture is proved by the contemporary records. "The narrative here begins to be much more consistent with chrono-

logical probability. Baldwin de Hodnet is introduced under circumstances wonderfully consonant with what else is known of him. The time of the death of Fulk fitz Warine II, and his son's succession, are also correctly indicated (allowing for the writer's ignorance of the existence of Fulk I)." R. W. E.

*Fouke le Brun, lur piere, morust.* Fulk II died before 1199, but after king Richard's return from the Holy Land. Leland's abridgment of the English poem adds here,—  
 "King Henry dubbid Fulco and thre of his bretherne knightes at Winchester, and also Balduine with them. Fulco the secunde was warring yn Lombardy at such tyme as hys father died. Fulco the first byried at New Abbay, by Alberbyry. King Richarde the first goyng into the Holy Lande left Fulco the secunde to kepe the marches of Walys."

*Page 66. Al chastiel Baudwyn.* Montgomery is still called by the Welsh Baldwin's town (Tref Faldwyn).

*Un girfaut tut blanc muer.* The falcons and hawks of Wales were highly prized, at a time when falconry was so much in fashion. They were often, therefore, given as most acceptable presents by the Welsh chieftains to the kings of England, or exacted by the latter as tribute or fines. When, on the invasion of Wales by king John, the bishop of Bangor was taken prisoner, his ransom was fixed at two hundred hawks.

*Donge vint Moryz.* Meurich, the son of Roger de Powis, did fine with king John for Whittington; but the fine, instead of a hundred pounds, was fifty or sixty marks. A subsequent fine of his son Wrenoch is variously stated at eighty marks and two palfreys, or a hundred pounds and four palfreys.

Page 67. *Que le roy velsist receyvre de lur c. lyvres.*

"Fulk fitz Warine's counter-fine of £100 is as correctly stated as if the writer had seen the Oblata roll." R. W. E.

Page 70. *Gyrart de Fraunce, Pieres de Avynoun, e sire Amys le Marchys.* These names sound so much like those of heroes of romance, that we should hardly look for them in sober history.

Page 71. *A Wyncestre.* King John was at Winchester on the 6th and 7th of May, 1201, and he was not there again until after the date of Fulk fitz Warine's pardon.

*Audolf de Bracy, son cosyn.* "Audulf de Bracy was of Meole, near Shrewsbury. Several generations of the family bore the same christian name of Audulf. The individual here mentioned was, in the time of king John, involved in a great litigation with his suzerain, Roger de Mortimer, of Wigmore, as to the tenure of the manor of Meole, which is still known as Meole-Brace." R. W. E.

*A Huggefurd, à mon sire Water de Huggefurd.* Huggefurd is Higford, near Shiffnall. "Sir Walter de Huggefurd was lord of this manor in king John's time, but dame Emeline was more probably the widow of his father, another Walter." R. W. E.

Page 72. *Dame Vyleyne . . . mès son dreit noun fust Emelyne.* Emeline, or Elvina, de Huggefurd was a widow before the death of Richard I, so that Fulk could not have repaired to her husband at the time of which we are now speaking.

*Une foreste q'est apellée Babbyng.* Perhaps this is what is now called Babies Wood, about a mile and a half to the south-east of Whittington, the modern name being a corruption of the old one.

*Page 73. Guy de la Montaigne . . Aaron de Clerfountayne.*

These are perhaps translations of well known names on the border, which it would not be very easy to identify. They appear to have been Welshmen.

*Page 75. A la foreste de Bradene.* Leland calls this forest Holt, as will be seen in the extract in a subsequent note, mistaking the English word *holt*, a wood, for a proper name.

*E xxiiij. serjauntz.* In giving the literal representative of this word in the translation, I hope the general reader will not be led into any misunderstanding. The word *sergeant*, derived from the Latin *serviens*, belonged properly to a class of men at arms who were bound to a particular service; but it was also applied more usually to hired fighting men or guards, and was generally employed almost in the sense of our *soldiers*.

*Page 78. Un chapelet de rose vermayl.* The wearing of garlands or chaplets of flowers, especially of roses, was a very common piece of gallantry, or of foppery, in the middle ages, and is frequently alluded to in the old writers.

*Page 80. Johan Malveysyn.* William Malveissin is mentioned in the records, which will be given in a subsequent note, as one of the outlaws of Fulke's party, who

received his pardon of king John at the same time as his chief. "There were Mauveysyns in Shropshire, lords of Berwich, near Atcham, still known as Berwich Maviston. I know of no other interest of theirs, more immediately connecting them with the border. Their tenure of Berwich was, however, under Fitz Alan. The Mauveysyn who was lord of Berwich in John's reign was not John, nor yet William." R. W. E.

*Les treis freres de Cosham.* I have not been able to ascertain who these three brothers were; and it would be in vain to try to identify several of the persons who are mentioned in the following pages.

*Page 85. Hubert, l'arcevesque de Caunterbures.* Hubert Walter was archbishop of Canterbury from 1193 to 1205.

*Page 86. Thebaud le Botiler.* Theobald Walter, the brother of archbishop Hubert, accompanied Henry II into Ireland in 1171, and that monarch conferred upon him the office of chief butler of Ireland. He also accompanied prince John into Ireland in 1185. It was his son, however, who first assumed the surname of Le Botiler, or Butler, in 1221. This Theobald Walter was the ancestor of the dukes and marquises of Ormond. He is said to have died in 1206, which would overthrow the whole of this romantic story of the manner of the marriage of Fulk fitz Warine with his widow. The latter was the daughter and heir of Robert Vavasour, a Yorkshire baron.

*Que ele avoit en Yrlaunde.* It need hardly be stated that the Butlers were among the great Irish barons. Theobald Walter possessed the baronies of Upper and Lower Ormond, besides numerous other territories.

*Page 87. Esposa dame Mahaud de Caus.* Of this marriage there can be no doubt, as appears by the following documents taken from the Close Rolls of the ninth of king John, that is A.D. 1207, which seem to confirm the statement that Theobald Walter died in 1206.

“Rex Willelmo de Breosa, etc. Mandamus vobis quod sine dilatione faciatis habere Fulconi filio Warini et Matildæ quæ fuit uxor Theobaldi Walteri, vel certo nuncio suo, rationabilem dotem ipsius Matildæ quæ eam contingit, scilicet tertiam partem de liberis tenementis quæ ipse Th. Walterus de nobis tenuit in Hibernia; quia reddidimus prædictis Fulconi et Matildæ maritagium et dotem ipsius Matildæ integra sicut ea concesseramus prius Roberto Vavasur, patri ipsius Matildæ. Teste G. filio Petri, apud Wintoniam, j. die Octobris. Sub eadem forma scribitur Waltero de Lascy. Sub eadem forma scribitur comiti W. Marescallo. Idem Fulco habet litteras ad justiciarium Hiberniæ, sub eadem forma quam habuit Theobaldus Walteri ad eundem justiciarium. Idem Fulco et Matilda habent litteras had vicecomitem Lancastriæ, sub tali forma quam Theobaldus Walteri ad eundem vicecomitem.

“Rex vicecomiti Norfolcensi, etc. Præcipimus tibi quod de omnibus terris quæ fuerunt Theobaldo Walteri in balliva tua, facias habere Fulconi filio Warini et Matildæ uxori ejus, quæ fuit uxor Theobaldi Walteri, suum tertium sine dilatione. Teste G. filio Petri, apud Wintoniam, j. die Octobris.”

*Page 88. Pières de Bruvyle.* He is called Bromeville by Leland, whose account of these events, abridged from the English poem, is as follows;—

“ Morice, sunne to Roger that had Whittington castel gyven hym by the prince of Wales, was made governer of the marchis by king John, that yn no wise lovid Fulco Guaryne. Moryce desirid to have the title of Whittington confermed to hym by the brode seale of king John, to whome he sent a cursore welle trappid to Balduines castel, and obtainid his purpose. Fulco and his brethern, with Balduine, desired justes of king John for Whittington. But he could have no gracious answer. Wherefore he and his bretherne forsakid their homage to king John, and went from Winchester. King John sent one Gerard, a lorde of Fraunce, and xv. knightes with hym, to recounter with Fulco and his bretherne. But Gerard was slayn of them, and the knighttes discomfitid. Hawise counselid Fulke and the residew of her sunnes to flee into Litle Britane, and so they did, taking Bawdewine and Bracy with them. King John seasid Fulcos landes. In the meane season Hawise their mother died for thought. And they after shortely returnid into England, cumming to Hugforde and to sir Gualter and Emeline their aunt. Syr Maurice bare in a grene shild thre bore of golde, and borderid of sylver, with asure floures, fulle faire. Fulco and his brethern put Morice to flite. Bracy did hurt Maurice on the sholdre. King John caussid a hunderith knightes to seke Fulco and his brethern, and apon that they fled to Holt woode, and there got a greate pray of sylkes and baudekins preparid for king John. King John sent oute many knightes to take Fulco, and made Gilbert de Mount Frerraunt theire captaine, whom Fulke and his bretherne did kille. Fulco and his brethern sone weried with fight-

ing fledde to an abbay. Fulco after killid Gerard de Maunce, an aunciente ennemye of his, and one that rode with other knightes to seke hym. Fulco and his brethern fled to Hugforde. Hubert archebissshop of Cauntorbyri willid Fulco prively to resort to hym to mary one Maude, that was his brothers wife, that descendid of Caurs blode. But after he had married her, he taried but two dayes, and was fayne yet to escue and fly the kinges displeasure. Fulco fledde to Robert Sampson, and yn those quarters one Pers Bromeville, a perilous knight, soute him; and yet at the laste Fulco forcid Pers Bromeville to smite of the hedes of certen of his owne company; and then Fulco did smite of Pers hedde hymselfe."

*E autre rybaudayle.* The ribalds formed a class, or caste, of society in the middle ages, consisting of persons who seem to have been considered out of the pale of the laws and of morality; they had no particular occupation, but lived upon the overflowings of people's tables, and were ready to perform any infamous act or outrage that might be required of them. Of such people it was easy for men like this Piers de Bruvyle to form a band of brigands who would carry no scruples with them to the work of depredation. This anecdote forms a lively picture of the condition of the country in the thirteenth century.

*Page 92. A mettre les fers à revers.* We are told that when the Scottish patriot, Robert Bruce, fled from London to head a rising of his countrymen, he adopted this same expedient of having his horse shoed with the shoes turned backward, in order to deceive his pursuers. It

seems to have been not an uncommon trick in the middle ages.

*Johan de Raunpaygne.* The jogelour, or minstrel, was so welcome a guest wherever he went, that he was often employed as a spy, or the guise of a minstrel adopted for that purpose. The account given here is an admirable and correct picture of a minstrel of this period. Here, again, Leland must have singularly misunderstood the words of his English poem. "Fulco resortid to one John of Raumpayne, a sothsayer, and jocular, and minstrelle, and made hym his spy to Morice at Whittington. Fulco and his bretherne laide waite for Morice as he went toward Salesbyri; and Fulco there woundid hym, and Bracy cut of Morice hedde. The sunnes of Gaudeline were with Fulco at this skirmouche."

*Page 95. Vers le pas de Nesse.* Ness is a parish about seven miles to the north-west of Shrewsbury, through which the road runs from that town to Oswestry and Whittington. The scene of this adventure was perhaps the neighbourhood of the hill called Ness-cliff, which overlooks the road, and in the state of the country at that time was probably the best position along the road for laying in ambush to intercept a party going to Shrewsbury.

*Page 96. Sire Lewys, le prince.* By Lewys, we must of course understand Llewellyn, the prince of Wales, who married king John's illegitimate daughter, Joane.

*Page 98. Entre le prince Lewys e Guenonwyn.* Gwenwynwyn succeeded to the sovereignty of the higher

Powis on the death of his father, Owen Cyveilioc, in 1197. In 1201, Llewelyn prince of North Wales, at peace with king John, called a great council of the Welsh chieftains to receive their fealties as their suzerain, at which Gwenwynwyn refused to attend. Llewelyn, with the authority of the whole assembly of chieftains, made war upon the prince of Powis, and invaded his territories ; but through the mediation of mutual friends, a reconciliation was effected, and Gwenwynwyn made his submission. These events occurred just about the time of this part of the adventures of Fulk fitz Warine, and seem to be those alluded to in the text.

*Le chastel Metheyn.* Probably Mathrafal, in Montgomeryshire, an ancient palace of the princes of Powis, where a castle was built early in John's reign.

*Mochnant.* The wild romantic valley of Mochnant, on the borders of the counties of Denbigh and Merioneth, is well-known to travellers in search of Welsh scenery, on account of its lofty cataract, the celebrated Pistyl-Rhaiadr.

*Lannerth.* Llanerch, in Denbighshire.

*Page 100. A Salobures.* At Shrewsbury. King John himself was not at Shrewsbury until the latter days of the month of January 1209, long after Fulk and his companions had been pardoned, so that, so far as relates to the presence of the king in these transactions, the narrative here cannot be correct. The narrator may, however, have inserted here the traditionary account of events which really occurred in king John's expedition against the Welsh at a subsequent date. The

king was, however, on the border immediately after his coronation. He was at Gloucester on the 29th and 30th of October, 1200; at Westbury, on the 30th and 31st of the same month; at St. Briavells, from the 1st to the 3rd of November; at Hereford, on the 4th and 5th; at Ledbury, on the 6th; at Upton Bishop, on the 7th; at Feckenham, on the 8th and 9th; at Bridgenorth, from the 11th to the 14th; and on the 15th at Haywood, in Nottinghamshire, on his return.

*Page 101. Al chastel Balaham en Pentlyn.* It is called Balaha in p. 115, and was no doubt Bala, in Merionethshire, called by Powell, *sub annis* 1202-3, "Bala in Penlhyn."

*Le Guê Gymele.* The description is not sufficiently precise to make it easy to identify the locality here alluded to, though it is a question well worth investigation. The dyke spoken of was probably an ancient earth-work. The *haut chemyn*, which is spoken of as a causeway, was perhaps a Roman road, which seems to have run along the valley of the Dee.

*Page 104. Johan Lestraunge, seignour de Knokyn e de Rutone.* Knockin and Ruyton are respectively about eight miles S.S.E., and twelve miles S.E. of Oswestry. The Lestranges of Knockin are said to have been descended from the youngest of the sons of the Guy Lestrangle who figures in the earlier pages of this history, of whom the John Lestrangle, here mentioned, was a grandson. The truth of the statement that his castles had been destroyed in the border wars of king

John's reign, is proved by the circumstance, that in the 3rd of Henry III, he obtained the king's precept to the sheriff of Shropshire for aid to rebuild his castle of Knockin. John Lestrangle's steady adherence to king John is proved by abundant evidence, and this fidelity is spoken of years afterwards by Henry III in granting Wrockwardine to his son.

*Page 105. Sire Henrê de Audelée.* Henry de Audley, or Alditheley, the founder of the great family of the Audleys, was distinguished by his attachment to the cause of king John during the whole of his wars with the barons. Henry de Audley built Redcastle, in Shropshire, in the reign of Henry III.

*Page 106. Al pas de Mudle.* Middle is a village about seven miles to the north of Shrewsbury, at which are the remains of a castle erected there to command the valley or pass.

*Sire Thomas Corbet.* The Corbets were lords of Caus in Shropshire. Thomas Corbet was eldest son of Robert Corbet, baron of Caus; but as his father survived king John, he was not himself lord of Caus during that king's reign. Thomas Corbet's disaffection, however, which lasted till the end of John's reign, was made the ground of proceedings against the father, and his castle of Caus was seized to the crown, and was not restored until the third of Henry III. "If Thomas Corbet were in arms with Fitz Warine at the very beginning of the thirteenth century, he must have lived to an extraordinary age, for he died, I think, in

1273. I do not, however, question the accuracy of the chronicle in this matter, and there are other evidences of Thomas Corbet's entry upon active life, at least as early as the time here implied." R. W. E.

*Page 111. Johan comença un chanson.* The whole of these adventures of John de Rampaigne furnish a most interesting picture of the manners of the minstrels in the middle ages, and the anecdote of his making himself known to the prisoner by a song, will remind the reader of the story of Richard I, when in prison, and the troubadour, Blondel de Nesle.

*Page 112. Qe ert xij. lywes de Salobures.* Whittington is sixteen miles from Shrewsbury; so that this would give about a mile and a half of our present measure to the league, according to the estimate of the thirteenth century.

*Page 113. A moster.* To the minster or cathedral of Canterbury.

*Hawwyse, qe pus fust dame de Wemme.* "Hawise must have married William Pantulf, baron of Wem. This is the only record I have met with of the marriage, which is, however, very probable; for on the death of William Pantulf, in 1233, Fulk fitz Warine purchased the wardship and marriage of his infant heirs (*Fines*, vol. i, p. 237)." R. W. E.

*A la eglise nostre dame à Salobures.* St. Mary's is one of the most interesting churches in Shrewsbury, and a great part of the building is the same which was

standing at the time when the lady Maude is said to have taken refuge in it.

*Page 114. Johane, qe pus fust mariée à sire Henré de Penebrugge.* This statement is correct. Sir Henry de Pembridge, of Pembridge in Herefordshire, was sheriff of that county in the 42nd and 43rd Henry III. Pembridge is a village about half-way between Leominster and Kington.

*La fontaigne de Puceles.* Leland, from the English poem, calls this the Maiden-frith; but I can identify neither it nor *Carreganant*, mentioned in connexion with it.

*Page 117. Le roy Phelip de Fraunce.* Philip II, who occupied the French throne from 1180 to 1223. The known hostility of Philip to king John, gives a great air of probability to this part of the story, and at the time at which it may be supposed to have occurred, there was a temporary but insincere peace between the two monarchs, which ended after the murder of Arthur of Britany, in 1202. It is hardly worth the labour to attempt to ascertain if such a person as sire Druz de Montbener ever existed, or who he was.

*Page 120. Amys del Boys.* The name thus assumed by Fulk fitz Warine, which means literally Amys of the Wood, is quite in character with his position as an outlaw.

After relating the death of Moris fitz Roger, Leland continues his abridgement from the English poem as follows:—"Fulco fledde to Balahames castelle. Syr

Iweine Kandelokes sunnes. Mountcler adversary to Fulco. The prince of Wales, Morice being deade, restorid Fulk to Whittington. Leugen, Lewis, and Straunge, gentilmen of the marchis. Fulco had robbid Ruyton, a castel longging to Straunge. Henry [de Audley], an hardy knight, was lord of Heley. Syr Bracy was sore woundid, and token, and brought by Audeleghe to king John. Straunge was sore woundid, and brought to Blakmer. John Rampayne founde the meanes to caste them that kepte Bracy into a deadely slepe, and so he and Bracy cam to Fulco to Whittington. Maude had by Fulco a doughter caullid Hawise, and she was weddid to . . . . . Maude had after another doughter, whom the erle of Pembroke weddid. After Maude had a sunne, christenid in the Maiden frithe, and caullid John, and at confirmation namid Fulco. Mawde was ever much welcum to Johan, sister to king John, and wife to Lewys prince of Wales. King John prively sent to prince Lewys that he should by sum polycie take Fulco and his bretherne and hed them. But Johan, wife to Lewys, caussid Maude to warden Fulco and his bretherne of this, and apon that they fled into Fraunce, wher Fulco did get much honor yn justes, and namid hymself syr Amice."

*Page 123. De quel mort morust ton pere.* This anecdote is not new, but was, if I remember right, taken from one of the old classical writers. The adventures of Fulk in the Northern Seas are rather too marvellous in character to invite much critical investigation, and I may merely observe, that they are in perfect accord-

ance with the general knowledge (or rather, in this case, ignorance) and belief of people of that age with regard to the regions he is said to have visited.

Page 132. *Si robbeours e larouns noun.* The reader need hardly be informed that piracy was a general occupation of the inhabitants of the Northern Islands, the descendants of the old vikings.

Page 133. *La Graunde-Eschanye.* Scania or Scandia, or, as we now call it, Scandinavia.

Page 134. *E uncore nulle beste venymouse.* The story of the expulsion of the venomous animals from Ireland by St. Patrick, is so well known, that it is hardly necessary to illustrate this passage. Giraldus Cambrensis, Topog. Hibern., c. 23, says, "Inter omnia vermium genera, solis non nocivis Hibernia gaudet, venenosis enim omnibus caret. Caret serpentibus et colubris; caret bufonibus et ranis; caret tortuis et scorpionibus, caret et draconibus. Habet tamen, araneas, habet sanguisugas, *habet et lacertas*, sed prorsus innocuas."

Page 135. *E à seint Clement.* St. Clement was the patron of sailors, and is generally figured with an anchor.

Page 136. *Al duc de Cartage, qe tient de le roy de Ybery.* We are probably to understand by this, Cartagena, in Spain.

Page 144. *Qe le roy Johan fust à Wyndesoure.* One inci-

dent in the adventures in Windsor forest, that with the collier, bears rather a close resemblance to one in the French metrical history of Eustace le Moine.

*Page 145. Une tribble.* I have translated this by the word triblet, as the only one I could get which seems to answer to it. It was, perhaps, a rod of iron, used in arranging the wood for burning; though it is by no means impossible that we ought to read *crible*, a sieve. In the manuscripts it is impossible to distinguish between *c* and *t*.

*X. besantz.* The value of a besant is variously estimated at from ten to twenty sols. It was a foreign coin of gold, receiving its name from Byzantium, and it is therefore quite in character that it should be the money which the adventurers would possess on their return from their strange wanderings abroad.

*Page 149. Sire James de Normandie, que fust cosyn le roy.* I can find no account of this near relative to royalty.

*Rondulf le counte de Cestre.* This was the celebrated Randulf earl of Chester, who, having been born at Oswestry, and being so much connected with the border, could not but feel an interest in the Fitz Warines. The knight of Normandy was quite correct in his estimate of the great connexions which the Fitz Warines had among the English barons. Earl Randulf remained steady to the royal cause during his wars with the barons. The earl marshal mentioned here, was the no less celebrated Hugh Bigot.

*Page 155. Sire Berard de Blées.* Blées is of course Blois.

*Page 157. En la mer près de Espaigne est une yse . . . . .  
apelée Beteloye.* Perhaps this name is made up from one of the names Bætulo or Betuli, placed in Spain by the ancient geographers.

Now that Fulke and his companions proceed abroad, the whole becomes again a mere romance, and we might as well imagine ourselves reading Guy of Warwick, or Bevis of Hampton, or any other romance of that class, some of which perhaps furnished the incidents of our story.

*Page 163. Plust à dieu Mahoun.* Mahoun is the mediæval form of the word Mahomet, whom the popular belief of the West turned into an idol, and by degrees it became customary to call any idol a Mahoun. Here, however, it is evidently used to signify the god of the Saracens.

*Page 167. Demorerent une piece ou le roy.* At this place the manuscript of the English poem used by Leland broke off abruptly, from mutilation. The following is his abridgement of the concluding portion. "But after that king John had wryten to the king of Fraunce that he kept Fulco his rebelle, he misdemed straite that syr Amice was this Fulke, and knowing the trueth, he promisid a barony in Fraunce to Fulco; but he refusid it, desiring to depart, and so cam to Madour of the Mounte, a joly capitain by se, and there with Fulco preparid a stronge shyp, and saylid into the cost of England, wher he slew a knight that in shippe layd watch for hym. And thens he saylid

into Orkany, and there he wonne the hauberk of harde steele that he held ever, and ryd certayne ladies owt of prison, whereof one was Amfloures heire, and brought them to Bagotes castel, and after how he and his were long tyme se-dryven with tempestes into straunge countereis, and to Carthage, and after long tyme how he landid at Dover, and cam to a woodde by Windesore parke, and because that he herde that the king wold hunte in that place, for fere of knowing he chaungid his clothes with a colyar, and sone after the king cam by, and askid hym if he saw any game, and he answerid ye, and so ledde hym to his tente, where is bretherne and his company were in covert, and there havyng hym, manacid hym for his banischment with death. But the king grauntid them al pardone apon his honor and trueth, and gave hym fre hunting from the holt onto his castel. But he after resorting to Windesore forthought hym of his pardon and graunt to Fulco, and sent fiftene knightes to take them, wherof one was caullid James of Normandy. But Fulco and his overcam them. King John sent after Randol erle of Chester to take Fulco; but he fled to se, and at the last by tempest was dryven ynto Barbary. William, Fulcos brother, was sore woundid, lefte behynd, taken, and put in a doungeon. Fulco was taken by the Soldanes men, and brought onto hym."

During this period of his outlawry, Fulk fitz Warine appears to have been deserted by some of his comrades, who had no doubt joined him as an ally in circumstances similar to those in which he had been thrown. We find in the patent rolls that on the 30th April, 1202, Eustache de Kidwelly, one of Fulk's companions,

obtained his own pardon. "Rex, etc., justiciariis, vicecomitibus, et omnibus ballivis et fidelibus suis Angliæ, etc. Sciatis nos, quantum ad nos pertinet, pardonasse Eustacio de Kivilly fugam quam fecit et utlagariam in eum promulgatam occasione Fulconis filii Guarini, cujus socius fuit; et concessimus ei quod in terram nostram Angliæ redeat et pacem nostram ibi habeat. Ita tamen quod pacem faciat cum illis quibus malum intulit et propter quos fugam illam fecit, vel stet recto si quis erga ipsum loqui voluerit, vel libere et sine impedimento terram nostram Angliæ egrediatur, si hoc facere noluerit. Teste H. Cantuariensi archiepiscopo, cancellario nostro, apud Pontem Archarum, xxx. die Aprilis." The king was at this time in Normandy, at Pont-de-l'Arche.

*Page 168. Latin corrupt.* This has been already mentioned as the language in which Fulk conversed with the pirates of Orkany, and it is alluded to in other medieval writings as a dialect in which people of different countries understood one another, especially merchants. It was, in fact, something like the *Lingua Franca* of the Mediterranean in modern times. It was quite in the character of a minstrel who travelled from country to country to understand it.

*Babiloyne, Alexandre, et Ynde le Majour.* The city known as Babylon in the middle ages was Cairo in Egypt, the capital of the Egyptian khalifs. This city, and that of Alexandria, were the great emporia of the medieval trade with the East, and especially with India.

*Page 171. En la novele Forest.* It may be well to observe

here, that none of these adventures can be correctly told, as far as regards the presence of the king, as we learn from the dates of the records on the rolls, that John was absent, engaged in his wars in Normandy, from the end of May 1201, till the 7th of December, 1203, when he returned to Portsmouth, that is, during nearly the whole period of Fulk fitz Warine's outlawry.

*Page 172. A Westmostier . . . Hubert le erchevesqe.* According to the records, Fulk and his companions owed their pardon to the bishop of Norwich and the earl of Salisbury, and not to Hubert Walter; but the archbishop, who held the two important offices of lord chancellor and grand justiciary, may still have been the real and primary mediator. There is a greater error in laying the scene of this last act of the adventures of the outlaws at Westminster, for the king was all this time in Normandy, and did not return to Westminster until the 22nd of January, 1204, more than two months after the pardon was given. According to the patent rolls, it was on the 20th of August, 1203, that king John first gave Fulk and his companions a safe conduct for a fortnight to come to the court, then at Verneuil, in Normandy. "Rex, etc., omnibus, etc. Sciatis quod præstamus Fulconi filio Guarini et sociis suis saluum et securum conductum in veniendo ad nos et redeundo, a die Jovis, die scilicet Decollacionis sancti Johannis Baptistæ, anno, etc., quinto, usque in xv. dies sequentes. Et ideo vobis firmiter prohibemus ne eos interim super hoc impediatis, aut quicquam molestiæ inferratis. Teste me ipso apud, etc.

On the 12th of September, the king, then at Herbetot,

granted another safe-conduct, for a week, to Fulk fitz Warine and Baldwin de Hodnet and their companions. "Rex, etc., omnibus fidelibus suis, etc. Sciatis quod concessimus Fulconi filio Guarini et Baldewino de Hodenet et hiis quos secum ducent saluum et securum conductum veniendi ad nos et redeundi, a Dominica proxima post Nativitatem beatæ Mariæ in viij<sup>to</sup>. dies. Et in hujus rei, etc. Teste me ipso apud Herbertot, xij. die septembris." On the 2nd of October, another safe-conduct for a fortnight was granted to Fulk fitz Warine and such as he might bring with him, the king being then at Montfort. "Rex, etc., omnibus, etc. Sciatis quod concessimus Fulconi filio Guarini et hiis quos secum ducet saluum conductum veniendo ad nos et redeundo. Durabit conductus ille a die sancti Dionisii in xv. dies, anno, etc., quinto."

At length, on the 15th of November, Fulk fitz Warine received his pardon from the king, who was then at Caen. "Rex, etc., justiciariis, vicecomitibus, etc. Sciatis quod nos recepimus in gratiam et benivolentiam nostram Fulconem filium Guarini, ad petitionem venerabilis patris nostri J. Norwicensis episcopi, et comitis W. Sarisberiensis, fratris nostri, remittentes ei excessus quos fecit, eique perdonantes fugam et utlagariam in eum promulgatam. Et ideo vobis mandamus et firmiter præcipimus quod in firmam pacem nostram habeat ubicumque venerit. Teste, etc." On the 11th of November, the king, then at Rouen, gave a similar pardon to Vivian de Prestecotes, one of Fulk's companions, who had been outlawed for some act of violence against Jorvet de Hulton. "Rex, etc.,

justiciariis, vicecomitibus, etc. Sciatis quod nos, ad petitionem venerabilis patris nostri J. Norwicensis episcopi, et comitis W. Sarresberiensis, fratris nostri, quantum ad nos pertinet, perdonavimus Viviano de Prestecotes fugam et utlagariam in eum promulgatam pro roberia et pace nostra infracta, unde Jorvet de Hultoniam eum appellavit, et pro consortio Fulconis filii Guarini. Et ideo vobis mandamus et firmiter præcipimus quod in firmam pacem nostram habeat. Teste meipso, apud Rothomagum, xj. die Novembris." Whittington was restored to Fulk fitz Warine soon afterwards, as we know from the same records. "Rex, etc., vicecomiti Salopesbiriæ, etc. Scias quod reddidimus Fulconi filio Gwarini castellum de Wuitintona cum omnibus pertinenciis suis, sicut jus et hereditatem. Et ideo, etc. Et in hujus rei, etc."

The same records give us as follows, the names of those of Fulk's companions who received their pardon at the same time, distinguishing them into those who had originally joined in Fulk's rebellion, and those who, having been outlawed for other causes, afterwards joined him. The first list contains the names of several borderers.

"[Isti fuer]unt utlagati [pro consor]tio Fulconis filii [Guarini], et inlagati sunt [per petition]em domini J. [Norwicensis episcopi], et comitis [W. Sarresberiensis], fratris domini regis :

Badwinus de Hodenet.  
Willelmus filius Fulconis.  
Johannes de Tracy.  
Rogerus de Prestona.

} Pro servitio Fulconis filii Guarini.

Philippus filius Guarini.  
Ivo filius Guarini.  
Radulfus Gras.  
Stephanus de Hodenet.  
Henricus de Pontesbiria.  
Herbertus Branche.  
Henricus le Norreis.  
Willelmus Malveissin.  
Radulfus filius Willelmi.  
Abraham Passavant.  
Matheus de Dulvustiria.  
Hugo Ruffus.  
Willelmus Gernun.  
Walterus de Alwestana.  
Johannes de Prestona.  
Ricardus de Prestona.  
Philippus de Hanewuda.  
Hamo de Wikefelda.  
Arfin Marnur.  
Adam de Creckefergus.  
Walter le Sumter.  
Gilbertus de Dovre.  
Willelmus de Eggremundia.  
Johannes de Lamborna.  
Henricus Walenger.  
Johannes Descunsit.  
Willelmus Fet.  
Willelmus Cocus.  
Gaufredus filius ejus.  
Philippus de Wemma.  
Ricardus Scott.  
Thomas de Lidetuna.  
Henricus Gloc'.

Pro servitio Ful-  
conis filii Guarini.

Isti fuerunt utlagati pro excessibus suis, et postea venerunt ad ipsum Fulconem, et inlagati sunt ad petitionem domini Norwicensis episcopi, et comitis W Sarresberiensis, fratris domini regis :

Hugo Fressellus.

Orun'. de Prestecotes.

Rogerus de Waletona.

Reinerus filius Reineri.

Willelmus filius Willelmi.

Willelmus filius Ricardi de Bertona.

Ricardus de Wakefelda.

Henricus filius Roberti le Kinge de Uffinton.

Johannes filius Toke.

Henricus le Franceis.

Walterus Godric.

Thomas frater ejus.

Rogerus de Onderoude.

Rogerus de la Hande.

Willelmus filius Johannis.

*Page 173. Ly dona sur Asshesdoune, Wantynge, e autres terres.* Wanting in Berkshire, now called Wantage, is supposed to have been originally a Roman station, and was a place of some importance in Saxon times, being well known as the birth-place of King Alfred. The manor was given from the crown in the reign of Richard I, to Baldwin de Bethune earl of Albemarle, from whom it passed to William de Valence earl of Pembroke, and his eldest daughter carried it by marriage to Hugh Bigot, the earl marshal. Hugh Bigot, as here stated, granted this manor to Fulk fitz Warine,

but the grant was made in reward for military services, and its date was 1215, long after that at which it appears here to be placed.

*Page 174. Fist feyre yleque e ville marchaude.* It was the usual custom to include in such grants a fair as well as a market.

*Page 176. Une priorie . . . la Novele Abbeye.* The king's charter confirming the foundation of this abbey at Al-burbury, is dated at Hereford, on the 12th day of December, in the 17th Henry II, that is in the year 1171. It must therefore have been founded by Fulk fitz Warine, the father of him of whom we are now speaking, as, according to the abstract given in Leland, was stated more correctly in the early English metrical version of the history.

*Page 177. Morust dame Mahaud de Caus.* I have been able to obtain no information relating to this lady, or to Clarice de Auberville, or the pretended marriage of Eve with the prince of Wales, so that we can only take these events as they are here told.

*Quant dame Johane . . . . . fust devyëe.* Joane, wife of Llewelyn, prince of North Wales, died in 1237, and was buried in the church of Llanvaes, near Beaumaris, in Anglesea, where Llewelyn afterwards built a monastery of Dominican friars. The monument of the princess is still preserved, and has been engraved in one of the illustrations to my *Archæological Album*.

*E fust ensevely à Aberconeway.* Llewelyn died in 1240,

and was buried in the Cistercian abbey of Conway, which he had founded.

*Pus fust cle esposé à ly sire de Blanc-Mostiers.* Blanc-Mostiers, or White-Minster, means, probably, Whitechurch in Shropshire, though I think it has been interpreted to mean Oswestry.

*Page 182. E morust à Blaunche-Vyle.* The date of the death of this Fulk fitz Warine is not known. It is probable that he was alive in 1256, as the Fulk fitz Warine who was drowned at the battle of Lewes in 1264, and who was no doubt his son, is described in January 1256, as Fulk fitz Warine junior.

Leland abridges the conclusion of the story from the Anglo-Norman metrical history:—*Here lakkid a quayre or ii. in the olde Englisch booke of the nobile actes of the Guarines, and these thinges that folow, I translatid owte of an olde French historie yn rime of the actes of the Guarines onto the death of Fulco the 2.* Fulco, after that he had bene longe aboute the quarters of Cartage and Barbary, and ther had the love of a nobile ladie caullid Idonie, he repayrid agayn to the quarters of England, and there hering that his brother William was alyve, he founde meanes to have king Johns perdone, good wylle, and restitution of his castelle of Whittington; and also perdon for his bretherne by the meanes of Randol erle of Chester, the erle of Glocestre, Hughe Bigot, erle marescal, and Hubert, archebisshop of Cantorbyri. After this, Hugh the erle marescal, for love that he bare to Fulco, gave hym the lordship and landes of Waneting; where the village by Fulcos meane was after made a market

toune. Then went forthe Fulco on warfare with  
 Randol counte of Chestre into Ireland, and there did  
 noble feates. After Fulco foundid the New Abbay, a priory in the  
 honor of owr ladie in a wood by Al-  
 bourbyri. Fulco the secunde ma-  
 ried a wife caullid Clarice. This  
 Fulco for nobilite was comunely  
 caullid Proudhome. After that Johan the sister of  
 king John was dead, Lewys prince of Wales married  
 Eva doughter to Fulco the secunde, at Blauncheville.  
 Lewys lyvid a yere and a half after that he married Eva,  
 and then dying withowte issue of her, was buryed at  
 Aberconwey. Eva was after married to a noble knight  
 of Blancheminstre. Fulco lyvid seven yere devoutely  
 with Clarice his wife, and yn his latter dayes was striken  
 with blyndenes. Clarice died afore Fulco, and was  
 byried yn the New Minstre or Abbay. Fulco after  
 dying was also with much honour enterred at the New  
 Abbay."

As I remember,  
 the English his-  
 torie of the Fitz-  
 Warines attri-  
 butith this to  
 Fulco the firste.



EARLY  
ENGLISH MISCELLANIES.

T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

EARLY  
ENGLISH MISCELLANIES,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

SELECTED FROM AN INEDITED MANUSCRIPT OF  
THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

*Ames*  
*Richard* EDITED BY  
*Phillipps*  
J. O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.,

ETC.

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE WARTON CLUB.

M,DCCC.LV.



## P R E F A C E.

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AMONGST the miscellaneous English manuscripts of the fifteenth century which have hitherto remained inedited, there is not perhaps one more deserving of attention than that from which the present collection has been selected. It is a thick but small volume, written on vellum and paper in the reign of Edward IV, and, from being preserved at Porkington, in the county of Salop, in the library of W. Ormsby Gore, Esq., M.P., has been generally known as the Porkington Manuscript. Scarcely any of its contents have been published, and, when the original volume was confided to my trust for a short time some years ago, through the interest of one of the possessor's intimate friends, the opportunity was taken of transcribing from it the curious pieces which are now offered to the notice of the members of the Warton Club.

The Porkington Manuscript was first brought prominently into notice by Sir Frederic Madden,

who, in 1839, printed from it the story of Syre Gawene and the Carle of Carelyle, in his excellent collection of the romance-poems of Syr Gawayne.\* This curious piece is the first poem in the manuscript, the articles which precede it consisting of a calendar, a table of eclipses calculated for the period from 1462 to 1481, a tract on the weather, etc. The next which follows is the curious treatise on planting and grafting, printed in the present volume, pp. 66-72, which will be read with some interest by those whose curiosity leads them to inquire into the progress made by our ancestors in these subjects at so early a period. In the agricultural and botanical sciences they were clearly not very far advanced, but they made amends for this by attaining a singular proficiency in all the appliances of the pictorial art. On this account, as well as in regard to the nature of the subject itself, the minute receipts in aid of "the crafte of lymnyng of bokys", p. 72, are likely to be of considerable importance in any researches

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\* Sir F. Madden is of opinion (*Syr Gawayne*, p. 429) that *stronge*, at the commencement of this poem, should be *strange*. The manuscript has the former reading, but the use of the *o* for the *a*, which will be found constantly in the following pages, appears to be a dialectical indication that ought to be preserved.

respecting the history of English art. After a few brief poems, the next article of any importance in the manuscript is the "Vision of Philibert regarding the Body and the Soul"; a curious and hitherto unnoticed early metrical translation of the Latin poem on that subject, generally attributed to Walter Mapes. It is given in the present volume, pp. 12-39. This is followed by the short, but quaint, poems of "Earth upon Earth", and the "Mourning of the Hare", both of which are inserted in this collection. A few of the shorter metrical pieces have been already printed in other collections, and, though interesting in themselves, it was thought not to be worth while to reproduce them. Some have been printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, and others in works of limited circulation, but sufficiently accessible to the student. The ten articles now printed comprise the chief of the inedited pieces of any real value, and constitute, with those elsewhere published, as complete a copy of the manuscript as will generally be desired.

To the above<sup>r</sup> brief enumeration of the contents of the manuscript may be added the version of the amusing tale of the Friar and the Boy, printed in the following pages, pp. 46-62. Several copies of this poem have been preserved, and as they all

vary considerably from each other, the present is worth preservation, as perhaps the least incorrect of any of the early manuscript copies known to exist. Another, preserved in MS. Cantab. Ee. iv. 35, was printed by Mr. Wright, 18mo, 1836. The story is well known, and was a common chap-book history, in a modernized form, until a very recent period.

*February, 1855.*

E A R L Y   E N G L I S H  
M I S C E L L A N I E S.

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I.

LOVELY lordynges, ladys lyke,  
Wyves and maydynus ryallyke,  
So worthy undere wede,  
And alle, lystynes to my talkynge,  
God grant hem hys dere blesynge,  
And hevene to her mede.  
By one foreste as I cone ryde,  
I saw a byrd by a woode syde,  
Bryȝte sche was of ble;  
Her wenges were of colowrs ryche,  
As an aungelle me thoȝte her lyche,  
Full semely hit was to se;  
The byrd was go; my joy was styлле,  
For woo, alas! myselffe I spylle,—  
To Cryste I make my mone,

For a love that was so newe,  
That so bryzte was of hewe,  
Fro me was sche gone.  
A blestfulle songe that byrd gone synge,  
And I abode for love talkynge,  
To witt of whene sche wore;  
And as sone as sche se me,  
Sche toke her flyzte for to fle  
To an holte so hore;  
Forthe I walked in that foreste,  
By a rever est and weste,  
Under ane holte syde,  
Tylle I come undere a lovelé tre,  
That semely cone I se  
Undere a buske abyde.  
That lovely byrd one bowys bare,  
Sche sange a songe with syzkyng sare  
Opone ane haselle tre:  
With wordys myld and hende,  
To that byrd cone I wende,  
Off bale her bote to be.  
Whenne that I tylle her come,  
By the wengus I her nome,  
And stroked her fulle softe:  
With wordys myld and stylle,  
I hasked the byrd of her wylle

Fele tymys and ofte ;  
The byrd answerd and sayd,—Do way !  
Me lykes noȝte of thy play,  
Ne talkyng of thy talys :  
I am known undere thys tre,  
So as I come let me fle,  
By downs and by dalus :  
For wonte I was to be in cage,  
And with my feres to play and rage,  
With game and with gle :  
Now I fly with my fethere hame,  
As wyld fowle and nothyng tame ;  
Be dere God, woo is me !  
Nay, dere byrd, let be thy care,  
And thou woldus gladly with me fare,  
And leve one my talkyng ;  
Of thy ruthe I wold a-ruwe,  
Thy cage shal be made anewe ;  
Thou shalte have thy lykyng.  
The byrd answerd with wordys fre,—  
Whereof schuld my cage be,  
And I the love wold ?  
The flore schold be of argentum,  
Clene sylver alle and sume,  
That trewe love myȝte behold.  
The walle schal be of galmeowne,

Frankensensse and lymesone,  
That savour that is so swete.  
The postes schal be of syperesse,  
The furste tre that Jhesu chesse,  
Off bale to be owre bote :  
The towres shal be of every,  
Clene corvene by and by,  
The dore of whallus bone ;  
The cowpuls alle of galyngalle,  
The bemus alle of ryche coralle,  
Ryally begone ;  
The dosers alle of camaca,  
The bankers alle of taffaca,  
The quysschyns alle of velvet ;  
The wyndows alle of jasper stone,  
The pelowrs of coralle everychone,  
With joye joyned in gete :  
The hyllynges thereof schal be blewe,  
And dyaper with aser hew  
Comly for the noneste :  
Pynnaculs alle of aurum,  
Clene gold alle and summe,  
Fulle of precyowse stonus :  
The creste blewe and whyte as rysse,  
The pynnaculs schalle go alle by rysse,  
Within and withowte,

With *Veni Creator spiritus*,  
And, *Gloria in excelsis*,  
With aungels songe alle abowte.  
Fyve whelys therein schal be,  
In the medylle schal be the Trinité,  
That pere as none,  
And the forwte thereabowte,  
To Jhesu Criste for to lowte,  
Marke, Mathew, Luke, and Johne.  
The perche schalbe of carbuncul stone,  
To rest 3ow one, my joly lemone,  
So semely is to my syzte;  
The ny3tyngale, the throstylcoke,  
The popejay, the joly laveroke,  
Schalle singe 3ow day and nyzte;  
The popejay, 3our lady fre,  
In 3our cage with 3ow to be,  
3ow to honour and quene;  
The throstelcoke Gabrielle,  
The wyche gret owre lady welle,  
With ane *Gracia plene*.  
The ny3tyngale with benedicite,  
In 3our cage with 3ow to be,  
For the fendys rowte;  
The laveroke schalle synge hye,  
With *Gloria tibi Domine*,

And blysse the cage alle abowte.  
 Thys cage is made withowtyne weme,  
 For the love of one woman,  
 Mary that is so fre ;  
 The mane that better cage make canne,  
 Take thys byrd to his lemane,  
 That is the Trinité.  
 God, that is fulle of myzte,  
 And sofored for us payns plyzte,  
 For his ordors tenne,  
 Mot save and kepe this company  
 Fro schame and eke fro velony,  
*Ad vitam eternam ! Amen.*

## II.

Lord, how schalle I me complayne,  
 Unto myne owne lady dere,  
 For to telle hereof my payne,  
 That I felte this tyme of the heire ?  
 My lovfe, yf that ze wylle hit here,  
 Thowze I can noo songis make,  
 Soo yowre lovfe changys my chere,  
 That whenne I slepe I may not wake.  
 Youre lovfe dose me soo meculle wow,  
 I lovfe yow best I make a wowe,

That my schowe byndys my lyttyle towe,  
And alle my lowf, swyt, hit ys for yow ;  
Forsothe me thynkyt hit wylle me slow,  
But 3e sumwhat my sowrro slake,  
That barfot to my bede I goo,  
And whenne I slepe I may not wake :  
Whosoever wyst what lyfe I lede,  
In myne obserwans in dyveris wyse,  
Now the tyme that I gow to my bede,  
I eyte no met tylle that I aryse.  
3e my3t telle hit for a gret emprys,  
That this morne for yowre sake,  
Soo mekulle I thinke one yowre serwyse,  
That when I slepe I may not wake.  
In the mornyng when I ryse schalle,  
Me lyst ry3t welle for to dyne,  
But commynly I drynke noo nale,  
Yf that I may geyt anny good wyne.  
To make yowre hert to me inclyne,  
Suche turment to me I take,  
Synggyng dothe me soo mycheylle pyne,  
That whenne I slepe I may not wake.  
I may unnethe buttyn my slewys,  
Soo myn armys waxin more ;  
Undure my hyelle is that me grevys,  
Fore at my h  rt I fele noo sowre.

Evry day my gyrdylle gothe out avore,  
I clynge as dothe a whettyne cake,  
And for yowre lowf I syze soo sowre,  
That when I slepe I may not wake.  
Therefore but ze quyte me my hyre,  
Forsothe I not what I schalle donne,  
And for yowr lovf, lady, by the fyre,  
Glowys wyll Y were noon.  
I lawze and synge and make no mone,  
I waxe as leyne as anny rake;  
This in longure I leyfe alonne,  
That whan I slepe I may not wake.  
My dooblet ys more then hit was,  
To lovfe yow furst when I beganne,  
Hit most be wyddyre be my lase  
In yche a spas and stede by a spone.  
My lovfe, sethe I become youre mane,  
I havfe reddyng thorow monny a lake,  
Woone myleway mornyng I came,  
And zeyt whan I slepe I may not wake.  
This in longure I am lente,  
Longe are zee doo soo for me;  
Take good hyde unto my tent,  
For this schalle my conclucyone bee,—  
Me thinke I loofe as welle as zee,  
Never soo cayey thowze zee hit make;

Be this insampulle 3e may see,  
 That when I slepe I may not wake.  
 Amen. Et-c.

## III.

As I went one my playing,  
 Undure an holt uppone an hylle,  
 I sawe and ould mane hoore make mornyng,—  
 With sykyng soure he sayd me tylle,—  
 Sum tyme this worde was at my wylle,  
 With reches and with ryallté,  
 And now hit layd done ful styllé;  
 This word is but a wannyté.  
 That one the morrow when hit fayre and chere,  
 Afternone hit wendys awaye,  
 And commyth to the nyzt as hit was ere :  
 This word ys but a daye :  
 Goo for ryzt alle owre lewyng heyre ;  
 Frow chyldwood unto mannys degré,  
 Owre enddyng drawyt nere and nere,—  
 This word is but a wannyté.  
 I leccone my lyfe unto the morrow-tyde ;  
 When I was chyld so bare i-bore,  
 For me my modyr soffyrde gret soure,  
 With grouttyng and weppying was I bore,

But thow one me was wem ne hore ;  
Sethe in sinne I have i-be,  
Now I am olde I may no more,—  
This word is but a wannyté.  
At myde-morroo daye I lernnyd to goo,  
And play as chylborne done in strete ;  
As chylwood me thoȝt and tauȝt I dyde tho,  
With my fellows to fyȝt and beyt.  
What I dede methoȝt hit swete,  
Ryȝt as chylhdhod taȝt hit me ;  
Now may I say with terrus weete,  
This word is but a wannyté.  
At under day to skole I was i-sete,  
To lerne good as chylborn dothe,  
But whenne my master wouold me bete,  
I wold hym cowrs and wax folle rowthe :  
To lerne good I was fulle rowthe,  
I thoȝt one play and gollytté ;  
Now for to say the sothe,  
This world is but a wannyté.  
At mydday I was dobbyt a knyȝte,  
In trothe I lernnyd for to ryed ;  
There was none soo bold a wyȝte,  
That in battaylle durst me abyde.  
Where be-commyȝt alle owre pryȝd,  
Owre jollytté and fayre boutté,

Frow dethe I may not me here hyde,—

    This word ys but a wannyté.

At nonne I was crounyd a kynge,

    Alle this world was at my wylle ;

Ever to lyvfe here was my lykyng,

    And alle my lust I wold fulfyll :

Now age is croppyn one me ful styлле,

    He makyt me hore, blake, and bowe ;

I goo alle downward with the hylle,—

    This world is but a wannyté.

At myd-undure-none wondorly I waxe,

    My lust and lykyng hit went away,

From the world my chere ys goon,

    Fro ryalté and ryche araye :

Owre lewyng ys but one daye,

    Aȝeynst the world that evyre schalbe ;

Be this matter I dare welle saye,

    This word ys but a wanyté.

At ewynsong tyme I was so cold,

    That now I goo alle by a stafe,

Therefore is dethe one me so bold,

    And for his hyre he dothe me chawfe :

Whenne I am dede and layd inne grawe,

    Then no thing schalle save me,

But welle and woo that I done havfe,—

    This word ys but a wannyté.

Now ys this day commyn to the nyȝt;

I hawe lost my lewyng;

A dredefulle payne is for me dyȝte,

In cold claye there inne to clynge.

As I went on my playing,

Undure an holt by a tre,

This hard I an old manne mak mornyng,—

This world ys but a wannyté!

In Domino confydo. Amen, dico vobis.

#### IV.

The Fadyr of pytté and most of myserycorde,

That alle this word throw his grace relewyth,

He ys soo mercyfulle, called gracys Lord,

That all oure syne the wyche his lordschypp grevyth,

Full oft of verey pytté that hym mevyte,

To oure freywelté hawyng advertans,

He remytteth sone and grantteth indulgens.

And thoȝe it be so he wyll no man be pereched,

He sofford us oft to falle grevusly;

Whom he reypreweth whom he woll have cheryd,

There is no creature can tel this truly:

Werfore, O frendus, alle this counsel I,

Consydyr youre lyve stondyth in gret drede;

Beth wel awysid therefor, ȝe have gret ned.

Al this I meve for a nottabul a storrye,  
The wych a clarke in Lattayne lyst for to wryet,  
To floure for ever worthely in memorrye,  
And hard harttus to try and exsyte  
To perfeccyon, and caus men to have delyte  
In her God, and meve hem new and newe  
To alle good warkus, al evyl to esschew.

And as I dorst for verey drede and schame,  
Of sympul connyng and bestyal rudenyse,  
I toke one me to translate the same  
Into owre tonge after the prossese  
In Lattayn; werfore with alle humblenesse,  
Every genttyl redere I reyquere  
To be my supporter, I aske non other hyere.

And in this matter veras I fynde  
Anné thinge that may behold suspecte,  
As towchyng enny word befor or behynde,  
To throwe dysscression I offyr and drecte  
Al syche defawtes to amende and correcte,  
Lest one me be fond any offense,  
In anny place of worthie audyense.

O sovereyn Lord of sapiens infeynyte,  
Sum lecur of thi grace one me destylle,  
Sonnere my style helpe me to indyte,

That to thi lawde I may this processe fulfyle :  
Soffyre me not, Lord, azeynst thi wyle,  
But so my pene dyrecte at my nede,  
That to thi lawde this processe may procede.

O Crystes modyre, dowȝtter to Sente Anne,  
Be whom al grace is new begonne ;  
That feede ȝeure chyld with the heyvynly mane,  
And ȝave hym drynke of youre good lytonne.  
O norreyschere to Cryst clothid with the sone,  
The chefe temppul of oure soferayn deseyryde,  
And of the Holly Gost electe and enspyryd.

Nowe wyȝt-save, lady, of youre maydonhede,  
Sum lyȝt of grace one me to sende,  
That my rude wyte may be oute of drede  
Of this simpul dytté to make ann ynd :  
And lest hit be so that I do offende,  
Let yowre grace uppon me, youre servant, schyne,  
That by a quene aboven the ordors nyne.

And to my porpos I wyl turne al newe,  
As befor I began to wryte,  
And after a storry to the I wylle the matter sewe,  
As ȝe schal here without more respyte.  
In Frans sometym there deylllyd an hermete,

Holly and devoute, and set in perfeccyone :  
He was allso a worthi kyngis sone.

This ermet be name was cleypyd Philberte,  
Secrete with God, as in conclysion  
The matter schowyzt, who wysely wyl advert,  
And in his slepe he hade syche a vyssyone :  
He saw a boddy not feynyd be illisione,  
Deede and pale, and one the erthe laye ;  
And, as hit semyd, the spret was away.

By the body the spret stod and weppyd,  
And in his langaug the body dyde repreve ;  
Why hadyst thou not better thi soule keppye ?  
Alas, that ever thou commyst of Adam and Eve !  
Who cast the doune into this myscheyfe ?  
Who hath the put into this gret mysyré ?  
Thy sollen festus be changyt into serré.

Not long agoo, the word was thi subejecte ;  
Al this regeone thi lordschype hade in drede.  
Wer is now that mayné, thou stynkyng and abjecte,  
That thou wert wont so ryally to fede ?  
Here gret observans and there takyng hede ?  
Al is gone ! thi welth is from the wenyde !  
Thow foul caryon, thus dethe hath the dysmayde.

Thy dwellyng is not now in hyȝe towrus,  
 Ne in hyȝe paleys of famus largenyse,  
 But in a grave clousyd alle in flowryse,  
 Schort enowȝe, it hath no gret wydnys;  
 What awayllyȝt now thi strengthe and thi reches?  
 Thy ȝothe, thi bowtté, and thin appareyle?  
 Frome hens forthe thi wyl not the awayle.

Where is now thy hyȝe palleys, reyplete  
 Of reches flouyng in gret abundanse?  
 Thi hale is now of vij. fete:  
 The wormus bene thi kyn and thin alyanse;  
 Thi fryndeus in whome was alle thi affyanse,  
 Here terius be almost exspend;  
 When thi dyрге was done, heere soroo was at an ynd.

I am a sole after thi simlytude  
 Of God, a creatur in-a ryȝt nobul wyse,  
 And ordent to be of that multutud,  
 That up to God glory schul ascend and ryse;  
 But thou, alas! madyste me to dyspyse  
 My God; so wellaway the whylle!  
 For to eternal dethe he wyle us both exile.

O stynkyng fleche! with me thou art damnyde,  
 But and thou knewyst the gret sowrro and payne

Ordent for the, when thou schalt be exsempned,  
A thousande sythe thou schalt crye and playne,  
And say this word,—God, that we twayne  
The day of owre byrth we had byn in our grave !  
But suche grave wer we not ordent to have.

Hit is gret merwelle, as semyȝt me,  
Thoȝ oure dedys were not at Godis pleysans,  
In ouer lyve, whyle I was kyn to the,  
For of me thou hadyst alway the governans,  
And when thou felyst I wold have done pennans,  
For owre syn thou woldyst never asente,  
Ne at no time porpos the to amende.

Wer beth thi lonndys by exstorceyone take ?  
Thin hyȝ pallys that thou hast belde, and towrys ?  
Thy freche ryngis, thi goomes wyet and blake,  
Thy golde and sylwyre, and thi gret honnouris ?  
All is lost, and now thi sempul bouris  
In the, and thou art lāyd now fulle lowe ;  
Thus whom hym lyst dethe cane ovyre-throwe.

Thy ryche vesture, thi beddys of collors dyverse,  
Thi wennesone, thi wyld foulle, spycus of delyte,  
Vesselle, nappre, mettus, I cannot reyhers,  
Sawsis, subdelytys to thine appetyte ;

Thy lusty pellois, thi schettus fayre and whyte ;  
Where ys this now ? one this was alle thi thouȝte :  
Here mayst thou se worldis joy is noȝte.

Answer to me, for I wylle apposse  
Thin wlogé, yf hit do the apleyse ;  
Say one thy tyxte, for now may be no glous,  
For now thy haulle roofe lyth uppon that noose :  
Hit is so streyt, thou hast no membure at ese ;  
Thi moth, thi eene, thi tonge, and thi brethe,  
Thi fete and thi hondys stynke alle of dethe !

Thy gret ryches that thou hast gette some tyme,  
With farade, with fawyre, with strenȝte, or with  
drede,  
Be now changyt into erthe and slyme,  
And no were the world of me takyt none hede :  
Thus dethe aquyttyt every man his mede :  
Wyth-oute doute, who soo dothe attend  
Of worldly joy is evyre at the heynd.

In heyvyne and erthe thou hast never a frynde ;  
Thy fadyre and thi modyre of the takys noo kepe :  
Thyne eyrris hath alle, thy good is dysspend ;  
Thy lusty wyfe dothe no lengure weppe :  
Alas ! that evyre thou coudyst goo or crepe !

There his no prayere that may the now awaylle :  
Thow fylthye fleche ! now mayst thou cry and weppe.

I knowe this well, thin eyrrys ne thi wyfe  
Wyl not 3eyfe o fote of thi lond  
To reystore the agayne here to thi lyve,  
And 3eyt alle thi trust thou puttust in here hond.  
A ! wold God, thou my3ttyst undyrestonde,  
As thou lyes nowe stynkyng one the bere,  
Thi frenschype and thou dyid bothe in feere.

Now mayste thou see this world is but false ;  
His fayre prommes fol monny hathe begyllyde.  
The fendis mallis thi curssid flecche alse,  
Many a thowsand have 3e there exsylyd  
Owte of joy, as mony a clarke hathe compylyd  
In sondry storrys, who so luste to rede ;  
But ale-tho3e men take of dethe no hede.

Thi wester nowe is nothing presiouise,  
The wallure thereof is but symepul i-now3e :  
The schape me thingk is not made ful curiuse,  
Al thi bede-schettes beth alle row3e :  
And tho thi skynne be never so hard and tow3e,  
3et wylle the wormus into thi body crepe :  
Wherefore, thou fleche, thou hast grete caus to wepe.

And tho thou feele no turment nowe nor payne,  
Als thou lyste here dede and palle of hewe,  
At the hy jugement doutles we twayne  
Schall be sore pooneschyde, we may hit not esschew;  
And suffure endles payne ever new and newe;  
Azens us bothe is zeve the jugement and senttense;  
There is no favor to make reyssystemens.

O fulle of mysserie, that never haddyst pytté  
Uppone the pore in al thi dayis here,  
But by extorsion hast robbyd alle the sytty,  
There as thou hast deylyd from heyre to zere,  
Now arte thou layd fulle lowe uppone the bere:  
Of alle owre sorrow thou arte the cause;  
Com of and thou canste, and answer to this clause.

Whenne at the body hade hard every worde  
Of the sowle and everé complaynt,  
Upe the chest frome hym he cast away the bord  
Wyth gret vyolens, as he were nothing faynt,  
And furiously and wood the false fleche ataynte:  
With ferfull langage he began the sole to accuse,  
As ze schalle here, and hymeselfe to excuse.

Art thou my soule, that hast me reyprevyte  
With scharpe reysone curiously made and wrozt?

Yf myne answere be ryzt wel apprewyte,  
Alle thi argamenttus schalle be set at nozte,  
And anone the truthe anone schalle be souzte,  
Wyche of us to is most worthi here,  
To bere the blame, anon ze schall here.

This knowe I wel, I have made the erre  
In monny a warke and manny a sory dede,  
But what is the cause nowe of oure werre  
I wylle declare, withouttyne anny drede;  
How myzt the body syne, I pray the take hede,  
Withoute the soule? thou cannist not this denye;  
Tarry a whyle, and I schalle tel the whye.

The word, the feend, and the fleche, in fere,  
By the gret frendys and of old alyance,  
And but the sole ryzt as dothe the brere,  
Hale azene anone this they wyll aspye,  
What myzte cause the body to aplye  
To here luste and to here cursyde werkus;  
Now answere, soule, for this saythe the clarkus.

This know I welle, as thou dydyst reyherse,  
God formyd the after his owne ymage,  
And made the ryzt with manny vertues dyverse,  
And ordent the body bothe in zoughet; and age,  
To be thy thral, thy servant, and thi page:

Have I not do so, as somme then kythe?  
 But al for nozte, I se proferd serves styngit:

Thow, soule, wer made lady and mastries  
 In thy creacione, bye Godis provysionne:  
 Reysone, mynd, and wyll, God of his goodnyse  
 Ordent to the only, to this conclusionne,  
 That thou schulddyst kepe thi body from confusion,  
 And ageynst al synne to make resistense;  
 Thus dyddyst thou never answer to my senttens.

Hit may not be the bodye schold be blamyte,  
 But only the sole that hath the soffrentté;  
 Thow haddyst the governans; art thou not a-schamyd?  
 Why putttest thou one me alle thi defaute:  
 To be my subjecte say what nedyethe the?  
 Sethe of the body thou haddyst alle the charge,  
 What was the cause thou suffurist me to go at  
     large?

Withoute spret, pardy, the body his nozt:  
 Withoute spret the body is nozt sussteynnyde:  
 To kepe the body thou were made and wrozte:  
 Answer, thou wer my sufferayne and long hast  
     playnyd,  
 Thow wer my soferayn and longe haste raynnyde

On me; why tokyst thou no better hede,  
At all owrys when that I hade nede?

Thy symppul fleche, the wyche is corryptybulle,  
Without the spret can noudyre good ne harme.  
How myzt hit be, hit is unpossybulle  
That the body, the wyche is nothinge warme,  
But deyde and cold, schuld put forth his arme,  
Or without the soule eny membrur meve;  
Without the soule the body may nothing greve.

Thothe the body and the spryt most nede asente,  
Whatever he sayth he most say the same,  
And as subjecte serve his masteris intente:  
Why schuld the servant bere the masteris blame?  
Without the sole the body his blynd and lame;  
My felyng, my mevyng, ale commyzt of the:  
For thin offenses why reyprevyst thou me?

Remembure, O sool, what thou hast offendyte  
More then I, thou cannyst the not excuse:  
Oure both defawttus thou myzttyst have amendyte;  
This knowyst thou welle, thou mayst hit not reyfuse.  
Thow obayist my wylle: why doste thou acuse?  
Thy bytter langgag hath grewyd me sore:  
Go frome me, sole, and wex me no more.

Wylle, abyd a whylle and tarie,  
 And at thi ergamenttes anone reypleye,—  
 Thow hast offendyt, thou canniste not say the contrary;  
 O mollyd carryen, out one the, I crye.  
 Fyrst take the pylere out of thyne ye,  
 Or one me thou put anny defaute:  
 Fulle causles me thing it, thou dost me asaute.

I know this welle, I schuld have mad reysustens  
 A3eyns the fleche, fals and dyssaywabulle,  
 But thi freelté anon stod at defense;  
 To thi soule thou were never favereabulle:  
 My wylle was oft to 3eld me culpapulle,  
 But thou3 the world and the fende alsoo  
 In no wyse wold never asent thereto.

O wrecheyd fleche, O thou stynkyng donge,  
 That al thy dayis hast the word followyd!  
 What arte thou now? thy knyl is ronge,  
 Thy dyrge is done, the erthe hase the swallovyd!  
 Thow art defygurt, thi eyne beth depe hollowed!  
 Now art thou dede, thou mayst not askape;  
 Not long agone thou madyst hereof a jappe.

When thy concianse wold the have mad chastessed,  
 With wygellus, fastynge, or with allmysdede,

Thow woldyst say nay,—I be awyssed  
I may lyve longe 3eyt, I have no nede  
To amend myself; of deth I take no hede:  
I wylle dance whylle the world wylle pype;  
The frut fallyt syld, but 3eyf hit be rype.

Thow hast of me take alle the charge,  
Thow soffyrd me never to have the soffyrantté;  
After thi lust thou wenttust alway at large,  
Thow hast myschevyd bothe the and me.  
A! what pestelens is wors or adversité,  
In this world then a famylly or frende?  
Withowttyne dout he is wors then a fynde.

I know me gyltte that I have erryd;  
Sethe I was sofferayne, I have the not reystreynyd,  
But suffyrd the body evere to be referryde,  
Trowth, the falsnis undyre dessayvyd.  
A! now I know the worldis joye is faynyde;  
Alle to lat I do my sorro complayne,—  
Fayre promese ofte makyth foollis fayne.

O wrecched fleche, whi dydyst thou not advarte  
The sottel fraud of this world and gyle,  
And on thi God wonly set thin herte,  
That ever was raydy the to reyconsyle?

But now, alas ! he wylle us both exsyle  
Oute of joye, for oure gret offence.  
There is no juge that wylle with us dyspense.

Not long agone the world dyde lave one the,  
And made the promese thou schuld longe indure ;  
But thou wer blynd, thou myzttyst not see,  
The perelus end and thin myssawentture :  
O deth, thou wendyst thou hade byne sure  
To leve alle way, and never to have dyid,  
3ete amonge a thousand dethe hath the aspyd.

The world methinke I may reyssemble wele  
To a thefe that came, both faynd and glose,  
And when thou wenyst he be as trow as styelle,  
He sonnyst dyssaywyth the, thou schalt never odyre  
suppose,

But as a sarpent that creppyt under they roose,  
Lythe awayet, every tyme and houre,  
To sley the best that dare toche the floure.

Tho that wer thi frynddys be now waxt al strange,  
Uppon thi grave they wyl not ons beholde,  
And nowe that abbay is torned to a grange,  
Farewel thi frenschype, thi kechyne is cold !  
O fremel flech, ful oft I have the told,

When thou art dede, thi frenschype is aslepe ;  
And at that word the boddy began to wepe.

My soule, trowyst thou I undyrestond,  
Whil I was levyng in all my bessenyse,  
That so sodenly wold have passid the flod,  
Uppone the ebbe I thoȝt never to exprese ;  
My hart was ever uppon my rechese :  
I trowyd never to have enturrid into my grave.  
I lest not whyl the world sayd have.

And now I know truly at the beste,  
That alle my reches may nothing prewayle,  
And nowe my loge is low in cheste,  
My powere, my berthe, to me wyl nothinke awayle  
Aȝeyns dethe, the wyche wyl never fayle  
To come at the last, tarie hem never so longe ;  
The worldis joye hath ever sorrow amonge.

We have offendyt ouer Lorde God sovereyne,  
But thin offyns his a gret del more :  
Why schuld the body have so gret a payne  
As the sole ? he hath not offendyt so sore.  
I have gret wrong, as me-thingit therefore,  
To be ponnescheyd with the sole in fere :  
Tarry a whyle, and why thou schalt here.

Of every dyscryte this is well consayvyde,  
And know also by auctorryté of Scripture,  
So gret gyftus of God thou reysayvyd,  
So here is thine astate and good awentture;  
Tho God soffyre the never so long to indure,  
At the last answare thou must make  
Of thi gret charge that thou hast undyretake.

God 3eyf the reyssone, wyl, and mynde,  
With dyveris goodis he induit the;  
He 3ave the alle, and left me behynd,  
He mad me thi subjecte in ful sympul degré;  
But thou wer neclygent and rouillyd by me,—  
Thow scholdyst therefore have the more payne,  
Be veery reyssone methinkyth, of us twayne.

After his oun image God mad the ryzt fayre,  
Of my v. wyllus he toke the the keye,  
Withoute thin asent I myzte never apayre  
In thin absens how myzt I rage or playe,  
But as a chyld his master dothe obbaye,  
Dare not, for feyre he schuld be bete;  
Be well awyssyd, one my resons grete.

Now ame I dede, my colour is appalyde;  
My sole is gone, the body may not meve,  
And 3eyt to answare nowe ame I callyde,

Unawyssid in this gret myscheyf;  
Now dethe hath take me by the sleve,  
I must ȝeve acounttus, I may not ascape,—  
Deth, takyth heyd, can nother play ne jape.

Sum tyme I hade menne one me to wayte,  
Freche arayid, was none to me to dere,  
And now my chambure is ful narro and streyt,—  
There may not to loge there in fere:  
What is the body, whenne hit is one bere?  
Hit is not ellus but wormus mete:  
This his the heynd of every smale and gret.

And I know welle that I schalle aryce  
To ȝeyf aconttus at the laste,  
Befor the most feyrful Justyse,  
How ferful trowly there is no tong can saye:  
Whether schal I fle, alase and wellawaye!  
Frou the syȝt of ther fueyrfulle juge?  
There is no creature may be my reyfuge.

ȝeyt say I more with a sorroffull harte,  
Of my playnis, O soule, take hede.  
The grettyst payn amonge my paynnis smerte,  
Was when my sole dyde from me reysede,  
At that departtyng wofful of feere and drede,

When that my sole, that was my next frend,  
Was dampnyd for ever in helle to be a fende.

Sone after the sperit with a dredly speche  
Begane to crye, and sayd,—I ame lorne !  
For my soor, alase, there is no leche ;  
Why wold my Makere soffyre me to be borne  
In this world, seth he knew toforne  
That I schwld be dampnyd in his presense,  
At the last, for my gret offence ?

A ! wold God I had byne unreyssonabule  
As an hond ; then had I byne out of payne ;  
But now my end is most abhomynabule,  
Hit awayllyth noȝt, thoȝ I crye or playne ;  
I ame so fare, I may not torne aȝeyne  
To have mercy, for ryȝt hath clossyd the gate  
There mercy sojornit ; I ame come to late.

In paynus moste scharpe I ame and ever schal be.  
I have no tong that playnly canne tele  
My longe sorro, my gret adversitté  
Wyche I suffyre doune alowe in heelle ;  
But, alase ! of alle my sorrowe they wylle,  
Is that I schale never come aȝeyne to grace,  
But eternally dweylle in that darke place.

The body spake to the spret azeynne,—  
gife hit be so that thou hast byne in heylle,  
To see there the gret torment and payne  
Ordent for Lucyfere, that oute of hewyne felle;  
Is there anny raye, I praye the soletelé,  
Or anny gladnyse, or any estate keppite?  
The soule sayd nothings, but stod stil and weppyd.

To gret lordys and nobles there is somme place  
Of worschype, ordent after herre degré!  
Thay leve in hope to have mercy and grace  
At the last, how myzt hit ellis be?  
May almys dedis helpe nowe, tel me,  
Or holy suffragyse in this gret nede;  
Sume of this methinky; alway schal spede.

Thy questione, thou body, is not reysonabule,  
Nor out of helle may no man be redempte;  
The gret sorroo there is so abbomynabule,  
Of ire, of envy, murmure and contempte;  
Al gladnis and joy is there exsemppte;  
None astate there schal be preferryde,  
The payn is taxed after as thi have erryde.

Tho; al the world wer ful of almus dede,  
Of pytty and mercy, and of gladnyse,

And pray for us reyt, schuld thou not spede :  
Thouȝ at onys thi offyrd alle ther ryches,  
Al is in vayne, labure and besinys,  
That is done for us that byn in helle :  
Of this mater ȝete have I mor to telle.

For al this world, lordschype and treyssere,  
The fend wyl not soffer une sool out of helle  
To be reyfrechid the tyme of halfe an oure ;  
There is non aschapyth out of his chene,  
Be no sottaylté, nor be no false trayne :  
He most abyd in that presone evyre,  
That ones commyȝt in, for out goth he never.

To know reydyly thou sayst his thi desyre,  
If gret estatys schold be punnesseyd soore ;  
Her paynus be scharpure, the hotter is the fyre  
That thei byne in, and schuld more and more  
Then annye othere, I warne the before.  
The gretter estate, the gretter is his falle ;  
I may no lenger tarry to tel the of alle.

When at the soole had mad his complaynte,  
Of to feyndis anon he was take ;  
Thay wer so feyrful, there is no man coud paynt,  
Suche to there wer so foul and so blake ;

For verrey feyre the soule dyd trymmyl and quake  
At here commynge, it is and was gret wondyre,—  
There followyd then gret tempas and thondore.

In her hondys thei bare yrone speyruse,  
The fereful soule to feyre and enchase;  
Fyre smot on at here mowthus and eryse,  
Lyk ij. lyons thei dyde the soule arace;  
Ful dredful was here ymage and here face:  
In this world there is no creature one lyve,  
That coud here fygurs by and by descryve.

Here contenance, here eyne, were so orryble,  
Al brennyng fyre, schynyng as the glase,  
To tel yow al it is impossibulle;  
Here hornnys were gret, thei semyd al of brase;  
Gret stronge smoke about them there wase;  
Brennyng feyre wase about ther hornyse,  
And al here eyrus wer scharpe as any thornus.

This to fendys foule and abbomynabule,  
Fersly with tonggys blasynge for heyte,  
With mony a cry and wordyse reyprevabule,  
Thay hallyd the soul into paynus grete.  
Thus pettyusly he wase schorgyt and bete,  
And with here naylys he was dysmemborte;  
Of alle and halfe his paynus I cannot be rememburte.

Sume with cheynnys bond the soule faste,  
 Sume with 3erdys smote ful hard and soore ;  
 Sume byllyd mettayl, and in his moth than caste ;  
 Some made fyre byhynde, and somme byfore :  
 And to increse his payne more and more,  
 Into a pyt anone he was in caste,  
 Of fyere and sulfure brennyng aye ful fast.

Then al the fendys in schame and reyplete  
 Of the soule, sayd in this wyes :—  
 O false attaynte ! O thou cursyd theve !  
 Now arte thou bond, thou mayst never aryse !  
 Thow arte quyte for thi long serwyse !  
 Thow mayst not aschape—thou arte tyid so faste.  
 Alle oure serwanttus, lo ! commy3 hedere at the laste.

For verry sorrow the soule began to wepe,  
 And sayd,—alas ! I may not torne a3eyne  
 Owt of this dongoone, that is wyde and depe.  
 A ! God, my makere, to the I cry and playne, —  
 Where is thi mersy, that wase wont to rayne ?  
 Amonge thi pepul lete hit nowe awayle,  
 Doune alowe into this darke dale !

The fendyse anon sayd, Thou cryiste to late  
 After thi God ; nowe that mayst not spede !  
 The portter of heyvyne hathe cloussyd the 3ate ;

Of thi crye thay take none heed :  
Hit awayllyȝ not, tho thou say thi crede  
A thowsand sythe nowe alowe in helle,  
For dowltes here thou most nedys dwelle.

The gret darknys thou mayste grope and fele ;  
From hensforth thou schalt never se no lyȝte ;  
Thy bytter heyt there is no man may kele ;  
Thy lusty day is tornyd into nyȝte.  
Thy bowtté is changyt, passid is thi myȝt ;  
Hit awayllyȝ not, wepe thou never so sore :  
Then endyth my drem : of this I sawe no more.

When I hade hard complaynt alle  
Betwyne the body and the soule in fere,  
Frow my eyne the teris begane to fale ;  
I pray to God with myne herte in fere,  
He wold witsavfe to grant, while I wer here,  
Of al my synnys to have wery reypentance,  
And ever in my werkys to do unto his pleyſance.

Owt of my slepe I woke alle dysmayid,  
I sowȝt abowt, I coud no thinge fynde,  
And of my vesione I was foule afrayid,  
The body and the soule wer ever in my mynde,  
And ever me thooȝt I sawe the feynd byhynd :

So was his feger so pryntyd in my thoȝte;  
Whil I was alyve I forgat hyme nouȝte.

The wordys joy, the wyche is transsetorrye,  
My gold, my sylver, al I sete ate nowȝte;  
Myne erytage, myne alyaunse, al is but faynyd glorie,  
Oute of mynd, as hit had never be thouȝte;  
And for his mercy, oure Lord I be-souȝte,  
He wold reyseyf me holly into his hondyse,  
And kepe me ever oute the fendis hondyse.

And tho hit was so I was a kyngis sone,  
I offyrd my selfe to wyful poverté,  
And in dysserte al my lyve to wone,  
I mad ful promes with ale humylyté;  
There I lowet longe in streyt chastyté,  
Abydyng Goddis wylle, when that he wyl send  
For my sowle, and therto make ann ynde.

And for that moste begynnere and sovereyn love,  
What he schowyth to al mankynd here,  
When he dyssenddyt frome his glorie above  
Into a chast wombe of a wyrgene clere,  
I prayd my Lord he wold whytsavfe to here  
My symppul orysone, for his mercy and grace,  
And preserfe me ever frowe that darke place.

Consydure, O frendys, in yowre presense  
Of this speryte, the dredfule tragedye,  
And in specyal 3e that hawe no concyanse,  
Lete this a storry be byfor youre eey;  
Beth wel awyssyd, for truly 3e schal dye,  
But whenne and wer there is no mane cane telle;  
Tho 3e dred note God, 3ete be ferd of helle.

For in this world have we no sekyrnys,  
But as a schadowe that crepyth and away glydythe,  
So passy3 yowre lyve here, youre joy and gladnis,  
Al is transetorrye, there is nothinge abydethe;  
And dethe, that so prevyly hymeselfe hydyte,  
Oute of courte he wyle al sodenly crepe,  
3e schale not when wakyng or aslepe.

Behold in the Evangelii, and there 3e may see  
How God in owre werkys takyth gret heed;  
He sethe the gardynere kyttyth adoune the tree,  
For he bare that 3ere nother frute ne seede:  
How schal thou do then, that arte but a weede,  
And ale thi dayis leve by extorsyoun?  
Trowyst thou not thou schalt be kyte adowne?

3eys, withowte doute, and fast i-bonde  
As a fagot, and then thou schalt be caste  
Into a fyre fare byneth the grond,

And thus in preson thou schalte syte at nyȝte;  
Thus oure Lord aquyttyz hym at the laste,  
That with wronge poore mennis goodus hathe;  
Be thou never so fals, thou schalt accontus make.

And thou that haste Crystus spos dyspysyte,  
Here one erthe, terme of alle thi lyve,  
With hote fyre thou schalt be brent and bylyde;  
The hosbond nedus most defend the wyfe:  
Wynste thou God sley the not with a kneýfe?  
Anone he wyl avenge his sentuarrye,  
Thouȝe of his mercy he abyde and tarie.

Rede us this to myend, whyl thou hast thi helthe,  
Of what a state thou be, or of conndesione:  
Thowȝe God send the propirté and welthe,  
Day by day he makyth the amonisione,  
By syknes and by wordly persecusione,  
That at the last nedys thou must dye:  
Therefore from syne I rede the fast hye.

Many a regyonne, and monnye a nottable cyty,  
God hathe dysstryid for here sinnis grete,  
And of monny a thousannt mo he hath had petté,  
Of his goodnes, tho he manese and threte:  
Thouȝe he be wrothe, he wse not anon to bete,

He wold so fayne every thinge were welle :  
Amend thowe, therefore ; dyspayre yow never a dele.

Reymembure youre lyve enduryt but a whylle :  
3e stond in dout howe longe we and 3e schal abyde ;  
Let not yowre dedus yowreselve begyle ;  
Whyl 3e be here for youre soule prowde.  
Wy3t and dyscreyssyone let be youre gyde ;  
Keppe yowe wel frowe the synnys vij.,  
And after youre end 3e schale comme to Heyvyne.  
Amen ! Amen !

## V.

Lo ! wordly folkus, thou3 this procese of dethe  
Be not swetene, synke not in youre mynde.  
When age commyth, and schorteth is here brethe,  
And dethe commyth, he is not far behynde ;  
Then here dyscreSSION schal wel know and fynde  
That to have mynd of deth it is ful nessesery,  
For deth wyl come ; doutles he wyl not lang tarrye.

Of what estate 3e be, 3oung or wold,  
That redyth uppon this dredful storrie,  
As in a myrroure here 3e may be-holde

The ferful ende of al youre joye and glorie :  
Therefore this mater redus us to youre memorie :—  
3e that syttyth nowe hye uppon the whele,  
Thynke uppon youre end, and alle schal be wele.

Erthe uppo erthe is woundyrelly wroȝte ;  
Erthe uppon erthe has set al his thouȝte,  
How erth uppon erthe to erthe schall be brouȝte ;  
Ther is none uppon erth has hit in thouȝte,—  
Take hede ;  
Whoso thinkyse one his end, ful welle schal he sped.

Erth uppon erth wold be a kyngre,  
How erth schal to erthe he thinkes nothinge ;  
When erth byddyth erth his rent whome brynge,  
Then schal erth fro the erth have a hard parttynge,  
With care ;  
For erth uppon erthe wottus never wer therefor to fare.

Erth uppon erth wynnys castylles and touris ;  
Then saythe erth to erth, al this is ourus :  
When erth uppon erth has bylde al his boures,  
Then schal erth fro the erth soffyre scharpe schorys,  
And smarte ;  
Man, amend the betyme, thi lyfe ys but a starte.

Erth gose one erth as mold uppone molde,  
 Lyke as erth to the erth never agayne schold :  
 Erth gose one erth glytteryng in gold,  
 3et schale erth to the erth, rather then he wolde

Be owris ;

3efe thi almus with thi hand, trust to no secatour.

Why that erth lovis erthe merwel me thinke,  
 For when erth uppon erth is broht to the brynk,  
 Or why erth uppon erth wyl swet or swynke,  
 Then schal erth frou the erth have a fool styne

To smeles,

Wars then the caryone that lyis in the fele.

Lo ! erth uppon erth, consayfe this thou may,  
 That thou commys frome the erth nakyd alway ;  
 How schuld erth uppon erth, soe prod or gaye ?  
 Sene erth into erth schal pase in symple araye,

Unclad :

Cloth the nakyd whyl thou may, for so God the bad.

Erth uppon erth, me thinky3 the ful blynd,  
 That on erth ryches to setal thi mynd ;  
 In the gospel wrytten exampul I fynde,  
 The pore went to heyvyn, the rych to hel I fynd,

With skyle :

The commandmentus of God wold he not fulfyle.

Erth uppon erth, deyle duly thy goode  
To the pore pepul, that fautt the thi foode ;  
For the love of thi Lord, that rent was one the roode,  
And for thi love one the crose schedhis hart blode,—

Go rede ;

Withoute anny place to reste one his hede.

Erthe uppon erth, take tent to my stevyne ;  
Whyl thou levyst, fulfyle the werkys of mercy vij.  
Loke thou lete, for oode ne for ewyne,  
For tho byne the werkus that helpyne us to heyvyne,

In haste ;

Tho dedus who so dose thar, hyme never be agaste.

Erth uppon erth, be thou never so gaye,  
Thow moue wend of this world an unreydy waye ;  
Turne the be-tyme, whyle that thou maye,  
Leste it lede the into hele, to logege therefor ay,

In pyne ;

For there is nother to gett, bred, ale ne wyne.

Erth uppon erth, God 3eyf the grace,  
Whyle thou levvyst uppon erth to purway the a plas  
In heywyn to dweyllle, whyl that thou hast space ;  
That myrthe for to myse, it wer a karful case,

For whye,—

That myrth is withowttyn end, I tel the securly.

I concele erth uppon erth, that wykydly has wrozt,  
 Why! erth is one erth, to torn alle his thouzt,  
 And pray to God uppon erth, that al mad of nouzt,  
 That erth owte of erth to blys may be bouzt,

With myzthe,

Thorow helpe Jhesu Cryst, that was ouer ladus byrthe,—  
 Do for thi self.

## VI.

Bi a forrest as I gane fare,

Walkyng al myselvene alone,

I hard a mornyng of an haare,

Rouffully schew madde here mone.—

Dereworth God, how schal I leve,

And leyd my lyve in lond?

Frou dale to doune I am i-drevfe,

I not where I may syte or stond;

I may nother rest nor slepe

By no wallay, that is so derne,

Nor no covert may me kepe,

But ever I rene fro herne to herne.

Hontteris wylle not heyre there mase,

In hope of hunttyng for to wend,

They cowpullyȝt there howndus more and lase,  
And bryngyth theme to the feldys ende.

Rachis rennyn one every syde,

In forrous thi hoppe me to fynd;

Honteris takythe there horse and ryde,

And cast the contray by the wynd.

Anonne as they commyth me behynde,

I loke alowe, and syt ful style and loue;

The furst mane that me doth fynde,

Anon he cryit,—So howe! So hoowe!

Lo! he sayth, where syttyt an haare!

Aryse upe, Watte, and go forthe blyve!

With sorroe and with mych care,

I schape away with my lyve.

Att wyntter, in the depe snoue,

Men wyl me sche for to trace,

And by my steypus I ame i-knowe,

And followyȝt me fro place to place.

And yf I to the tounne come or torne,

Be hit in worttus or in leyke,

Then wyl the wyffys also ȝe wrne,

Fere me with here dogis heyke:

And yf I syt and crope the koule,

And the wyfe be in the waye,

Anone schowe wylle swere, by cokkus soule,

There is an haare in my haye.

Anone sche wyle clepe forth hure knave,  
And loke ryzt welle wer I syte;  
Byhynd sche wyl, with a stave,  
Ful wel porpos me to hette.  
Go forthe, Wate, with Crystus curse,  
And, yf I leve, thou schalt be take;  
I have an hare-pype in my purce,  
Hit schal be set al for thi sauke.  
Ten hath this wyffys ij. doggz grete,  
On me sche byddyt heme goe,  
And as a scrowe sche wyll me thret,  
And ever sche cryit,—go, dooge, gooe!  
But alle way this most I goo,  
By no banke I may abyde;  
Lord God, that me is woo,  
Many a hape hath me bytyde.  
There is no best in the word, I wene,  
Hert, hynd, buke ne dowe,  
That suffuris halfe so myche tene  
As doth the sylly Wat, go where he go.  
3eyfe a genttyl mane wyl have anny gamme,  
And fynd me ine forme where I syte,  
For dred of lossynge of his name,  
I wot wele he wyle not me hyte,  
For an acuris bred he wylle me se,  
Or he wylle let his hondus rene.

Of alle the mene that beth alyve,  
 I am moost behold to genttyl-men ;  
 As sonne as I can renne to the laye,  
 Anon the greyhondys wyl me have.  
 My bowels beth i-throue awaye,  
 And I ame bore home one a staufe ;  
 Als sone as I am come home,  
 I ame i-honge hye up on a pyne ;  
 With leke worttus I ame eette anone,  
 And whelpus play with my skyne.

Amen, etc.

## VII.

God that dyed for us alle,  
 And dranke both eysell and galle,  
 He bryng us alle oute off bale,  
 And gyve hym good lyve and long,  
 That woll attend to my song,  
 And herkyne oneto my talle.  
 Ther dwelyd a man in my contré,  
 The wyche hade wyvys thre :  
 Yn proses of certyn tyme,  
 Be hys fyrst wyffe a chyld he had,  
 The wyche was a propyr lad,

And ryght ane happy hynd :  
And his fader lovyd him ryght welle,—  
Hys steppe dame lovyd hyme never a delle,  
I telle 3owe as y thynke.  
She thocht it lost, be the rode,  
Alle that ever dyd hyme good,  
Off mette other of drynke ;  
Not halfe ynowe thereof he had,  
And 3yt, in faythe, hit was fulle bad,  
And alle hyr thocht yt lost ;  
Y pray God evyll mot sche fare,  
For oft sche dyde hym moche care,  
As far-forthe as sche durst.  
The good wyffe to hyr husbond gone say,  
For to put away thys boy  
Y hold yt for the beste,—  
In fayth he hys a lether lade,  
Y wold sum other man hym had,  
That beter my3t hym chaste.  
Than anone spake the good man,  
And to hys wyff sayd he than,—  
He ys but yong of age ;  
He schall be with us lenger,  
Tyll that he be strengier,  
To wyn beter wage ;  
We have a mane, a strong freke,

The wyche one fyld kypythe owr nette,  
And slepyth half the day ;  
He schall come home, be Mary myld,  
And to the fylde schalle go the chyld,  
And kepe hem, ȝyfe he may.  
The wyff was not glad varamente,  
Nere-the-les therto sche asente,  
And sayd,—Ser, that ys beste.  
Erly yn the morowe, whan it was day,  
Furthe than went the lytelle boy,  
To the feld he was full preste :  
Off no mane ryght noȝt he gaffe,  
Uppone hys schulder he bare his stafe,  
The boy was mery y-nowe :  
Furth he went, as y ȝow sayne,  
Tyll he com into the playn,  
Hys dyner forth he drowe ;  
Whan he sawe that yt was bade,  
Lyttyll lust therto he hade,  
He put yt up anone.  
Be Cryst, he was not moche to wyte,  
And sayd he wold ette but lyte,  
Tyll evyn that he com home ;  
Uppon ane hyll he hym sete,  
An old mane sone after he mete  
Cam walkyng be the way :

God sped, he sayd, good sone ;  
Ser, he sayd, 3e be ry3te welcome,  
The sothe 3ow for to say ;  
The old man was an-hongoryd sore,  
And sayd, Hast thou onny mete in store,  
That thou may gyve me ?  
Ser, he sayd, so God me save !  
To soche vyttaylls as y have,  
Thou art welcome to me.  
He toke hyme soche as he had,  
And bad hym ette and be glade,  
And sayd,—Welcom 3e be !  
The olde mane was fulle good to pleas,  
He ette and made hyme well at eas,—  
Gramersy, sone, sayd he ;  
For thys mete thou haste gyfe me,  
Y schalle the gyve gyftys thre,  
That schalle not be forgete.  
The boy sayd, as y trowe,  
Hit ware best y had a bowe,  
Byrdys for to schete.  
Thou schalt have a bowe and boltes blyth,  
The wych schall dure the alle thy lyve,  
And ever to the alyche mete :  
Schete whersoever thou wyll,  
Thou schalt never faylle, thou schalt it kyll,

The pryke rydy thou schalt kepe :  
The bowe yn hand sone he felt,  
The boltes he put undyr hys belt,  
Ryght meryly than he lowe.  
Be my troth, had y a pype,  
Thoȝ it war never so lyte,  
Thane war y mery y-nowȝe !  
A pype, boy, thou schalt have also,  
Trewe of mesore schall it goo,  
Y put the out of dowte.  
What man that thys pype doth here,  
He schall not hemselfe stere,  
But hope and dawnce aboute.  
Say one, boy, what schall the other be ?  
For thou schalt have gyftes thre,  
As y hote the befor ;  
The lytell boy stode and lowȝe,  
And sayd, In fayth, y have y-nouȝe,  
I wyll dyssyer no more.  
The olde man sayd, Y the plyȝte ;  
Thou schalt have as y the hyght ;  
Therefore, say on, lete see.  
The boy sayd, Be Saynt Jame,  
Y have at hom a stepe-dame ;  
Sche ys a schrewe to me,  
For whanne my fader gyve me mete,

Sche wold the devylle schuld me cheke,  
Sche staryth so yn my face :  
Whanne sche lokyth on me soo,  
I wolde sche lete a crake or too,  
That myzt ryng alle the place.  
The olde mane sayd the boy on-too,  
Whan sche lokythe on the soo,  
Sche schalle begyne to blowe ;  
And as many as her dothe here,  
For lawyng schalle they not stere,  
Whyll sche ys there, y trowe.  
Nowe, far welle, sayd the olde mane,  
And, farwell, sayd the boy thane ;  
My leve y take of the.  
Allmyzty God, that beste may,  
Spede the bothe nyght and day !—  
Gramercy, sone, sayd he.  
Afterward, whanne it was nyzte,  
Hom went the boy full ryght,  
As was hys ordynance.  
He toke hys pype and gane to blowe,  
Hys bestes com rakyng on a rawe,  
Abowt hym they gan to daunce ;  
The boy pypyd throw3 the town,  
The bestes hym foloyd alle and some  
Hom to hys fadyrs clos.

Anone as ever he com home,  
He sete up hys bestes anone,  
And yn to the halle he gos.  
Hys fader at soper sat,  
The lytyll boy aspyed that,  
And spake to hys fader anone.  
He sayd, Jake, well come !  
Wher ar thy bestes, good sone ?  
Hast thou hem broȝt home ?  
Fader, he sayd, yn good fay,  
Y have heme kept alle this day,  
And they be now up-schete.  
A capons legge he toke hym thoo,  
And sayd, Sone, that ys welle doo,  
Thou schalt fare the bete.  
That grevyd hys dames hart fulle sore,  
As y have told ȝow before ;  
Sche staryd in hys face.  
Anone sche lete goo a blaste,  
That sche mad hem alle agaste,  
That war yn that place.  
All they low and had good game,  
The wyffe sche wex rede for schame,  
Sche wold a be agone.  
Jake sayd, wyllle ȝe wytte,  
That gonne was welle smet,

Tho; it had be with a stonne.  
Angerly sche lokyd on hym thoo,  
Another rape sche lette goo;  
Hyr ars was ny to-rente.  
Jake sayd, Wyll 3e see;  
Another pelat sche wyll lete fley,  
Or ever that sche wylle stent.  
Every man low3 and had good game;  
The wyff went hyr way for schame,  
Sche was in mykyll sorowe.  
The good man sayd, Go thy way,  
For it ys tyme, be my fay,  
Thyne ars ys not thy borowe.  
Afterward than wyll 3e here,  
To the hows there come a freyre,  
And loggyd ther all nyght;  
The wyff lovyd hym as a seynt,  
Anone to hyme mad sche hyr playnt,  
And tolde hym full ryght,—  
We have a boy that with us wonys,  
He is a schrewe for the nonys,  
And doth me mekylle care:  
Y dar note loke hym upone,  
I am aschamyd, be swet Seynt Johne,  
To telle 3ow how y fare:  
And 3yff 3e mete that boy to morow,  
Bete hym welle, and gyve hym sorow,

And make that lad lame.  
Be God, he ys a schrewd byche,  
In fayth, y trow, he be a wyche,  
He dothe me mykyll grame.  
The freyr sayd, Y wyll wyte.  
Y pray the, ser, lete it not be forgete,  
For that wold greve me sore.  
The fryer sayd, Yn good fay,  
But y chastys welle that boy,  
Trust me never more.  
Erly in the morow the boy he ros,  
And lyztly to the feld he gos;  
Hys bestes he gan dryve;  
The freyr went out at the gate,  
He wend he schuld have come to late;  
He ranne fast and blyth.  
Whanne he come one hye the lond,  
Sone the boy ther he fond,  
Kypyng hys bestes ylkone.  
Boy, he sayd, God gyve the schame!  
What hast thou done to thi dame?  
Loke thou tell me anone;  
But yf thou kane excus the better,  
Thou schalt abyde, be the seker,  
Y wyll no longer abyde.  
Ser, he sayd, what ayls the nowe?  
My dame farythe as well as thowe!

What menys thou thus to chyd?  
Ser, he sayd, and 3e wylle wytt,  
How welle byrdes that y kan schett,  
And do heme down to fall:  
3ondyr is on that ys but lytte,  
As y trow, y schall hym smytt,  
And gyve hym the y schall.  
The byrd sat upon the breyr:  
Schot one, boy, sayd the freyr,  
For that me leste to se.  
The boy hyt the byrd upon the hed,  
Yn the hegge he fell down dede;  
Hyt myght no forther fley.  
The freyr into the hegge he went,  
And lyztly he it up hent,  
As it was for to done.  
The boy cast down hys bowe,  
And toke hys pype and began to blowe  
Full lyztly and full sone;  
Whanne the freyr the pype herde,  
As a wood mane than he ferd,  
And began to stertyll abowt.  
Among the boyschys small and grete,  
Fast abowte he gan to lepe,  
But he coud not come owte.  
The brambls chrachyd hym in the face,  
And in many another placé,

That hys sydes began to blede,  
And rent hys clothys by and by,  
Hys kyrtyll and hys kapelary,  
And alle hys other wede.  
The freyr often held up hys hond,  
And cryed unto the boy among,  
And prayd him to be styлле.  
Ser, my trewt y plyght to the;  
Thou schalt have no harm for me,  
Nor never wyll do the yll.  
The boy sayd yn that tyde,  
Crepe oute on the tother syde,  
And hye that thou ware agoo;  
My dame hathe mad hyr complaynt to me,  
In fayth the best that y kan se;  
Goo playn to hyr also.  
The freyr out of the hegge went,  
All to-ragged and to-rent,  
To-torne on every syde.  
He had not léft an holle clowte,  
Wherwith to hyde hys body abowte;  
Hys armes heng full syde.  
Whan he come to hys oste,  
Off hys journey mad he no boste,  
He was both torne and talle;  
Mykyl sorowe in hert he had;  
Full sore of hym they wer adrad,

Whan he come into the halle.  
The good wyffe sayd, Wer hast thou be?  
Yn schrewyd plas, as thynkys me,  
Hyt semyth be thyne aray.  
The freyr sayd, Y have be with thi sone;  
The devell of helle hym overcome,  
For certes y ne may.  
Soon after com hom the good man;  
Be God, sayd the wyffe than,  
Her is a schrewed aray!  
Thy sone, that is the lyffe and deyre,  
Had all-most slayn this swet freyr,  
Alas! alas! a welle away!  
The good mane sayd, Benedycyte!  
What hath the boy do to the?  
Tell me, without stryffe.  
Ser, he sayd, be Seynt Jame,  
Y have dawnsyd in the devyls name,  
Tyll y had ny loste my lyff!  
The good mane sayd to hym tho,  
Yff thou had lost thy lyff so,  
Thou had be in gret syne.  
Ser, sayd the freyr, sekerly,  
Methowȝt he pyped so meryly,  
That y cowde never blyne.  
The good man sayd,—So mot y thee,  
Than is that a mery glee,

And ellys thou war to blame ;  
That pype, he sayd, woll y here.  
So wolle not y, quod the freyere,  
Be God and be Seynt Jame !  
Afterward, whan it was nyȝt,  
Hom come the boy full ryȝt,  
As he was wont to done ;  
Whan he com into the hall,  
Anone hys fader gane hyme call,  
And sayd, Hydyr com thou, sone.  
Boy, he sayd, now thou art here,  
What hast thou done to thys freyr ?  
Tell me without lessyng.  
Fadyr, he sayd, yn good fay,  
Y dyd ryȝt noȝt to hym to day,  
But pyped hym a spryng ;  
Boy, that pype wyll y here :  
So wyll not y, quod the freyr,  
For that wer hevy tydyng.  
The good man sayd, ȝys, be Godes grace.  
The freyr sayd, alas ! alas !  
And handes began to wryng.  
For Gods love, sayd the freyr,  
Yff ȝe wyll thys pype here,  
Bynd me one to a poste.  
Y-wys y kan no beter rede,  
Well y wot y schall be dede,

My lyff is ny-hand loste.  
Ropys anon they toke in hond,  
The freyr to the post they bond,  
That stod in the mydes of the halle.  
All they that at the soper sate  
Low3, and had good game ther ate,  
And sayd, the freyr myzt not fall.  
Than bespake the good mane,  
And to hys sone sayd he thanne,  
Pype on whan thou wylt.  
All redy, fadyr, sayd he ;  
3e schall her of my gle,  
Y wyll geve yowe a fytt.  
As sone as ever the pype went,  
Then myzt no man hymselfe stent,  
But began to dawnce and lepe.  
They that gan the pype here,  
Myght not hemselfe stere,  
But hurled upone an hepe.  
Than they that at soper sate,  
Over the tabull 3ede som under crape,  
And sterte up in that stond.  
They that sat upon the forme,  
Had no tyme for to torne,  
But war bore downe to the ground.  
The good man wex in dyspayr,  
And lyztly he lept out of hys chare,

And with a full good chere ;  
Som in fayth lepe over the stoke,  
And brake her schynys azens the bloke,  
And som fell yn the fyere.  
Than com in the good wyff behynd,  
Sche began to lepe and to wynd,  
And fast began to schake.  
Whan sche lokyd one lytell Jake,  
And hyr neybors to hyr spake,  
Hyr ars began to crake :  
The freyr was all-moste loste,  
He knokyd hys hed azen the post,  
He had no beter grace.  
The ropys robyd away the skyne,  
That the blode ran to hys chyne,  
In many a dyverys place.  
Than whent the boy pypyng in the stret,  
And after hym hurlyd all the hepe,  
They coud not hemselfe stynt :  
They went out at the dor so thyke,  
That eche man fell in otherys neke,—  
So wyghtly out they wente.  
Than the men that dwelyd therby,  
They herd the pype sekyrly,  
In setes wher they sette.  
Som in fayth lepe over the hache,  
They had no tyme to seche the lache,

For they were loth to lette.  
Than they, that in here bedys lay,  
Stert up lyztly, as y zow say,  
Both las and more.  
Ynto the strete to the play  
Anone they toke the ryzt way,  
As nakyd as they wer bore ;  
Whan they were gaderyd all abowt,  
Than was ther a fulle grete rowte  
In the mydys of the strete :  
They that wer lam and myzt not goo,  
zete they hopyd abowte also  
On her hondys and fete.  
The boys fader sayd, it is tyme to reste ;  
All redy, fader, y hold that for the beste,  
With a full good chere.  
Make an end whan thou wylt ;  
In fayth it is the beste fyte,  
That y herd thys vij. yere.  
Whan the pype went no more,  
Than wer they all amarvelyd sore  
Off ther governaunce.  
By sente Mary, sayd some,  
Wher ys all thys myrthe become,  
That mad us thus to dawnce ?  
Thus every man mad good cher ;  
Save the good wyff and the freyr,—

They wer all dyssmayd.  
Whether it be good or yll,  
They that have not her wylle,  
They wyll not hold them payd.  
Hyt ys every good wyffys wone,  
For to love hyr husbondes sone,  
Yn well and eke yn woo;  
In olde termys it is fownd,  
He that lovythe me lovythe my hound,  
And my servaunt also.  
So schuld every good chyld  
Be to hys moder meke and myld,  
Be good in every degré.  
All womene that love her husbondes sone,  
Yn hevyn blys schall be her wone;  
Amen, Amen, for charyté!

## VIII.

As I stod in a ryalle haulle,  
Where lordys and ladys were byd to syt,  
A loufly letter one a walle,  
A word of wysdome I sawe wryt;  
This word ys in my hert i-knyt;  
To lern this lessone who soo hath wylle,

Where ewyre thou goo, stond, or sytt,  
Ewyre say wylle, or hold the styll.  
Say wylle, or keppe thi word in store,  
For speche was never soo well aspayd,  
Nor never soo monné lyvis i-lore,  
Throw wordys that hath byn myssayd.  
Now wysly, mane, thi wordis dewyd;  
Be-war whom thou spekyst hylle;  
Yf thou most nedys the sowth to hyde,  
3eyt say wylle, or hold the styлле.  
For soothe may not alle day be sayd,  
Among soo mony as raynnyt nowe;  
Yff som of the sothe be well apayd,  
3et some wylle not the sowthe alowe:  
And hard hit is ewyré word to awowe,  
Though hit be never of soo gret a skylle,  
Therefore I rede yow for youre prowé,  
Evyre say wylle, or hold yow styлле.  
Where-evyre thou fall in company,  
Att churché, at chepyng, or at nale,  
Awyse the welle who syttys the by,  
Lest he wylle repport thi talle,  
And dysschalndure the after to gret and smalle,  
Thy good los with his spyche to spylle.  
Evyllé tongys brwys myche balle;  
Therefore say wylle, or hold the styлле.

Evyre say wylle, for lowfe or drede,  
And chast thi tong with wyt and charryté,  
And say be thi ney3theboure, yf he have nede,  
Ry3t as thou woldyst he sayd be the.  
Among alle thingis thow3t ys fre ;  
Hold thiself abowff the hyll ;  
In rest and eyse yf thou wyll be :  
And evyre say wylle, or hold the style.  
Roule thi tong for lowf or hate,  
Be noo parttys none evylle thou say,  
Nor thowth men be now at the batte,  
Thay may be frendys anodyre day.  
And for thi tale thou mayst bere the blame away,  
Of every syde with gram and grille :  
Thanne thei wyll the ly3tly afray,—  
Therefor say wylle, or hold the style.  
Say welle, and thynke one yooth and eld,  
Frow God may nothing be hyde nore loke ;  
But think one the rekenyng that thou schalt 3eyld,  
Off every ydylle word that thou hast spoke,  
Les and more hole and brouk,  
Thay schalle be wryttyne in a bylle ;  
Lest God one the wylle be awroke,  
Evyre say wylle, oore hold the style.  
For off all that God hath wro3t,  
Spyshe ys com of a speschalle grace ;

A best hath a mothe, but he spekkyt noȝt,  
Of God we have that fayre purches ;  
Now spend welle thi spyche, wyl thou hast space,  
One truthe let ever thi tong tryle ;  
Thow schalt a-se the day pas ;  
Thow wolddyst fayn spek, when thou schalt be styll.  
At domys-day when God schalt syt  
On the rowd, as he was tak,  
With speche we schalle be damnd or quyt,  
There schalle no man ther mastré mak ;  
Then I hope owre sorrow schalle aslake,  
When all stondyt evyn, both dale and hyle ;  
A sinfulle man wylle sorrow may mak,  
When God schalle speke, and man be style.  
Noue God geyf us grace ouer speche to spend,  
Soo that we may, withouttyne nay,  
All that ever we have myssayd amend,  
Or that we com to that dredfulle day,  
Whan God schal sit and his armis dyssplay,  
Gabrelle schalle bloo both brymne and scrylle ;  
Then helpp us He that best may,  
To heywyn wynd, and ther abyd style.

Amen, etc.

## IX.

HERE begynnyth a schorte tretice for a mane to knowe wyche tyme of the ȝere hit is best to graffe or to plante treys, and also to make a tre to bere o manere frute of dyverys colourys and odowrys, with many othere thyngys.

Whenne the mone is in Tauro hit is good to plante treys of pepyns, and whenne hit is in Cancro, in Leone, or in Libra, thanne hit is good to werche in treys that be new spronge: and whenne the mone is in Virgine, hit is good tyme to sowe alle maner thynges, for fro the myddys of Januarie, Septembyre into the myddys of Decembyre, and than is opyne tyme of plantynge and ryȝt . . . . . ddys of Januarie into the . . . . he but in thys tyme is . . . . . the mone is v. vj. vij. viij. or ix. days old byfor the fulle of the mone. Also, after the fulle of the mone, whenne hit is xxj. xxij. xxij. xxiiij. or xxv. days old; for in thyys quarterys the conjunccon is moste temperate.

Also to remeve treys fro place to place: ȝiff it be a grete tre, or a tre that berythe the frute, chese the a fülle mone fro the myddys of Octobyre into the myddys of Decembyre, takynge up the rotys as hole as thou mayste, and leve of his howne erthe styлле abowte the

rote as myche as thou mayste, and hit is not . . . . .  
 se tho the mone be not . . . . . lle so hit be in the  
 secund . . . . . quarter. This governance is in  
 plantyng and kepyng, and maketh dowbelyng beryng  
 of frute. There is moste connabylle tyme for sedys,  
 graynys, and pepyns, and Autumpe for spryngys, and  
 plantys, that one tre may bere dyvers frutys, and dyvers  
 colourys and dyvers savorys.

In the fyrste 3ere, graffe in dyvers branchys of a  
 cheri tre dyvers graffys to thy lykyng, and leve some  
 of thy branchys ungraffyd; the secund 3ere, make holys  
 thorow the chery tree, and drawe thorow an hole a  
 vyne branche, and schave away the utter rynd, so that  
 hyt fylle the hole, and let hyt stond so a 3ere, and than  
 kut away the rotys, and of the vyne, and wrappe hit  
 abowte welle with temperat erthe, and wynd hyt welle  
 with lynnyn clothe, and the same maner thro3e anothere  
 hole of a rede rosere branche.

For to have frute of dyvers colourys, thou schalt  
 make an hole in a tre ny3e the rote, evene to the pythe  
 of the tre, and than do therein good asure of Almayne,  
 so hyt be ny3e fulle, and stope the hole welle with a  
 schort pyne, and wrap hit welle with temperat erthe,  
 and wynd hit welle, as thou doste a graffe, and that  
 frute schalbe of blewe colour, and so hit may be do of  
 a vyne, and this may be do with alle manere colourys.

Iff thou wylt that thy appyllys be rede, take a graff of an appyltre, and ympe hit opone a stoke of an elme or an eldre, and hit schalbe rede appylles. Also Master Richard saythe, to do the same thyngge, make an hole with a wymbulle, and what colour that thou wylt dystemper with water, and put hit in at the hole, the frute schalbe the same colour. And wytt welle every tre that is plantyd and set in the erthe one the feste of Seynt Lambarte schalle not be perichyd that zere. Iff thou wylt make a tre to bere as myche frute as ever he dyd byfore, dystemper scamony welle with water, and put in an hole that is perichyd to the pyth of a tre, and stope the hole with a pynne that is made of the same tre, and hit schalle bere as welle as ever hit dyd.

For to make an old tre that begynnyth to wex drye to quykyne azene. Aristotille tellyth in the Boke of Plantes, the erthe that is abowte the rotys most be do away. And thenne chese ij. or iij. of the gretter rotys, and cleve hem with a ax, and dryve a wegge of tymbyre in the clevynge, and kever the rotes azene with the same erthe.

Also frute that is sowre, for to make hit swete. Aristotille seyth, in the Boke of Plantes, the tre schalbe bedolvyne abowte, and dongyd with pygges dongge. Also make a hole with a wymbylle, and put therein water y-medyllyd with hony, and stope the hole azene

with a pyne of the same tre, and loke the hole passe not the pythe of the tre.

Also that a perle, or a precius stone, or a ferthyng, or any othere maner thyng be fownd in an appylle. Take a appulle, or a pere, after hit is flowryd, and sumwhat waxyne, and thrust in hard at the buddes end wych thou wolte one of thyes thynges aforesayde, and let hit growe, and marke welle the appulle that thou dyd put in the thyng what ever hit be.

Also hit is sayde there schalbe no tre perischyde that is plantyd in thys maner. Take and put a welowe stoke in a forowe y-made in the erthe for the nonys, and lett hym growe then above; one the upper syde make holys evene longe, as many as thou wylt, in the wyche clyftes put smalle branchis of the mulbery tre, or of othere, the wych most be kut in maner of a wegge, that the plantynge may stond juste in the clyftes, and stope the clyftes be-syde, and so put all the stoke of the welow under the forowe, that hit be hid under the erthe, the wych if thou wylt after the fyrst zere is paste or the secund, depart hit one sondyre, or thou mayste kut hit with a sawe betwene the zonge branchis asondere, and so plante hem in dyvers placis.

Also yf a peche tre begynne to dry, let hym be welle moystyd with donge. And Paladys seythe hit is best dongyng with dreggys of wyne, and that same dongyng

kepyth hym fro schedyng of hys frute : and some othyre sayne that the beste donge of hym is that he be moystyd with water of the sethyng of benys ; and yf the pechys begynne to falle, cleve the rotes with an ax, and in the clyft dryve a wegge mayd of a pynsapylle tre, or ellys make holys with a wymbulle, and make pynnys of welow, and smyte heme in fast with a maylet of tre, and than wolle the frute abyde thereon.

Iff an appulle tre begyne to rote, or yf the appulles wax rotyne, thanne hit is a-seyne that the barke of the tre is syke, therefore kut hit with a knyffe, and lett hyt be opynynd, and when the humerus thereof sumwhat be flown owte, lett dong hym welle, and stoppe azene the opynyng with towze clay.

Iff thou wolt that in the stone of a peche appulle be fownd a nott kyrnelle, graffe a sprynge of a peche tre one the stoke of a nott tre. Also a peche tre schalle brynge forthe pomegarnardys, if hit be spronge oft tymys with gotys mylke iij. days, when hit begynnyth to flower. Also the appullys of a peche tre schalle wex rede, yff his syone be graffyd one a playne tre. Alle the same graffying may be understand of an grysmolle tre ; that is better than a peche.

Iff wormys wex in a tre, take askys that be medelyd with oyle, olyve, or myrre, and that schalle sle hem. And therto also is good to stryke the tre with myxture

made with ij. partys of ox pysse, and the third part of cley.

The quynce tre wold be remevyd every fourthe 3ere, alle the whyle that hit is abyлле to be plantyd, and that schalle make hym to bere grete plenté of frute. Also hit is good for alle maner treys, that whenne a bowe is kutte away, that the place there as the bowe is kutt, that hit be hyllyd with a plaster of erthe, for to defend wedyrs and waterys sokyng therein. Et-c. Amen.

To make cheris to growe withowte stonys. Cleve a 3onge schote of a 3onge cherytré that is a spanne longe or ij. fro the toppe evene downe to the rote, but let hym stond styлле on the stalke, and thanne drawe owte the pyth one every syd with some maner of iryne, and anone joyne every perty togedyre, and bynd hem welle, and donge hem welle with clay one every syd fro the toppe to the rotte, and when a 3ere is paste there hys wond is, sowde a graffe in the same stoke a syone that never bare frute, and thereon schalle growe cherys withoute ony stonys. Also a grape to growe withowte pepyns, whenne the pythe of the vyne is take owte. Also of alle othyre y-lyke.

Iff thou wolt have many rosys in thy herbere, thou schalte take a hard pepyne of the same rose that be ryzt rype, and sawe heme in the erthe in Fever3ere or in Marche, and whenne they spryngyne, dewe heme

welle with water, and after that thou mayste transpose hem eythere frome othere, etc.

Also, he that wylle have rosys tymely to blowe, dewe heme abowte the space of ij. hand-brede, and moyste her syons oft tymys with hoothe water.

### X.

*Here begynnyth the crafte of lymnyng of bokys; who so kane wyely considere the nature of his colours, and kyndely make his commixtions with naturalle proportions, and mentalle indagacions connectynge fro dyvers recepcions by resone of theyre naturys, he schalle make curius colourys, etc.*

To temper vermelone to wryte therewith. Grynde vermelone one a stone with newe glayre, and put a lytylle of the zolke of an ay thereto, and so wryte therewith; and if thou wylle temper it to floryche with bokys, take and grynde hit smalle, and temper hyt with gum water.

To temper asure, grynd hit one a stone, with the thyrdyndele of gume and twyse so mych of water.

To temper roset, grynd hit one a stone, with as myche gume and also myche water as of rosytt.

To temper ceruse, grynd hit one a stone with water and gume.

To temper rede lede, medylle hyt wyth gleyre of ane egge, and temper hit in a schelle with thy fyngere.

To make grene coloure, take the juce of wortys and vetegrece, and medylle heme welle togedyre, and thou schalt have a good grene.

To temper turnnesole, wete hit in watere of gume, and chaufe hit in thy hond.

A false asure and dede. Take ceruse and rosyne, and medylle heme togedyre.

To make asure to schyne bryzt. Take byralle, and grynd hit with gleyre, and glase above with a penselle.

For an incarnacion, take sable and saffrone, and rede lede, and medylle heme welle togedyre, &c.

To make a cyse to gyld unburned gold one bokys. Take chalke and a lytylle saffrone, and gleyre, and grynd hem togedyre a longe tyme one a stone, tylle hit be somdele tacchyng, and thanne put hit into ane horne, and if hit be nede, alay hit with water, and so worke therewith. Also take bule and ceruse, and gleyre, and saffrone, or the same manere take the scrapynge of ymages that be olde.

To temper asure fyne, take asure, and put hit in a horne, and put thereto gume and watere halfe one halfe, othere more or lesse, if hit be nede; and take a lytylle styke, and stampe hem welle togedyre to hit be evene medelyd, and thanne wryte therewith.

Also yf thou temper asure in a schelle, put a lytylle asure into a schelle, and gum water, and rub hit faste togedyre with thyne fyngere, and thenne worche hit as thou wolt, with a penselle.

Iff vermelone be blake and bade, grynde hit welle one a stone alle drye, and thanne put hit into a pece of sylver, and wasche hit welle with clene water ij. or iij. tyme, and thanne poure owte the water therefro, and make a pytt in a clene chalke stone, and cast in that pytt alle thy vermelone, and let hit stonde so a whyle to hit be rede; and thanne grynd hit eft-sone one a stone, and thanne ley hit obrode one a skyne of parchement to dry in the sonne; and whenne thou wylle, temper hit to wryte with. Take the rynde of a walnot tre, and schere hit smalle in the gleyre of egges, and let hit stond so a whyle, and than temper therewith thy vermelone withowte ony more gryndynge.

To temper rosette, put hit into a schelle with gleyre that is newe made thereto, tylle hit be welle y-scorpyd, and thenne amenge hit with thy fyngere, and so worche there with.

To make a false asure, take a lytylle asure and a lytylle seruse, and grynd hem togedyre with gume and water, and temper hit uppe in a schelle.

To make a false roset. Do as thou dyd with the asure in alle wyse.

To make seruse, take seruse gum and water, and grynd hem togedyre, and temper hit uppe in a schelle, and wryte therewith whyelle that hit is new.

To temper a good grene: take good vertgrese, and a lytelle argule and saffrone, and grynd heme welle togedyre with wyne or with venegré or ale, or the juce of a appulle, tylle hit be grene y-noze; and if hit be to derke, take more saffrone, and iff hit be to zelowe, take more vertegrece, and put hit in a schelle, and wryte therewith.

To temper rede lede. Do rede lede into a schelle, and put newe gleyre thereto, and temper hit with thy fyngere, and worche hit.

To temper turnesole; lay a lytelfe pece in thyne hond, and put thereto newe gleyre, and temper hit oft in the pawme of thyne hond, and wrynge hit into a schelle, and so worch therewith.

To make a fyne blake, take a clene pece of brasse, or a basyne, and hold hit overe a brynynge candelle of roseyne, to the fyre have congeyld blacke on the brase or one the basyne; and whenne there is inoze thereone, ley hit downe to hit be cold, and thanne wyppe hit of with a fethyre opone a clene stone, and grynd hit with gume and water; than put hit in a schelle, and worche hit. Also thou mayste wete thy basyn with good ale or thy pece of brasse, and hold hit overe the candelle;

and do as thou dydyste ere; thanne thou schalt have fyne blacke.

To temper ockere, grynd hit with gume and water, and if thou wylle do a lytylle whyte thereto, do hit in a schelle and worche hit.

To visage coloure; take fyne blake and saffrone, and grynd hit togedyre, and putt hit into a schelle and worche therewith.

To make ane incarnacione; take whyte and a lytelle rede, and temper heme togedyre, and worche hit so.

To temper brasylle good to newe with; schave thy brasylle smalle into a clene veselle, and do gleyre thereto, and so let hit stepe longe tyme togedyre, and when hit is stept y-noze, worche therewith.

To make gume; take the whyte of xx. egges, and make clere gleyre of heme, and thanne take a bledder of a beste that is newe slayne, and put therein thy gleyre, and knyt faste the bladdere, and honge hit in the sonne or overe the fyre in the smoke xl. days, and thanne hast thou good gum for alle inckys.

Asure in anothere manere; take stronge venegré, and wasshe thyne asure therewith ij. or iij. tymys, as longe as thou fyndys ony fylthe above the venegré, and whanne thou fyndys thyne asure alle blewe y-noze, powre owte the venegré clene, and if the asure be alle grete of grayne, temper hit with the water of gume,

and the lengere hit stondeth y-tempered, the better hit wol be.

Grene for bokys; grynde welle j. li. of vertgrece on a stone, and put thereto a chyde of saffrone in the gryndyng thereof, or more, and hit nede, to thou se hit be grene y-noze, and thanne temper hit uppe with the juce of a rotyne appylle strayned thorowe a clene clothe, and let it stond so ij. days in an horne withowte ony straynyng; and whanne thou wolte worche there with, take of the clereste that hovyzte above, and there thou schalt fynde a goode grene for alle maner thynges, and medelle the juce of the appulle with a lytelle gume water.

To make tornesole in anothere manere: take gum water, and put hit into a schelle of an oystere; then take a pece of tornesole, and ley hit in the water of gum, and let hit ly awhyle therein, and then wrynge it throze a clothe to thou se the water be welle colouryd, and than floryche bokys therewith that have rede letterys.

To make brasyle to flourychen letterys, or to reule with bokys; take braysyle, and scrape hit smale with a knyfe, and putt thereto a lytelle gleyre, and a lytelle powder of alom glasse, and let hit stond so alle a day, and thanne streyne the juce therefro throze a lynnene clothe, and rule bokys therewith.

To temper seruse. Grynd hit smalle one a stone with gum water, and so worche therewith.

Iff thou wylt preve asure bice, if hit be good or badde, take a penselle or a penne, and drawe smale rulys on blew letteris with the seruse, and if thi seruse be not clere and bryzte and wyte, but fade and dede, than is the asure-bice not good ne fyne.

How thou schalte make cenopere: take v. galonis of old urine, and do sethe hit overe the fyre to hit be clere and welle y-stomyd, and than let hit kele to hit be lewke-warme; and than take j. li. lake, and breke hit smale, and serse hit into powdere, and put that powdere into the uryne by lytelle and lytelle, and alwey stere hit welle, and than eft-sone set hit one the fyre to hit boyle, and than strayne hit throze a bagge of canvas, so that alle the drastys byleve thereine, and thanne eft-sone set hit on the fyre to hit boyle, and in the boylynge put therein iij. unce of alome glasse made into powdere, and alwey stere hit, and whanne hit hathe sodyne awhyle, take hit fro the fyre and thanne take j. unce, and j. di. of alome glas molte into clere water, and sprynge of that water alle abowte, and that schalle gadere alle thy mater togedyre, and than streyne hit throze a smale bagge of lynnyn clothe, and of the substance that levythe in the bagge after the straynyng make smalle ballys thereof, as hit were hasylle nottes,

and let hem dry withowte ony sonne or wynd, and than take j. li. of turbentyne, and j. li. of frankencens, and melte hem togedyre, and put thereto oyle of lynsede, as myche as nedythe; and thus thou schalt asay iff hit be welle molte togedyre, take a drop or ij. of clere water, and sprynge hit thereinne; and than take a lytelle thereof bytwene thy fyngyrs, and if hit be holdynge togedere as gum-wex, than hit is good and fyne, and if it do not so, put thereto more oyle to hit be holdynge as wex, and than let hit kele, for hit is made welle.

To make aurum misticum:—take a vyele of glas, and lute hit welle, or elles a longe erthyne potte; and take j. li. of salle armoniac, j. li. of sulphere, j. li. of mercury crude, j. li. of tynne: melt thyne tynne, and than caste thy mercury therein, and so alle the othere by-foreseyde; and grynd all thyes togedyre opone a stone, and thanne put alle thyes togedyre into a vyole, or into ane erthyne pote, and stoppe alle the mowthe thereof, safe only a lytelle hole, as a spowte of a pauper or of perchemyne may be set thereinne; and than set hit overe the fyre in a furneyse, but furst make an esy fyre, and afterward a good fyre the space of xxiiij. howrys, to thou se no more brethe come owte of the glas, and than take hit fro the fyre, and breke the glasse.

To make a good grene. Take j. li. of limayle of

coper, and ij. li. of unsleked lyme, and a galone of venegre, and put thyes in an erthyne potte, and stoppe faste the mowth thereof that none eyre come therein, save a lytelle hole above, and so let hit stonde in the erthe, or in a donge hille, iiij. monthys.

To make letterys of gold ; fyrste make clere glayre, and afterward take whytte chalke that is dry, and of the ryngynge of thyne egges, and grynd hem togedyre alle one a stone the space of ij. owrys, and thanne put thereto a lytelle saffrone, but loke that thy coloure be not to zelowe, and loke there come no water thereto but gleyre bothe in the gryndynge and in the temperyng, and let hem stonde so iiij. or iiij. days ; but if hit be temperyd with old gleyre, thou mayst worche therewith anone, and if hit be newe gleyre, let hit stond iiij. or iiij. days, and thanne make letterys therewith, and let hit ly to dry alle a day ; and be well ware that thou handelle hit noȝte with thyne hondys, whanne hit is dry, for if thou do, hit wylle take no golde ; and whenne thy letter is fully dry, take the tothe of a bore or of an hogge, and take uppe thy gold with a penselle in thi lefte hond, and ley hyt one the letter, and lett thy left hond go byfore thy ryȝte, and with thy ryȝte hond do rub one thy gold with the tothe of the bore, and thou schalt se fayre letterys. And if thou wolle make letterys one a borde, ley thy

syse as thynne thereone as thou mayste, and do alle the remanant as is seyde before.

To make whyte lede; take platys, and make in everyche of hem ane hole in the one ende, and hange hem one a stafe, as thou woldyste hange sprottes, so that no plate towch othere, and thanne in a tunne or in a barelle put venegre or eyselle, and honge the platys there overe, and stoppe faste the mowthe of the vesselle that none eyre come in ne owte, and let hit stonde so vj. wekys, and, after the vj. wekys, opyne the vesselle softly, and take uppe the platys esely, and schave of the whytte that is one heme uppone a clene borde, and whanne thou wolt worche therewith, grynd hit welle, and temper hit with gleyre of hogges, or with gum water, but that is not so good as is the gleyre.

To make rede lede. Take iij. or iiij. pottes of erthe more than a foote longe, and lett the pottes be over alle a-lych myche fro the bothum to the mowthe, and than take whytte lede, and put hit to heche potte a goode quantité, and thanne sett thy pottes alonge in an ovyne made therefore, every potte bysyde othere, and lette the mowthys of the pottes ly a party owt of the ovyns mowthe, and than make a good fyre, to the pottes be welle hote, and than take owte one of the pottys, and hyld owte that is thereinne on a stone, and grynd hit faste alle hoote a good cowrse with venegre,

and than put hit into the potte azene, and ley hit in the ovyne as hit was byfore; and so take eche after othere as thou dydeste byfore, to thou se the lede turne into a fayre rede and a fyne at thy lykyng, but loke thou sese not of gryndyng of the lede with venegre, ne of bakynge, to thou have do, for thys making is perfytte.

To temper rede lede: grynd hit as thou doste vermelone, and wesshe hyt, and dry hit, and so in al wysse do as here is sayde before, and thou schalt do welle.

To wryte on a swerd or one a knyfe; take the powder of alome glas, and salle gemme, and temper hit with olde uryne, &c.

To dy grene threde; fyrste do woode hit, and than take the lye of woode asschys, and take woode, and cut hit in to a lytylle porcione of vertegrece, and a quantité of blake sope, and put hit to the threde, and so sethe hem togedyre, and hyt wolbe fyne.

To sowde; take boras, and sethe hit in water, and wete thy thyng therewith.

To make sowder of tynne; take v. partys of pece sylvere, and of latone, and do medylle hit togedyre with a lytelle boras.

To make coralle; take harttes hornnys, and madere ane handfulle or more, and sethe hit to hit be as nesshe as glew.

To dy selke.—To dy rede sylke; take brasylle, and schave hit smalle, and boyle hit in the water of a marle pytte; the lengere that hit boilythe, the better hit is.

To make zelowe water; take woode and stronge lye, and sethe hem togedyre, and put thereto a lytelle alome glas whyle hit boyleth, and whanne hit is sodyne ynoze, put owte the water frome the woode.

To make blewe water; temper the flowre of the woode fatte with lye; the lesse lye, the better wolbe thy blewe.

To make grene water; take blewe and zelowe, and menge hem welle togedyre.

To make towny water; take rede, and lay hyt on zelowe, and let hit dry, and if thi rede be gode, thy towny schalbe myche the bettyr.

To make rede lethyre that is clepyd lysyne; take alome glas, and dissolve hit into water, and in that water wasshe thy lethyre, and let hit dry, and thanne sethe brasylle in stondynge water, and dry hit in the sonne.

To make lynnene clothe zelowe; take wyld woode, and sethe hit in lye, and ley thi clothe thereinne, and anone take hit howte, and ley hit to dry.

To make blewe lethyre; take the juce of brasylle, and of saveyne, and of vertegrese, and let the leste parte be of brasylle, and so worche hit.

To make rede water; take brasylle that flotyn, and put hit into an erthyne potte, with ly made of lyme, that hit be wesshe, and sethe hit to the halvendele; and thanne asay hit, whyle hit is hoote, and thys wolbe a good rede.

To make ly of lyme; take a quantité of hote lyme as hit comythe fro the kylne, and put hit into a vesselle, and put water thereto, and a lytelle alome, and a lytelle swete mylke, and let hit stonde so and crude. Another manere; take the uryne of a manne, sethe hit and scome hit into the braselle chalke, and let hit boyle; thanne set hit fro the fyre, and strayne hit into the chalke stone, and let hit stonde so, for this is good.

To cowche gold; take gleyre and saffrone y-grownd togedyre, and cowche on thy gold whyle it is moyste.

To make a blake water; take gumme galle, and coperose, of eche a pownd, and take a vesselle for eche of thyes, and put to a pownd a galone of water, and let heme stepe so alle a nyȝte; and afterward take a vesselle, and do therein thy galle and thy coperose, and sethe hem to halfe be wastyd, and than put thy gum therein, and set hit downe to that hit be colde.

To make a rede water; take a potelle of rede venegre, and a 3. of brasyle, and iiij. part of a 3. of vermellone, and do hit into an erthyne potte to halfe

be sodyn away, and thanne put thereto an ʒ. of alome glas powdere, and seth hit eft-sone a lytelle, and do worche therewith alle hote.

To make whyte lethyre ; take halfe an unce of whyte coperose, and di. ʒ. of alome and salle-peter the mowntance of the ʒolke of an egge, and yf thou wolle have thy skynne thykke, take of whetmele ij. handfulle, and that is sufficient to a galone of water ; and if thou wolle have thy skynne rynnyng, take of ry mele 2 handfulle, and grynd alle thyes saltes smale, and caste hem into lewke warme water, and let heme melt togedyre, and so alle in ewene warme water put therein thy skynne. And if hit be a velome skynne, lett hit be thereinne 9 days and 9 nyztes, and thanne take hit uppe, and wryng hit into the same water oft, and lett hyt dry in the eyre to hyt be halfe dry, and if hit be a perchement skyne, let hit ly thereinne 4 days and 4 nyztes, and knowe welle that a perchement skynne that is fatt is not beste for this ocupacion, but yf he be thyke, he is the better ; thanne take coperase of the whyttest the quantité of ij. benys for j. skynne, and the ʒolke of j. egge, and breke hit into a dysse, and than put water overe the fyre, and put thereinne thy coperas, and than put thy ʒolke in thy skyne, and rub hit alle abowte, and thanne ley thy skynne in the seyde water, and let hit ly, ut dictum est.

To dy grene threde; do wood hit fyrste, and than take ly of woode asschyne, and take wold, and kyt hit, and a lytelle porcione of vertegrece, and a quantité of blake sope, and put hit into the trede, and sethe heme to-geder.

To make lynnene clothe rede; take alome glas, and brasyle, and sethe heme welle togedyre in welle water, and than do owte the water by hym-selfe into anothere vesselle, and wasshe thy clothe thereinne, and lay hit to dry.

For zelowe; take wyld woode, and sethe hit in lye, and ley thy clothe there in, and anone take hit owte, and ley hit for to dry.

For grene; fyrst wasshe thy clothe in the flowre of woode, and thanne put hyt in zelow juce, and dry hit.

To make rede lassche; Take water of suffloure, alome, glas, and dissolve hit into water, and in that water wasshe thy lethyre, and let hit dry, and sethe brasyle in stondynge water, and anoynte thy lethyre therewith ij. or iij. and let hit dry azense the sonne.

To gyld metalle. Take water of suffloure that is the fyrste leche, and salle armoniac, and grene coperose, and bray heme togedyre in a morter of brasse, and take as myche of the one as of the othere, and putt heme into the water of suffloure, and let hit stonde the space of halfe an owre, and than take the

metalle and make it clene, and ley thy water thereone, and thanne dry hit on wood coole; thanne let hit kele, and bornesshe hit welle.

To gyld irene or stele; fyle thy metalle, and schave hit with a grate cleve, and towche thereone with water of borase, and thanne ley one thy gold, and thanne crache hit, and burnesshe hit, etc.

For scripture; grynd cristalle one a marbylle stone to smalle powdere, and temper hit with the whyte of an egg, and wryte therewith what thou wolte, and let hit dry; and thanne rub thereone with gold, sylver, or coper, and hit schalle apere in scripture.

To wryte in stele;—Take salle armoniac v. d. wyzte, and vytriall 9 d. wyzte, and powdere hem togedyre, and temper hem with pysse thyk as pappe, and take paynterys oyle and vermelone, and melle heme togedyre, and wryte therewith one stele.

Thus 3e schal begyne to make 3our waterys bothe for redys and for crimesynes: 3e schalle fylle your lede fulle of water, and whenne 3e have put inne your branne, whethyr hit be ij. buschylys or iij., and thanne let hit boyle welle: thenne fylle hit uppe with colde water, and whenne thou haste fyllyd up thy lede, bere hit overe into a fatt, and lett hit stond ij. days or iij., tylle hit be rype. Thenne moste 3e bere hit overe into your lede afore or that 3e make ony colours a

goode sawley with the secund parte of water, and thanne let hit be nyȝe at boylynge or ȝe temper or pure your alome; and as sone as ȝe have puryd your alome, caste in your colours that schalbe rede afore a prety whyle, or thy crimesons gyne; and thanne let hem boyle togedyr is a good owre large and more, and kepe the same boylynge to eftesonys, for hit most serve anothere tyme ryȝt welle.

Item, if ȝe wolle make fyne redys, ȝe moste take to a dosyne iij. pownd of alome, and to crimesons the same, whenne ȝe boyle hem, and thanne schalle ȝe make fayre colours and lusty in theyre maderynge in warantise.

Item, at your maderynge ȝe schalle take of the same wateris that ȝe made, and bere hem overe into your lede as myche as ȝe seme wolle serve ȝow; if ȝe have noȝte y-noȝe, take a kowlle fulle, or ij. or iij., or as mony as ȝe seme wolle serve ȝow; thenne let hit be but mylke-warme, whenne thou doyste in thy madere: when the madere is in flotte, breke hit smalle that there be no ballys, for to every ȝerde ȝe moste take a pownd of madere. And among hem caste in thy redys that thou wolt have, and thanne make a good fyre ondere thy lede, and loke ever that thou handylle thy clothe that is in the lede tylle that the flote that is in the lede begynne to sethe. And ever thanne amonge, whyle that ȝe handylle, take uppe a parte, and loke

thereonne; and whenne 3e seme that hit is welle, take hit uppe, and when hit is uppe, cole hit welle opone a rayle to hit be cold; thanne moste 3e make a masterynge therefore.

Item, for the masterynge, 3e moste cast owte 3owre olde flote of 3owre maderynge, and make a newe flote for 3our masterynge of clene water in your lede competently as wolle serve 3ow, and whenne hit is more than schalde-hote, drowe owte 3our fyre clene, and thanne caste in 3our aschys in the lede, yf 3e wolle make a rowe masterynge. If hit be so that 3e wolle have a fre masterynge, caste heme in a fatte besyde, and temper hit with the same lycoure in 3our lede iij. tymes or iiij., tylle that 3our lye be stronge, and let hit pyche welle tylle hit be clere: thanne caste the lye into the lede afore the clothe, and stere hit welle togeder with a staffe; and thanne caste in thy clothe to masterynge, and handelle hyt welle with a staffe a good while or thou take hit up, and than by the grace of God 3e schalle have good redys and fyne: yf hit be so that 3e wolle have 3owe masteryng, 3e moste breke up the aschys welle with the flote afore or 3e cast in 3our clothe, and thanne handylle hit welle with a staffe abowte; and when hit is masteryd, take hit up and wasche hit clene oute of the ayschys, as 3e kanne, and so owte of boylynge, and also of the maderynge, &c.

Item, for crymsons, hit may not have halfe so meche mader as rede hathe, for hit moste be but lytylle y-maderyd, but halfe as meche as rede hathe of madyre crymson 3e schalle geve, for after hit is y-maderyd, 3e moste korke hit, for the korke is a settynge up, and a masterynge, for if 3e wolle korky crymsons, 3e moste, after 3e have maderid hit, let make a new flote of clene water, and whenne hit is alle-moste at boylynge, caste in 3our corke, and thenne after 3our clothe, and so let hit boyle welle to-gederys a good longe whyle or 3e take hit up, and so, by Godes grace, 3e schalle make fayre crymsons and good.

Item, as for vyolettys withowte wode, 3e moste make a kynd blake flote, for to browne heme welle therein of aldyre ryndys, and of clene water, and boyle heme welle to-gedire, and so lett hit stond iij. days or iiij., and thanne 3our flote is made fore 3our sangweyns, and also for 3our violettes, and 3our violettes saddere thanne 3our morreys: and thanne 3e moste weysche heme oute of that; thanne 3e moste make 3our flote fore 3our maderyng for 3our violettes, and 3our morreys; and to a dosyne of violettes viij. pownd of madyre, and to a dosyn off morreys vj. li., and loke 3e madere heme as 3e do 3our redys, and in lyke wyse madere hem, and mastry heme, and thenne wesch heme oute clene thereof, and so 3our colouris beth y-made everyche in her perty, as they schold be one warantyse.

Item, yf 3e wolle make crymsons withowte corke in clothe or wolle, 3e most browne heme in blake flote afore the sadnese of 1 d. ob. in the same blake flote, and after that 3e have browned hem so aftere the valour, 3e moste a lytille wode hit opone in the sprynge of the fatte, and thanne 3e moste a lytille mader hit uppone, and thanne 3our crymsons beth y-made in warantyse withowte fayle.

Item, yf 3e wolle make 3our lystes blewe with-owte wode, 3e moste a lytille browne hit afore owte of the whytte, that the whitte be turned fro knowlyche, and woolle the same; thanne 3e moste wasche hit owte clene thereoff, and 3e moste korke hyt welle, and that hit have korke y-no3e; and whanne 3e have korkyd hyt, 3e moste wasche hit clene, and thanne 3e schalle have a fayre blewe withowte fayle, &c.

## NOTES.

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*Page 3, l. 14. Let be thy care.* The phrase *let be* has been thought by Steevens worthy of a long note. It is of constant occurrence in early English. So in the romance of the *Sowdane of Babyloyne*, Middlehill MS.,—

Speke we now of sir Laban,  
And *let* Charles and Gy *be*.

*Page 4, l. 8. The dore of whallus bone.* The ivory which was made of the teeth of the walrus, is constantly alluded to as *whale's bone*, and instances of the phrase are all but innumerable. It seems also that ivory was so called long after that made from elephant's teeth was in common use. "As white as whale's bone" was the usual simile. "His wyfe as white as whales bone", *Syr Isenbras*. "A mayden as white as whales bone", *Syr Eglamoure*. "Her skin was white as whales bone or milk," Hawes' *Pastime of Pleasure*. In Skelton's *Garlande of Laurell*, Works, ed. Dyce, i. 380, is a passage which may be compared with that in the text:—

With turkis and grossolitis enpavyd was the grounde;  
Of birrall enbosid wer the pyllers rownde;  
Of elephantis tethe were the palace gatis,  
Enlosenged with many goodly platis  
Of golde, entachid with many a precyous stone;  
An hundred steppis mountyng to the halle,  
One of jasper, another of whalis bone.

It will be observed, that elephant's teeth, as well as whales' bone, are mentioned in the above extract.

Page 4, l. 20. *Noneste*. This is a form of *nonce*.

Page 6, l. 17. *Heire*. An early provincial form of *year*.

The manuscript possesses several of these uncouth forms, the explanations of which will be readily gathered from the context.

Page 8, l. 8. *Glowys*. That is, gloves. Shortly afterwards we have *cayey* for *coy*, a very corrupt form of the word.

Page 9. *Word* for *world*. Common in this manuscript.

Page 10, l. 16. *Cowrs*. That is, curse.

Page 12. The reader is referred, for information respecting the subject of the poem here printed, to the learned observations of Mr. Wright in his edition of *Walter Mapes*, pp. 95, 322. The present appears to be a closer version of the Latin of Mapes than those which are printed by Mr. Wright, with introductory and concluding stanzas not elsewhere found. It is also curious as attributing the vision to be that of a French hermit, who "be name was cleypyd Philberte", a statement which has only hitherto been discovered in a MS. at Vienna, in which there is a copy of the Latin poem, with eight lines prefixed that contain the same account. He is there likewise described as a king's son, *filius regalis*. The lines themselves are printed in Mr. Wright's *Mapes*, p. 95.

Page 16, l. 10. *Thy hale is now of vij. feet*. *Hale*, that is, hall. The Latin is merely,—*vix nunc tuus tumulus septem capit pedes*. Mr. Wright quotes a parallel passage from the Saxon Chronicle. See *Mapes*, p. 96, and the well known passage in *Henry IV*, beginning,—  
"When that this body did contain a spirit."

Page 26, l. 21. *Abbay is torned to a grange*. To bring an

abbey to a grange, a common old proverb. So in Skelton's *Colyn Cloute*,—

Howe ye brake the dedes wylles,  
Turne monasteris into water-milles,  
Of an abbay ye make a graunge.

Page 32, l. 23. *To.* That is, two. *Duo dæmones*, Lat.

Page 36, l. 10. *I was a kyngis sone.* This refers, of course, to Philibert, and the whole of this addition is probably translated from some Latin original not now known to be in existence.

Page 39. The poem here printed, of "Earth upon Earth", is the most complete copy known to exist. Other versions, varying considerably from each other, are preserved in MS. Seld. sup. 53; MS. Rawl. C. 307; MS. Rawl. Poet. 32; MS. Lambeth 853; and in the Thornton MS. in Lincoln Cathedral. Portions of it are occasionally found inscribed on the walls of churches.

Page 43. *Bi a forrest.* Another copy of this poem is preserved in MS. Bibl. Publ. Cantab. Ff. v. 48. The present is the most complete version.

Page 44, l. 3. *Rochis* in MS. Raches were scenting hounds, and are frequently mentioned, *e.g.*, in *Arthour and Merlin*, p. 172:—

Thre grehoundes he ledde on hond,  
And thre raches in on bond.

— l. 8. *I loke alowe.* This line is as follows in the Cambridge MS.—"I loke asyde, I lurke fulle lowe".

— l. 10. *So howe! so howe!* This was the hunting cry used when the hare was pursued. It is again mentioned in a somewhat similar poem on the hare printed in Turbervile's *Boke of Hunting*, where the animal thus complains:—

But I, poore beast, whose feeding is not seene,  
 Who breake no hedge, who pill no pleasant plant :  
 Who stroy no fruite, who can turne up no greene,  
 Who spoyle no corne, to make the plowman want :  
 Am yet pursued with hound, horse, might and maine  
 By murdring men, untill they have me slaine.

‘ Sa haw’ sayth one, as soone as he me spies ;  
 Another cryes, ‘ Now, Now,’ that sees me start ;  
 The hounds call on, with hydeous noyse and cryes ;  
 The spurgalde jade must gallop out his part :  
 The horne is blowen, and many a voyce full shryll  
 Do whoupe and cry, me wretched beast to kyll.

*Page 44, l. 25. Soule. “ Mawe”, MS. Cantab.*

*Page 45, l. 11. And as a scrowe sche wyll me thret. “ And  
 as a swyne thei wil me bete”, MS. Cantab. The  
 Cambridge MS. thus concludes:—*

Go bet, Wat, with Crystes curse !  
 The next tyme thou shal be take ;  
 I have a hare-pype in my purse,  
 That shall be set, Watte, for thi sake.  
 The next tyme thou comes therin,  
 Be my trowthe I the behete,  
 Tho thou thorowe the hege ren,  
 Thou shal be hongut be the throte !  
 Thus I droupe, I drede my deth :  
 Alas ! I dye long or my day ;  
 For welle and woo away it gothe,  
 And this word hit wendes away.

*Page 46, l. 13. Eyselle and galle. Eysell and gall are  
 frequently mentioned together, especially in connexion  
 with the well known passage in the Gospels. “ Venegre*

or eyselle" is noticed in a receipt at page 81. It is made synonymous with alegar, or vinegar made from ale, in the *Forme of Cury*, p. 56; but vinegar of any description appears to have passed under the name of eysell or aysell.

*Page 48, l. 1. Nette.* That is, neat cattle.

*Page 67, l. 4. Spryngys.* *Springs* here seem to mean slips. They are, properly, the first shoots of a plant. "Springe or ympe that commeth out of the rote", Huloet's *Abcedarium*, 1552.

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LATIN THEMES.



LATIN THEMES  
OF  
MARY STUART,  
QUEEN OF SCOTS.

PUBLISHED, FOR THE FIRST TIME, FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT  
IN HER OWN HANDWRITING, NOW PRESERVED IN THE  
IMPERIAL LIBRARY, PARIS.

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EDITED BY  
ANATOLE DE MONTAIGLON,  
LATE FELLOW OF THE IMPERIAL SCHOOL OF CHARTERS. PARIS, AND  
RESIDENT MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL SOCIETY OF  
ANTIQUARIES OF FRANCE.

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M.DCCC.LV.



## PREFACE.

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FEW personages in modern history have received more notice, have been invested with a greater attraction, or have been spoken of with more indulgent friendship or more partial hostility, than the queen of France and Scotland, the fair and unhappy Mary Stuart. The books relating specially to her have become numerous enough to form, if collected, a rather considerable library, and now, within the last few years, (I speak of France only), the publication of documents by Prince Labanoff, the Latin thesis for the grade of doctor by M. Cheruel, who, we are informed, will soon resume more at large and in French the same subject, the in form rather historical romance of M. Dargaud, and the excellent history by M. Mignet, are proofs that the interest of the subject is not exhausted, and that it is always possible to awaken curiosity

and sympathy by recalling to our memory one who, by her death at least, seems sanctified as a martyr, and of whom we may still say that in most hearts—

“ The memory is green.”

But we leave this as without our scope ; for our far more modest aim in this publication is not to renew and judge the inquiry, but only to print for the first time the contents of a small manuscript in the handwriting of the young Mary, the oldest, probably, of her productions which can be produced, and which will be a quite new, although but a small, stone added to the monument raised to her by posterity. Rather unimportant in the historical point of view, it is so singular an instance and so true a pearl in curiosity, that England, since she may not have the original, may perhaps be glad to receive an accurate copy of it, which being, from the limited number of the impression, conveniently reserved to the hands of some fit judges and friends, it may be said, will not go down in the open area and meet the great common light too strong for its harmless ingenuity. It is a delicate and superfluous ornament,

“ *the very button of the cap,*” but good only to be put into learned hands, habitually conversant with rare books. Those only may hold it with the pious and interested lightness in the grasp, that will not crush it, as too stern a hand might do. It is not to be discussed, nor even used; it is only a very curious and particular memorial, and the memorials of long deceased persons, which are in appearance trifling, are often the more dear and characteristic.

This little book has remained long undisturbed, and the more effectually was it hidden, from the circumstance of its being wrongly described in the very well known catalogue of one of the most important libraries in the world. For, in the printed catalogue of Latin manuscripts in the Royal, now Imperial, Library of Paris, it was thus entered: “ VIII MDCLX. Codex chartaceus, olim Joannis Balesdens. Ibi continentur Mariæ Stuartæ, Scotorum reginæ et Galliæ delphinæ, epistolæ variæ, Latine et Gallice. Is codex decimo sexto sæculo exaratus videtur.” Not only is the last appreciation unnecessarily indefinite,—for the precise year is, as it will be said, written in

the manuscript,—but the whole article is a blunder. The book has consequently been asked for many times, as seeming to contain real letters, that is to say, historical documents; but, as this was not the case, it was laid aside as useless.

Recently, however, a French scholar, M. Ludovic Lalanne, well known by his historical publications, happening to see this manuscript, examined it more closely, and came to the curious conclusion that it was neither a correspondence, nor a collection or transcripts of real letters, but that it was what French schoolboys call a *cahier de corrigés*, the autograph transcript by Mary Stuart of the Latin, into which she had translated French letters given to her as themes. Under these circumstances the interest of the manuscript was very different from that which it had been supposed to possess, not so great perhaps, but still so curious, that M. Lalanne inserted a description of it, with some well selected extracts naturally taken from the French part, in the weekly Parisian paper, called *l'Atheneum Français*,\* of which he is the director, and to the

\* 1853, 33rd number, Samedi 13th August, pp. 775-7.

readers of which the notice of this little discovery was particularly acceptable. Thus M. Lalanne, who ascertained first the true character of the volume, may be said to have discovered it. I owe to him the knowledge of the book, and I am pleased to have the opportunity of fully expressing all my obligation to his clever article on the subject, without which the present publication would never have seen the light.

The manuscript, written on strong paper, is an 18mo., rather square, measuring 0.095 millimeters in width, by 0.139 in height, and consists of 86 folios, numbered by a later hand.

Its present binding, dating only from the end of the seventeenth century, is plain red morocco; the back is ornamented with *fleurs-de-lys*, and the sides with the arms of France. The edges are gilt, and we will remark that, in gilding the edges, the binder has been careful with them; for it is usual to see the letters closely written at the end of lines to get in an entire word, and the last letters are in no instance cut. It is thus certain that the volume has retained its original shape. On its *garde* is the present number 8660, and, on the

first leaf numbered, the older number 6641<sup>2</sup>. Underneath the latter are these contemporaneous lines: “ Maria D. G. Scotor. Reg. Galliæ vero Delphina,” thus evidently written after Mary’s wedding with Francis, the first son of Henry II, which took place on the 24th of April, 1558, when she was sixteen years of age, and before the accession of her husband to the French throne, which occurred on the 10th of July, 1559; for it was only during that time she could be called *dauphine* of France. Under it is the signature of Ballesdens, which may be seen in the fac-simile, and concerning whom it is here necessary to say a few words, in order to show by whose worthy hands the manuscript was preserved.

Jean Ballesdens was born in Paris at the end of the sixteenth century; he was advocate at the Parliament and Council, and private secretary to the chancellor Pierre Séguier, who was much attached to him, and presented him for election to the Académie Française, of which he was the protector. At a first candidature, Ballesdens, being in competition with the great dramatist, Pierre Corneille, was so just and respectful to the genius

of his rival as to decline all pretensions against him. This becoming and honourable modesty served Ballesdens ; for he was the next elected in 1648, in the place of the poet Claude de Malleville, one of the first founders of this literary society. Although Ballesdens held frequent intercourse with all the learned men and authors in his country, he wrote little himself, but, as a true collector of books and manuscripts—for so he was, and many are known signed by him—was rather an editor of the works of others, among which we may quote the *Elogia Clarorum Virorum* by Papyrius Masson ; the theological works of *Gregorius Turonensis* ; the deeds relating to the acquisition of the Dauphiné by the crown of France ; many works by Savonarola ; and the Epistles of St. Catharine of Sienna. He died on the 27th of October, 1675.

As already stated, the manuscript contains the French theme and the Latin translation. The Latin, of which the titles are written in capitals with abbreviations reproduced in this edition,\* is all by

\* It is almost unnecessary to say that the letters S. P. D., frequently used in these directions, are for the words *salutem plurimam dicit*.

the hand of Mary, not transcribed at once, but written severally and probably day by day. The writing, the pen, the ink, are different, although by the same hand, neat and clever, quite Italian in form, and indisputable, as it will be seen by comparison with the numerous fac-similes of her later handwriting. But it is quite different with the French. It is evident that the book was blank when given to Mary, who was to transcribe her themes on the recto of each leaf, but who sometimes was so inattentive as to write on the verso. When the book was nearly full, the French themes were collected and written in their fit places by one hand, and perhaps at once; for the handwriting is identical in all places, and it is evidently that of a manual copyist; and, as some themes were lost, the leaf waiting them was left blank. This, as well as the character of the letters, though still gothic in their form and very bold, prevents the supposition that the French is a version by her fellow-scholar Elizabeth, from the Latin letters directed to her by Mary; some slight differences furnish also another proof that this French is in fact the original theme, and not a

version from the Latin. It is also improbable that we have there the hand of the preceptor ; for the reader will soon discover some blunders which show evidently the hand of a mere amanuensis.

It would be curious to ascertain the name of this preceptor ; Brantôme does not inform us of it in his article on Mary, but M. Lalanne has judiciously suggested that it is probably indicated in Brantôme's article on Elizabeth ; she, at least during one year, having had the same preceptor as Mary, as in one of these letters written by him he addresses himself to the two princesses.\* The name of her preceptor, therefore, would give the name of the preceptor of Mary. These are the words of Brantôme, speaking of Elizabeth : “ Elle avoit beau sçavoir, comme la royne sa mère l'avoit faicte bien estudier par M. de Saint Estienne, un précepteur qu'elle a toujours aimé et respecté jusqu'à sa mort.” Some words of the Spanish historian of Mary agree entirely with this hypothesis : “ Entregandolo a Catalina de Medicis, reyno de Francia, la fue errando con el mesmo amor que si fuera su madre.”† Yet this can only be given as a

\* See letter XLV and also letter XXII.

† Antonio di Herrera, Historia de lo Succedido en Esco-

supposition, with the possibility of its being authenticated or destroyed by the discovery of further facts. And it is very possible that the preceptor of Mary came with her from England, when we bear in mind that this form of letters was used and perhaps traditional in England for the institution of royal pupils; for the very curious book of Latin letters and exercises of Edward VI, when prince, preserved in the Harleian manuscripts, No. 5087 (*Catalogue*, vol. iii, p. 1245), is in all respects a companion to Mary's themes.

As to the turn and form of this education, it was naturally, in accordance with the character of the time, rather profane than sacred. The first letter is an invocation to the sacred muses, and the gods are as frequently cited as God. All the examples are taken from antiquity; Plato, Cicero, and, above all, Plutarch, are the authors most frequently quoted. One modern author appears, however, but one who had so much of an ancient in his spirit, that the rule is confirmed rather than broken by the introduction of Erasmus, of whom are cited

cia e Inglaterra, en quarenta y quatro años que vivio Maria Estuarda, reyna di Escocia. Lisboa, 1590, in 8vo. p. 35 verso.

three dialogues: that named *Diliculum* (letter XIX); that (letter XXI) of the abbot and learned woman Magdalia (*Abbatis et eruditæ*), of which there was then a well known and elegant translation in French verses by the amiable poet Clement Marot, and published about this time; and the dialogue of Philodoxus with Simbulus (letter XXXIV); and it is to be inferred from these quotations that the whole book of the *Colloquia* was read by the royal girls.

Generally the letters are on separate subjects, but in one instance they form a series. It had been said by one of the court, probably before the royal girls, and by allusion, perhaps, to the turn of their education, that women had nothing to do with learning; and, by way of justification for himself and encouragement to his pupils, the preceptor fills fifteen letters (XXVI—XL) with the names of learned girls and women. His learning was easy; numerous were the books on illustrious women, and perhaps he did not even seek so far. In one place (letter XXXV) he speaks of a certain Cassandra Fidelis as praised by Politianus in some one of his Epistles, and when we refer to

them, this letter of Politianus, the thirteenth in the third book, is found to be on the subject of learned women, and with the commentary of Franciscus Silvius in the Parisian edition of 1523, in 4to., it contains almost all the names used by the preceptor.

But with these subjects, which are little more than commonplaces, these themes would have no more to recommend them to curiosity than the themes of the duke of Burgundy,—with this difference still, that M. de St. Etienne or Mary's preceptor, whoever he was, is not a stylist like Fénélon. Happily, and this does honour to the understanding of the former, he has given interest to his themes, and that for us as well as for his pupils, in making them real letters to living and neighbouring persons; they have thus in them something of the life of the times.

The letters are in number LXIV; two only, XLI and XLIV, are directed by the preceptor to Mary; but the ordinary correspondent of Mary is her fellow-student Elizabeth, daughter to King Henry II, who was to be married to the melancholy Spanish king, Philip the Second, and in 1554 was

nine years of age, having been born in 1545. Twice only Mary directs letters (ix, xi) to Claudia, another daughter of the French king, but younger, being born in November 1547, who married in 1559 the duke of Lorraine, Charles the Third, and to whom certainly relates the childish allusion in letter xxii.

By the direction of the tenth letter we learn the name of another fellow-student of Mary, whose presence is even more curious, from the circumstance that this other fellow-student is not a girl but a boy. Unhappily the Latin form involves the name in a doubt, only to be removed by chance. I confess I cannot guess what may be in French the name *Quarlocorius*; is it not possible that he was, perhaps, the son of some great Scotch nobleman, who came into France with his young queen? I leave the question, however, to the learning of the Scottish antiquaries.

The other correspondents of Mary were her uncle the famous duke of Guise (letters xxiii, xxiv), and the French dauphin, who was soon to be her husband. One, the xviii<sup>th</sup>, is directed to a man whose name it is singular to see in this place,

to the great reformator Calvin. The letter is of 1554, and it is curious to remark that a Latin edition of his book *l'Institution Chrétienne* was published by Robert Etienne in 1553: as is well known, one part of it is occupied with the negation of purgatory, and the letter is precisely on this point. Was the letter ever sent? It is rather improbable. The others—I speak not of those to Elizabeth, which were to be versions to her—being directed to friends and relatives, who were curious and proud to see the progress of Mary's learning, were certainly sent. But the letter to Calvin stands in a different light. The fact of a letter to him from such a princess—her youth also would have shown it was dictated to her and consequently avowed—would have been too important to be easily admitted. It is, I think, necessary to reduce the question to lesser proportions, and suppose that, the book of Calvin and his opinion on purgatory having been spoken of before the young queen, the preceptor thought good to introduce them in his next lesson to his pupil. However, and whatever may be the case, it is curious to see this childish letter to Calvin, and to think how

the same girl, when a queen, subsequently suffered from the wrath and fury of Calvin's disciple, John Knox.

Some names of places are written at the end of some letters, generally in the French part, and interesting, because we see by them the town or castle where the court was, and Mary with it. The names which occur under these circumstances are those of Rheims, I—IV ; Compiègne, v—VIII, XI—XIII, xv, xvii, xviii, xx ; Villers Cotterets, xxv—vi ; Paris, xxxvi, xxxviii ; Saint Germain, xli, xlii, xlvi—viii, liii, lvi—lx.

For the dates, however scarce, they are not only curious but important, since they tell us the age of the young Mary when she was put to this discipline and occupied with these exercises. From them it may be ascertained that this occupation existed between the 26th July and the 9th January following (letters v and lxi), that is to say, during seven months of the life of Mary, of which these faded pages are the only memorial. For the year, nothing would have indicated it, if it were not positively written in four letters ; for we find these dates, “ 25 d'aoust 1554,” “ 12 d'oc-

*tobre 1554,*" "*dernier jour de cest an 1554,*" "*5 janvier 1554,*" affixed to the letters XXII, XXXVI, LVII, LVIII. A remark is here necessary. The date of the 5th January 1554, which would be 1555 according to the new style, is, as it was to be expected, written according to the old style, in which the year began on the 25th of March.

But Mary, although continuing to write 1554 after a letter dated 26th December and another dated the day of St. John the Evangelist after Christmas, that is to say, the 27th December,—writes in the letters immediately following : *the last day of this year 1554*, using thus at the same time the two manners of ending the year. It is only a new proof, that if the ordonnance which in France made the year begin with January was rendered only by Charles the Ninth, in 1563, the use, thus made official and legal, was in fact already established. An observation curious to make, before leaving this date of 1554, is, that the same year is inscribed by Mary in her prayer-book, preserved at St. Petersburg, and described by Prince Labanoff in the last volume of his edition of the letters of Mary. On one leaf of it may be read, in her

handwriting these words: "Ce livre est à moi. Marie, Royne. 1554."

One word more, and I will close this already too long an introduction. Much has been said on the early learning of Mary. The great credit she has received on this account will be perhaps a little destroyed by this publication; for the reader will see her knowledge of the Latin to be not very sound nor firm, and some blunders are of such a nature as to render us somewhat incredulous as to her own knowledge at this period of life. The admiration, inspired by the praise bestowed by Brantôme on the famous Latin speech delivered in the French court, will be somewhat impaired by the thought that it was a little after our themes, which perhaps were given to her as a first preparation towards this subject, and show us that she was certainly not unaided in the composition of her speech. However, the words of Brantôme, in his life of Mary, are worthy of being quoted here, because they relate to the same period and the same nature of ideas:

"Pour la beauté de l'ame, elle estoit toute pareille; car elle s'estoit faicte fort sçavante en

bien séant aux femmes de sçavoir les lettres et ars libéraux. Au quel endroit je dirois en quelle admiration d'un chacun vous auriés esté ouye, et quelle espérance auroit esté conçue de vous par toute cette noble compagnie, si je le pouvois dire sans soubçon de flatterie. Ce que j'aime mieux estre tellement quellement exprimé par ce vers d'Ovide, parlant de Germanicus Cæsar, petit fils d'Auguste, élég. 5 du 2 de Pont.

“ Quant ta bouche céleste eut ouvert ton soucy,  
L'on eut dit que les dieux souloient parler ainsi,  
Et que d'un prince estoit digne telle excellence,  
Tant avoit de douceur ta divine éloquence.”

Que pleut à votre Majesté que j'eusse pu finer de cette tant élégante oraison, ou plutôt de la Françoisse traduction qu'il vous en pleut faire quelque tems après ; il ne m'eust esté besoin chercher si loing des exemples, etc.”

By this it will be seen that this speech was then preserved in two forms, in Latin and in French, and I suppose the last to have been less a translation by Mary, than the original given to her by her preceptor to be by her put in Latin. Perhaps it exists, and owes to its commonplace

character the fate of having remained unnoticed to this day. With the indication of Fouquelin it will be now easily recognised when met with ; but, as its discovery may be only accidental, I am satisfied to leave the honour of it to more fortunate inquirers.

Paris, 31st May, 1855.





MA. SC. REGINA CLAUDIA  
 L. VARRO COIO CODICIS  
 S. P. D.

1. Legebam heri apud Aesopum fabulam
2. ~~papere~~ pauperem populum est Leo rugi-
3. mihi lego ab hinc duobus diebus de dialogu
4. Carneades dicebat, spectatissime auuncu
5. idem petiit iterum suos dies. Quingz
6. institutum. Vale. 13. Septembris.
7. Saep scripsit Marcella Romanae propter
8. ficiis Dij. 2. meruit immortale
9. apud GL Germanum + die ultimo anni 1554
10. ceter egnum qui non sit praeditus aliqua virtute.

De Compiègne 25. d'Aoust. 1554.  
 D'acquain de La Dordain. A St Germain  
 dernier jour de nvr an 1554.

Ball. yd. 1554

## THE FACSIMILE

Represents, first, the title of the theme addressed to Claudius Quarlocojus, p. 13 of the present edition, with ten examples of Mary's handwriting taken from different themes, namely :—

1.	From theme	vi,	page	7.
2.	„	xvi,	„	21.
3.	„	xix,	„	23.
4.	„	xxiii,	„	29.
5.	„	xxiv,	„	31.
6.	„	xxix,	„	39.
7.	„	xxxviii,	„	49.
8.	„	xxxix,	„	51.
9.	„	lvii,	„	71.
10.	„	lxii,	„	77.

Two dates from the French text, being the conclusions of

Theme xxii, page 28, and

„ lvii, „ 70.

And, lastly, the signature of J. Ballesdens.



MARIA D.G. SCOTORUM REGINA,  
GALLIÆ VERO  
DELPHINA.

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I.

Puis que les Muses (comme toutes autres choses) prennent leur commencement de Dieu : il est raisonnable, que pour bien faire l'œuvre que je commence, mon entrée soit de par lui, et que du tout mon entendement implore son aide et sa grace très sainte. A Reims.

II.

CE n'est pas assés au commencement de tes estudes, ma seur très aimée, de demander l'aide de Dieu : mais il veut que de toutes tes forces tu travailles. Car, ma mie, les ancians ont dit que les Dieux ne donnent leurs biens aus oisifs, mais les vendent par les labeurs. Adieu, et m'aime autant que je t'aime. A Reims.

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I.

QUUM musæ (ut cætera omnia) principium a Deo accipiunt, æquum est, ut bene faciam in ea re quam aggredior, meus primus aditus sit per eum, meusque animus imploret auxilium et gratiam Domini sanctissimam.

II.

MARIA SCOTORUM REGINA ELIZABETÆ SORORI S. P. D.

Non est satis in principio tuorum studiorum a Deo petere auxilium. Sed ipse vult ut totis viribus labores. Nam, amica summa mea et soror, antiqui dixerunt Deos non dare bona sua otiosis, sed ea vendere laboribus. Bene vale, et me, ut amo te, ama.

## III.

JE vous escrivoi hier (ma seur) que vertu vient de l'estude des bonnes lettres, et pour ce a nous princesses sont-elles plus necessaires qu'aux autres. Car tout ainsi qu'un prince surmonte ses subiects en richesses, en puissance, en autorité et commandement : ainsi doit estre entre tous le plus grand en prudence, en conseil, en bonté, en grace, et toute sorte de vertu. Par quoi les Egyptians ont paint un œil au sceptre des rois, et disoient que nulle vertu n'est mieus seante à un prince que prudence. A Reims.

## IV.

Puis doncques qu'un prince doit surmonter ses subiects non en voluptés et delices, mais en sens, en temperance, et en prudence : et que son devoir et office est de preposer les utilités dela Republique aux siennes ; il faut, ma seur, que mettions peine d'estre bien sages. Et que ne laissions aller un seul jour sans apprendre quelque chose. A l'exemple d'Appelles peintre, qui en son art a esté de si grande diligence, qui ne laissoit passer un jour seul, au quel de son pinceau ne tirast quelque ligne. Adieu, et m'aime toujours bien. A Reims.

## III.

MARIA REGINA SCOTORUM ELIZABETÆ SORORI OPTIMÆ S. P. D.

SCRIBEBAM heri, dilectissima soror, quod virtus venit de studio bonarum literarum. Quare eadem sunt magis necessariæ nobis principibus quàm privatis. Nam ut princeps subditis suis vult antecellere divitijs, potestate, autoritate, et imperio: sic debet inter omnes excellere prudentia, consilio, bonitate, gratia, et omni genere virtutis. Qua de re hieroglyphica Ægyptiorum notaverunt oculum in sceptro regum, dicebant enim nullam virtutem magis principem decere quàm prudentiam.

## IV.

M. R. SCOTORUM ELIZABETÆ SORORI S. P. D.

QUUM igitur princeps debet antecellere privatis non voluptatibus delicijsve, sed sensu, temperantia, et prudentia: et suum officium anteponere utilitatís reip. suis: opus est (soror omnium charissima) nos dare operam ut sapiamus, exemplo Appellis pictoris, qui tanta fuit in arte sua diligentia ut nullus præteriret dies in quo non ipse lineam aliquam penicillo duxisset. Vale, et me ama ut soles.

## V.

JE ne me puis assez ebahi de quoi sur les fautes d'autrui nous sommes plus clairs voians qu'Argus, qui avoit cent yeus. Mais pour voir et corriger les notres, nous sommes plus aveugles que la taupe. C'est de quoi se mocque *Æsope*, qui dit qu'en la besace de devant nous portons les vices d'autrui, et en celle qui pend derriere nous mettons les notres. Ne faisons ainsi, ma seur, car celui qui veut parler d'autrui doit estre sans culpe. De Compienne ce 26. Juillet.

## VI.

HIER je lisoï une fable en *Æsope* autant profitable que plaisante. La formis en temps d'hyver faisoit bonne chere du blé qu'elle avoit amassé en esté, quand la cicade aiant grand fain vint à elle, pour lui demander à manger. Mais la formis lui dit, Que faisois-tu en esté? Je chantoï, dit-elle. Si tu chantois en esté, repondit la formis, saulte maintenant en hyver. La fable signifie, ma seur, que pendant que sommes jeunes devons mettre peine d'apprendre des lettres et vertus

## V.

M. SCOTORUM REGINA EL. S. P. D.

NON possum satis mirari quod simus oculatiores in errores alienos quam Argus, qui habebat centum oculos : sed ut videamus et emendemus nostros, sumus cæciores talpa. Qua de re Æsopus ridebat, et dicebat nos ferre aliena vitia in mantica quæ dependet ad pectus, et in alia quæ ad tergum ponimus nostra. Ne ita faciamus, soror dilectissima, nam qui de alijs vult loqui, debet esse sine culpa. Vale.

## VI.

MA. SCOTORUM REGINA ELIZABETÆ SORORI S. P. D.

LEGEBAM heri apud Æsopum fabulam non minus utilem quam urbanam. Formica hyeme laute vivebat tritico quod collegerat æstate, quando cicada laborans fame venit ad illam, et petebat cibum. Sed formica dicit, Quid faciebas æstate? Cantabam, dixit. (*sic*). Si tu canebas æstate, hyeme salta. Fabula significat (suavissima soror) nos debere (dum iuvenes sumus) dare.

pour nous conduire en viellesse. A Dieu, et m'aime autant que tu pourras, tu pourras autant que tu voudras. A Compienne. 26. Juillet.

## VII.

J'AI entendu par notre maitre, ma seur ma mignonne, que maintenant vous estudiés fort bien, de quoi je suis très joieuse, et vous prie de continuer, comme pour le plus grand bien que sauriés avoir en ce monde. Car ce que nous a donné nature est de peu de durée, et le redemandera en viellesse, ou plus tost. Ce que nous a presté fortune elle nous l'ostera aussi. Mais ce que vertu (laquelle procede des bonnes lettres) nous donne, est immortel, et le garderons a jamais. A Compienne. 25. Juillet.

## VIII.

CATON disoit, ma seur, que l'entendement d'un chacun est semblable au fer, lequel tant plus est manié, de tant plus reluyt. Mais quand on le laisse en repos il devient rouillé. Ce que tesmoigne bien Cicero au livre des

[*The end has never been written.*]

## VII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

AUDIVI a nostro præceptore, soror integerrima, te studere optime, ex quo gaudeo, et te deprecor ut sic pergas, nam est excellentissimum bonum quod posis (*sic*) habere. Quod enim natura dedit, parum durat, et repetet in senectute vel prius. Quod mutuo dedit fortuna deponet etiam. Sed quod virtus, quæ procedit a bonarum literarum lectione, donat, est immortale et nostrum semper erit. Vale.

## VIII.

M. SC. R. ELIZABETÆ SUAVISSIMÆ SORORI S. P. D.

CATO ingenium uniuscuiusque dicebat, soror, ferro esse simile, quod usu splendescit, at in otio rubigine obducitur: id quod Cicero testatur in libro de claris oratoribus, quando dicit se singulis diebus scribere

Orateurs illustres, quand il dit que tous les jours ou il escrivoit quelque chose, ou il declamoit en Grec, ou en Latin. Et d'avantage, croiés, ma seur, qu'oisiveté est la mère de tous vices. Par quoi il nous faut a toutes heures exercer notre esprit en erudition ou en vertu. Car l'exercer en choses vaines et mechantes, ce n'est l'exercer mais le corrompre. A Compienne 28. Juillet.

## IX.

Ce n'est pas sans cause, mes seurs très aimées, que la roine nous commandoit hier de faire ce que nous diront noz gouvernantes. Car Cicero dit, tout au commencement du second livre des Lois, que celui qui scait bien commander a autresfois obeï. Et que quicunque modestement obeit est digne de commander une fois. Plutarque, auteur digne de foi, a dit que les vertus s'apprennent par preceptes aussi bien que les arts. Et use de cet argument. Les hommes apprennent a chanter, a sauter, les lettres aussi, a laborer la terre, a se tenir a cheval, a se chausser, a se vestir, a faire cuisine. Et penserons-nous que vaincre ses affections, commander en une Rep. (chose entre toutes très difficile), bien conduire une armée, mener bonne vie, penserons-

aliquid vel declamare græcè vel latinè. Præterea crede mihi, soror, otium esse matrem omnium vitiorum. Quapropter opus est omnibus horis exercere ingenium nostrum eruditione vel virtute, nam exercere rebus vanis aut flagitiosis hoc non exercere est sed corrumpere. Vale. 5. Cal. Augusti.

## IX.

M. SC. R. ELIZABETÆ ET CLAUDIÆ SORORIBUS S. D. P.

Non abs re (suavissimæ sorores) regina jubebat heri nobis facere id quod gubernatrices dicent. Nam Cicero sic ait in principio secundi libri de legibus. Ille qui bene scit imperare, aliquando obedit, et qui modeste obedit est dignus imperare aliquando. Plutarchus autor locuples ait virtutes discendas esse præceptis ut aliæ artes, et utitur illo argumento. Homines discunt cantare, saltare, literas, colere terram, equo insidere, calceari, vestiri, et coquere: et nos credemus vincere vluptates (*sic*), imperare reipublicæ (quæ res inter onnes difficilima est) ducere exercitum, instituere vitam, credemus, inquam, id evenire fortuito? Ne hoc credamus, sed discamus, obediamus hoc tempore,

nous, di-ie, que cela advienne par fortune? Ne le croions point, mais apprenons, obeissons maintenant, afin de scavoir commander, quand serons venues en age. 29 Juillet.

## X.

POUR quelques vertus, scavoir, ou autres graces que tu aies, ne t'en glorifie point, mais plus tost donnes en louange a Dieu qui seul est cause de ce bien. Ne te mocque de personne, mais pense que ce qui advient a un, il peut advenir a chacun. Et, comme ja je t'ai dit, ren graces a Dieu de quoi il t'a mis hors de tel povre sort, et prie que telle chose ne t'avienne, et aide a l'affligé si tu puis. Car si tu es misericordieus aus hommes, tu obtiendras misericorde de Dieu. Au quel je prie vouloir favoriser a toutes tes entreprinses. 1 jour d'Aoust.

## XI.

LE meilleur heritage qui peut estre delaissé aux enfans des bons parens, c'est la voie de vertu, et la connoissance

ut sciamus imperare cum pervenerimus ad maiorem ætatem. Bene valete. 3. Cal. Augusti.

## X.

MA. SC. REGINA CLAUDIO QUARLOCOIO CONDISCIPULO S. P. D.

QUIBUSCUNQUE virtutibus, sapientia, eruditione, et aliis gratiis præditus sis, ne gloriare, sed potius da gloriam Deo qui solus caussa est tanti boni. Neminem irrideto irrideto (*sic*), sed puta quod evenit uni posse accidere omnibus. Et, ut jam dixi tibi, age gratias Deo omnipotenti quod te posuerit extra sortem tam miseram et precare ut talis res non tibi eveniat. Subveni afflicto si possis, nam si tu fueris misericors aliis, consequeris misericordiam adeo (*sic, pro a Deo*), quem deprecor ut faveat omnibus tuis cœptis. Vale.

## XI.

M. SC. R. ELIZABETE ET CLAUDIÆ SORORIBUS S. P. D.

OPTIMA hereditas quæ potest relinqui liberis a bonis parentibus est via virtutis, cognitio plurium artium,

de plusieurs arts, et sciences. Les quelles choses, selon la sentence de Ciceron, valent mieux que le plus riche patrimoine. Par quoi je ne sauroi assés louer la prudence du roy et de la royne, qu'ils veuillent que notre jeune age soit imbut et de bonnes meurs et de lettres, suivant l'opinion de plusieurs sages, qui n'ont tant estimé bien n'aïstre, (*sic, for* naistre), que bien estre institué. Dont, mes seurs, de notre costé, faisons nostre devoir. A Compienne. 7. jour d'Aoust.

## XII.

POUR ce que la vraie amitié, de la quelle je vous aime plus que moi-mesme, me commande que tout le bien qu'aurai jamais sera commun entre nous, ma seur, je vous vueil bien faire participante d'une belle similitude que je leu hier en Plutarque. Tout ainsi, dit-il, que qui empoisonne une fontaine publique, de laquelle chacun boit, n'est digne d'un seul supplice : ainsi est très malheureus et mechant qui gaste l'esprit d'un prince, et qui ne lui corrige ses mauvaises opinions, qui redonderont a la perte de tant de peuple. Par quoi, ma seur, il nous faut ouir et obeir a ceux qui nous remontrent. De Compienne. 8. d'Aoust.

atque scientia. Quæ res (ut sententia Cicæronis testatur) est melior omni patrimonio. Unde non possum satis laudare prudentiam regis reginæque nostræ, qui volunt hanc nostram rudem ætatem imbui bonis moribus et literis: sequuti opinionem plurimorum hominum sapientum, qui præclarius duxerunt bene institui quam bene nasci. Quare quantum ad nos attinet, fungamur nostro officio. Valete.

## XII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. D. P.

QUUM vera amicitia qua te ante me amo, soror, imperet mihi ut omne bonum quod unquam habebō sit inter nos commune, volo te facere participem pulcherrimæ similitudinis quam heri legebam apud Plutarchum. Nam, inquit ille, quemadmodum qui inficit veneno fontem publicum, de quo omnes bibunt, non est dignus solo supplicio, ita ille est infelicissimus et nocentissimus qui inficit animum principis et qui non emendat malas opiniones quæ redundant in perniciem multorum. Quare, soror, oportet nos obedire iis qui nos corripiunt.

## XIII.

C'EST pour vous inciter a lire Plutarque, ma mie, et ma bonne seur, que si souvent en mes epitres je fai mension de lui. Car c'est un philosophe digne de la leçon d'un prince. Mais oiés qu'il adioute au propos que je vous tenoi hier. Si, dit-il, celui qui gaste et contrefait la monnoie du prince est puni, combien est plus digne de supplice qui corrouit l'entendement d'icelui? Car, ma seur, quels sont les princes en la Rep., disoit Platon, tels ont accoutumé d'estre les citoians. Et pensoit les Rep. estre bien heureuses, qui estoient gouvernées par princes, et doctes, et sages. De Compienne, 9. d'Aoust.

## XIV.

LA vraie grandeur et excellence du prince, ma très aimée seur, n'est en dignité, en or, en pourpre, en pierreries, et autres pompes de fortune: mais en prudence, en vertu, en sapience, et en scavoir. Et d'autant que le prince veut estre different a son peuple d'habit, et de façon de vivre, d'autant doit-il estre éloigné des folles opinions du vulgaire. Adieu, et m'aimés autant que vous pourrés. 10 d'Aoust.

## XIII.

M. R. S. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

QUUM tam sæpe facio mentionem Plutarchi, amica summa mea et soror, in meis epistolis, hoc facio ut ad hunc legendum te incitem. Nam est philosophus dignus lectione principis. Sed audi quomodo perficit propositum quod heri scribebam ad te: Si is qui viciat monetam principis punitur, quantopere ille est dignior supplicio qui corrumpit ingenium ejus. Profecto quales sunt principes in Rep. dicebat Plato, tales solent esse cives, et Resp. felicissimas putabat si à doctis et sapientibus principibus regerentur. Vale.

## XIV.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

VERA principis majestas non est in amplitudine, in dignitate, auro, purpura, gemmis et aliis pompis fortunæ: sed in prudentia, sapientia et eruditione. Verum quantopere princeps vult abesse ab habitu et victu plebeio, tantopere ille debet etiam abesse à sordidis opinionibus et stul[ti]tiis vulgi. Vale et me ama quantum poteris.

## XV.

POUR toujours, selon ma coutume, vous faire participante de mes bonnes leçons, je vous vueil bien dire comme j'apprenoi devant hier que le prince ne doit vanter les armes, et autres enseignes de noblesse qu'il a de ses parens : mais plus tost doit suivre et exprimer les vertus et bonnes meurs d'iceulx. Car, ma seur, la vraie noblesse c'est vertu. Et le second poinct que doit avoir le prince, c'est qui soit instruit de la connoissance des arts et sciences. Le tiers, et qui est le moindre, qui soit orne des peintures et armes de ses predecesseurs. Et de cettui nous sommes asses ornées. Efforceons-nous donc d'avoir le premier. Adieu. De Compienne. 13. d'Aoust.

## XVI.

JE lisoï anjourd'hui, ma seur, que Platon appelloit les princes gardes de la Rep. Et dit qu'il faut qu'ils soient a leurs païs ce que les chiens sont au troupeau. Et appelle le prince cruel et tyrant, lion. Saint Paul parlant de Neron l'appelloit ainsi. Je suis, disoit-il, delivré de la bouche du lion. Le sage Salomon a

## XV.

M. R. SC. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

UT semper more meo faciam te participem lectionum mearum, ecce discebam nudius tertius quod princeps non debet jactare stemata et imagines nobilitatis quæ habet à suis parentibus, sed potius debet sequi et exprimere virtutes et bonos mores illorum. Nam vera nobilitas est virtus, tum debet instructus esse princeps cognitione disciplinarum, et, quod minus est, ornatus picturis et stemmatibus majorum quibus, soror, satis sumus ornatae. Vale.

## XVI.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

LEGEBAM hodie, soror, quod Plato appellabat principes custodes Reip., dicens eos oportere patriæ esse quid canes gregi. Quod si canes vertuntur in lupos, quid sperandum est de grege? Tum vocat principem crudelem et tyrannum, leonem. Divus Paulus loquens de Nerone ita etiam appellabat. Liberatus sum, dixit,

semblablement ainsi depeint le prince tyran, disant :  
Le prince mauvais sur son povre peuple est un lion rugissant et un ours affamé. Apprenons donc maintenant les vertus, ma seur, lesquelles nous rendront chiens fideles a nos troppeaus, et non loups, ni ours, ni lions. Mon maitre m'a dit que vous trouvés mal, je vous irai tantost voir. Ce pendant je vous di adieu.  
14. d'Aoust.

## XVII.

Si en notre jeune age nous apprenons les vertus, ma seur, ainsi que je vous ecrivoi hier, le peuple ne nous appellera jamais loups ni ours, ni lions, mais nous honorera, et aimera comme les enfans ont coutume aimer les peres et meres. Le propre d'un bon prince est ne blecer personne, profiter a tous, mesmement aux siens. Et que cette vois tyrannique soit loin de son entendement. Je le vueil ainsi, je le commande ainsi, et pour toute raison ma volonté soit. Car, ma seur, cette vois est vraie qui ja est allée en proverbe, ils haient quand ils craignent. A Dieu. Ce 17. d'Aoust.  
A Compienne.

de ore leonis. Sapiens ille Solomon ad hunc modum depinxit tyrannum principem. Impius princeps, inquit, super pauperem populum est leo rugiens et ursus esuriens. Nunc igitur discamus, soror, virtutes omnes, quæ nos efficient canes fideles nostris gregibus, non lupos, non ursos, neque leones. Præceptor meus dixit mihi te laborare ventre, ego statim te visam. Cura interim ut bene valeas.

## XVII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

SI in hac nostra juvena ætate didicerimus virtutem, ut heri dicebam, nunquam populus nos appellabit lupos, ursos, neque leones, sed nos amabit et colet ut pueri solent amare parentes. Proprium boni principis est ledere neminem, omnibus præsertim suis. Denique vox illa tyrannica absit ab animo principis,

Sic volo, sic iubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas.

Est enim ista vox vera quæ iam abiit in proverbium, Oderint dum metuunt. Bene vale, suauissima soror.

## XVIII.

SOCRATES disoit qu'il i avoit deus voies par lesquelles les esprits sortent du corps. Car ceus qui se sont gardés chastes et entiers, et qui aus corps humains ont ensuivi la vie des Dieus, ils retournent facilement a eus. Et ceus qui se sont du tout souillés de vices, ont un chemin detorné du conseil, et de la presence des Dieus. Mais les esprits de ceus qui se sont quasi fais serviteurs des voluptés, et non toutesfois du tout, sont long temps a errer par la terre avant que de retourner au ciel. Tu vois donc que Socrates, Platon, et plusieurs autres philosophes ethniques, ont eu cognoissance du purgatoire que toi, doué de la loi de grace, miserablement et a ta perte tu nies. Jesuchrist le fils de Dieu te vueille rapeller, Calvin. De Compienne. 18. d'Aoust.

## XIX.

Vous ebahisses, ma seur, pour quoi je sorti hier de la chambre de la Royne, veu qu'il estoit dimenche, pour aller en mon estude. Croies que depuis deux jours je li un colloque d'Erasmus qu'il appelle Diluculum, tant beau, tant joieus, et tant utile que rien plus. He

## XVIII.

M. SC. R. CALVINO S. D. P.

SOCRATES dicebat duplices esse vias quibus animi exeunt e corpore. Nam illi qui se seruarunt castos et integros et qui in corporibus humanis imitati sunt vitam deorum redeunt facile ad eos. Illi vero qui se totos contaminarunt vitiis habent viam seclusam a consilio et præsentia deorum. Sed eorum animi qui se præbuerunt quasi ministros voluptatum, et non tamen omnino, diu errant circa terram antequam redeant in cœlum. Tu vides ergo quod Socrates et Plato et plures alij philosophi ethnici habent notitiam purgatorii, quod tu misere et tuo damno negas, cum sis dotatus lege gratiæ. Christus filius Dei te auocet, Calvine, interim cura ut recte et pie sapias.

## XIX.

MA. R. SC. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

MIRARI, soror, cur egressa sum heri cubiculo Reginæ, quum esset dominicus dies, ut discederem in musæolum meum. Crede mihi, lego abhinc duobus diebus dialogum Erasmi, quem Diluculum appellat, certe adeo pulcherrimum, adeo lætum, et utilem ut nihil supra.

Dieu, comme il tanse ceux qui dorment si tard, et font si peu de cas de perdre le temps, qui entre toute chose est la plus precieuse. Davantage le latin i est si facile, et si elegant, qui n'est possible d'estre plus poli. Je le vous expliquerai aujourd'hui si j'ai loisir. Adieu. Ce 20. d'Aoust.

## XX.

PLUTARQUE dit que la colere et la mauvaitié est plus dangereuse en un prince qu'en une personne privee : d'autant que le prince a puissance de beaucoup offencer et l'autre non. Et pour ce a bon droict requiert il doctrine et prudence en un prince. Car comme disoit Bias, l'un des sept sages de Grece, l'œuvre du sage est (combien qui soit offensé) de ne nuire a personne, encores qu'il en ait la puissance. En quoi il ensuit la bonte de Dieu, lequel ne fait rien si souvent ni si volontiers que de pardonner. A Compienne, 23. d'Aoust.

Proh Juppiter, ut animadvertit in eos qui dormiunt in tantam lucem, non curantes perdere tempus quod in re præciosissima præciosissimum est. Præterea sermo latinus adeo purus, et elegans est, ut politior esse non possit. Explicabo tibi hodie si licuerit per otium. Vale. 20. Aug.

## XX.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

PLUTARCUS dicit iram et malitiam esse in principe periculosiorem, quam in priuatis. Nam princeps potest plurimum offendere, alter vero minime. Quapropter requirit doctrinam et prudentiam in principe. Nam quomodo dicebat Bias, unus septem sapientum Græciæ, opus sapientis est (quamuis offensus sit) nocere nemini etiam si possit. Qua in re sequitur bonitatem Dei qui nihil sæpius facit, nec libentius quam parcere. Bene vale.

## XXI.

JE croi, ma seur, le dict de Magdalia, que lisions hier en Erasme, estre très veritable, a scavoir, nul ne pouvoit vivre suavement, si ne vit bien. Aussi mettoit Bias le souverain bien en la vertu de l'esprit, et la plus g[r]ande misere en vice et en la malice des hommes. Car, comme dit Cicero au livre de viellesse, la souvenance de plusieurs beaux actes est très plaisante; et au contraire, comme tesmoigne le sage en ses proverbes, crainte est touiours avec ceus qui font mal. Et Plaute dit que rien n'est si miserable que l'esprit qui se sent couplable de quelque mal faict. Pour ce, ma seur, sur toute chose estudions a Vertu. 24. d'Aoust.

## XXII.

QUAND hier au soir mon maitre vous prioit de reprendre votre seur, de quoi elle vouloit boire se voulant mettre au lict: vous lui repondistes que vous mesme voulies boire aussi. Voiés donc, ma seur, quelles nous devons estre qui sommes l'exemple du peuple. Et comme oserons-nous reprendre les autres, si nous mesme ne sommes sans faute? Il faut qu'un

## XXI.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

CREDO ego, soror suavissima, sententiam Magdaliæ quam legebamus heri apud Erasmum esse verissimam, neminem posse vivere suauiter nisi bene viuat. Quare Bias ponebat summum bonum in solo animi virtute æt maiorem et miseriam (*sic*) in vitiis et malitia hominis. Nam, ut Cicero ait in libro de senectute, multorum actorum recordatio jucundissima est, contra, ut sapiens testatur in prouerbiis, Pauor est iis qui operantur malum. Et Plautus dicit nihil esse miserius quam animus sibi conscius. Quæ cum ita sint, soror, studeamus virtuti. Vale.

## XXII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

QUUM heri sero meus præceptor te deprecabatur ut reprehenderes sororem tuam quod vellet bibere volens discedere cubitum, respondisti te non audere, quia ipsa volebas potare. Vide ergo, soror, quales nos debemus esse quæ sumus exemplum populo quomodo igitur audebimus alios emendare nisi sine errore fuerimus. Oportet bonum principem vivere ad hunc

bon prince vive de sorte que les plus grands et les plus petis prennent exemple de ses vertus. Qui face qu'en sa maison il ne puisse estre reprins de personne. Et que dehors ne soit veu que faisant, ou pensant chose pour l'utilité publique. Et doit avoir grand cure que sa parole ne sente rien que vertu. Soions donc du tout adonnées aus bonnes lettres, ma seur, et il en prendra bien a nous et a nos sujets. A Dieu. De Compienne, 25. d'Aoust. 1554.

## XXIII.

CARNEADES disoit, que les enfans des Rois n'appren-oient rien bien qu'a picquer un cheval : pour ce qu'en toutes autres choses chacun les flatte. Mais le cheval, par ce que n'entend si c'est un povre ou un riche qui est sur lui, un prince ou une personne privée, il jecte bas quicunque ne se scait bien tenir. Et maintenant encore voit-on ceci estre faict en beaucoup d'endroits. Car ni les nourrices seullement, ni les compagnons ou serviteurs des princes les flattent, mais aussi et le gouverneur, et le precepteur, ne regardant à ce qu'ils laissent le prince meilleur, mais qu'ils s'en allent bien riches. O chose miserable, et la cause que tant le povre peuple souffre, c'est que les princes ne sont bien apprins. Qui me fait vous prier, mon oncle, de recommander tousjours ma jeunesse a ceux qui plus aiment la vertu que les biens. 26. d'Aoust.

modum ut maiores et minores omnes ab eo capere possint exemplum virtutis. Sic faciat domi ut a nemine possit reprehendi. Et non videatur foris nisi faciens vel cogitans publicam utilitatem. Tum debet curare maxime ut sermo illius nihil sapiat nisi virtutem. Id quod non potest fieri sine doctrina. Simus ergo omnino deditæ bonis literis, soror, et præclare nobiscum et subditis agetur. Vale.

## XXIII.

M. SC. R. AVUNCULO A LOTHARINGIA S. P. D.

CARNEADES dicebat, spectatissime avuncule, liberos Regum nihil recte discere præter artem equitandi, quia in omnibus rebus unusquisque illis assentatur. Sed æquus, quia non inteligit si sit pauper vel dives qui insidet, princeps an privatus, excutit a tergo quicumque non bene insiderit. Nunc etiam hoc videmus fieri multis in locis; nam nec nutrices solum nec comites et ministri principum adulantur illis, sed etiam moderatores et præceptores: non advertentes si relinquant principem meliorem, modo illi abeant locupletiores. O rem miserrimam. Ea certe causa est cur subditi omnes patiantur, nam principes non emendantur. Quare te deprecor, mi avuncule, ut me semper commendes ijs qui ante divitias virtutem amant. Vale.

## XXIV.

LA cause pour quoi tant de gens errent aujourd'hui en l'écriture sainte c'est qui ne la manient avec un cueur pur et net. Car Dieu ne donne l'intelligence de ses secrez, si non aux innocens et gens de bien. Et n'est facile a tous de conoitre que c'est que de Dieu, comme mieux le scavés que moi. J'ai leu que Simonides, interrogué de Hiero quel estoit Dieu, et que c'estoit de lui, demanda un jour pour en repondre, et quand le lendemain lui demanda reponce, il demanda de rechef deus jours. Mais quand toujours redoubloit le temps, et que Hiero lui demandoit pourquoi il faisoit cela, pour ce (dit-il) que de tant plus j'i pense, tant plus la chose me semble difficile et obscure. 29. d'Aoust.

## XXV.

J'AI entendu, ma seur, qu'hier a votre leçon vous fustes opiniatre. Vous avez promis de ne le plus estre; je vous prie laisser cette coutume. Et penser que quand la princesse prend le livre entre ses mains, elle le doit prendre non pour se delecter seulement, mais pour s'en retourner meilleure de la leçon. Et la

## XXIV.

M. SC. R. AVUNCULO A LOTHARINGIA S. P. D.

MULTI homines errant his temporibus in scriptura sancta, mi avuncule, quod eam non legunt puro corde et mundo. Nam Deus non dat intellectum arcanorum suorum nisi innocentibus. Nec facile est omnibus Deum cognoscere, ut tu melius quam ego scis. Legi quod Simonides interrogatus ab Hierone quis esset Deus, postulavit unum diem ut responderet. Et quando postridie quæret idem, petiit iterum duos dies. Quumque sæpius duplicaret numerum dierum petijt Hiero cur id faceret. Quia, inquit, quanto diutius cogito, tanto res est mihi obscurior. Vale. 3. Cal. Sept.

## XXV.

M. SC. R. ELI. SORORI S. P. D.

INTELLEXI, soror, quod heri in tua lectione fuisti pertinax. Promisisti te non amplius esse. Te deprecor ut relinquo istam consuetudinem, et cogites quod quum princeps accipit librum, sumere debet non solum ut delectetur, sed ut discedat melior a lectione, et major pars bonitatis est velle bonum fieri, quod

plus grande partie de la bonté est vouloir le bien estre fait. Que si vous le voules, certainement vous le povés, et a fin que bien tost aies l'esprit digne de princesse, pensés que ceux qui vous reprennent, et amonestent librement, sont ceus qui vous aiment le plus. Pour quoi acoutumes vous a ceus la, et les aimes aussi. A Villiers Cotterets. 8. de Septembre.

## XXVI.

A FIN que puissies repondre a ces beaux deviseurs qui disoient hier que c'est affaire aus femmes a ne rien scavoir: je vous vueil bien dire, ma seur, qu'une femme de votre nom a esté si scavante qu'elle leur eut bien repondu si elle i eut esté. C'est Elizabet abbessse d'Allemaigne, laquelle a escrit beaucoup de belles oraisons aus seurs de son couvent, et un œuvre des chemins par lesquels on va a Dieu. Themistoclea, seur de Pythagoras, estoit si docte, qu'en plusieurs lieus il a use des opinions d'icelles. Et afin que vous aiés de quoi satisfaire a tels messieurs, je vous en apprendrai un grand nombre d'autres. Adieu, et celle qui vous aime, ma seur, aimes la beaucoup aussi. A Villiers Cotterets. 10. de Septembre.

si tu vis, certe potes. Tum ut statim habeas animum principe dignum cogita illos qui recognoscunt et emendant errata tua et libere te docent esse qui te plurimum amant. Quare et illos assuescito amare. Vale.

## XXVI.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

UT possis respondere bellis istis blateronibus qui heri dicebant esse fœminarum nihil sapere. Volo tibi dicere, soror, fœminam tui nominis adeò sapientem fuisse ut bene respondisset illis si adfuisset. Est Elizabeta abbatissa Germanica, quæ scripsit plures orationes ad sorores sui conventus, et opus de vijs quibus itur ad superos. Themistoclea soror Pythagoræ ita docta erat, ut pluribus in locis usus sit illius opinionibus. Et ut habeas unde satisfacias ijs homunculis, te docebo magnum alliarum numerum. Vale, et illam quæ te plurimum amat, soror, ama. Vale iterum.  
10. Sept.

## XXVII.

Vous dirés encores a ces babillars qu'il i a eu trois Corrinnes tres doctes, des quelles celle qui estoit de Thebes a écrit cinq livres d'epigrammes, et cinq fois vainquit Pindare, prince de poètes lyriques. Erinne en langue dorique composa un poeme de trois cents vers, et beaucoup d'autres epigrammes. Et disent que ses carmes approchoient de la gravité, et majesté d'Homère. Elle fut morte en l'age de .19. ans. Sappho a esté admirable en tout genre de carmes. Polla, comme on dit, femme de Lucain, a esté de si grande doctrine, qu'elle a aidé a son mari a corriger les trois premiers livres de Pharsale. Aspasia a enseigné la rhétorique, et a esté maitresse de Periclès, et sa femme. Je vous en nommerai demain plusieurs autres. Adieu.  
11. de Septembre.

## XXVIII.

CLEOBULINE, fille de Cléobule, qui fut un des sept sages de Grece, a écrit beaucoup de beaux enigmes en vers exametres. Cornificia, seur de Cornificius, poete, a fait des epigrammes très elegans. Cornelie, femme

## XXVII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

DICES adhuc illis homunculis futilibus tres fuisse Corinnas doctissimas, quarum quæ erat Thebana scripsit quinque libros epigrammatum, et vicit quinques Pindarum principem poetarum lyricorum. Erinna lingua Dorica composuit poema trecentis versibus et alia epigrammata. Et ferunt quod illius carmina accedebant ad gravitatem Homeri. Mortua est annos nata 19. Sappho fuit admirabilis in omnibus generibus carminum. Polla, ut aiunt, uxor Lucani, fuit tanta doctrina ut adiuerit maritum in coripiendis tribus primis libris Pharsaliæ. Aspasia docuit rhetoricen, fuit magistra Periclis, et tandem uxor. Cras numerabo alias quam plurimas. Vale. 11. Septemb.

## XXVIII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

CLEOBULINA, filia Cleobuli, qui fuit unus septem sapientum Græciæ, scripsit plura pulchra ænigmata versibus exametris. Cornificia, soror Cornificij poetæ, composuit epigrammata elegantissima. Cornelia, uxor

de l'Africain et mère des Gracchiains, a laissé des epîtres bien latinement écrites, et d'elle est sortie l'éloquence de ses enfans. La fille de Lælius en parlant exprimoit l'éloquence de son père; et l'oraison de la fille d'Hortense qu'elle fit devant les triumvirs, temoigne qu'elle estoit très éloquente. Retenés diligemment toutes celles que je vous nomme, afin de pouvoir repondre a tous ceus qui tant meprisent notre sexe, disant n'estre affaire aus femmes d'apprendre la langue latine.

## XXIX.

Vous leur dires encores (ma seur) qu'Anastase, disciple de Chrysogone martyr, a esté et bien docte et bien sainte. Elle fut brulée pour ce qu'elle ministroit aus saints. Damophila, grecque, ecrivit les louanges de Diane et quelques poesies d'amours. Hypathia, femme du philosophe Isidore, a composé de l'astrologie, et a montré en Alexandrie plusieurs disciplines d'une si grande dextérité d'esprit, que les echoliers venoient à elle de tous costés. Leontia, fillette grecque, a tant poursuit les disciplines de philosophie, qu'elle n'a redouté avec une grande louange écrire contre Theophraste philosophe très renommé. Praxilla a

Africani et mater Gracchorum, reliquit epistolas latinè scriptas, et ab illa effluxit eloquentia filiorum. Filia Lælij exprimebat loquendo eloquentiam patris. Et oratio Hortensiae, Hortensij filiae, quam habuit ante triumviros, testatur quod erat elegantissima. Manda memoriae diligenter omnes quas numerabo, ut possis respondere ijs, qui spernunt nostrum sexum, quique dicunt non esse officium fœminæ discere linguam latinam. Vale. 12. Septem.

## XXIX.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

ILLIS itaque dices, soror, quod Anastasia, discipula Chrysogoni martyris, fuit multum et docta et pia. Cremata est quia ministrabat sanctis. Damophila Græca scripsit laudes Dianæ et quædam poematæ amoris. Hypathia, uxor philosophi Isidori, composuit in astronomiam et docuit in Alexandria plures disciplinas tanta dexteritate ingenij ut discipuli avvolabant undique ad illam. Leontia, puella græca, adeo prosecuta est disciplinas philosophicas ut non dubitaverit cum magna laude scribere in Theophrastum philosophum optimum. Praxilla excelluit multum in omne arte poetica. Quia

grandement triomphé en poesie. Pour ce que vous estes malade, je ne ferai ma lettre plus longue. Demain je poursuivrai mon propos. A Dieu. 13. Sept.

## XXX.

PHEMONOE est du nombre de ces doctes et sages femmes. Sosipatra a esté poète, et pleine de tant de disciplines, qu'on pensoit qu'elle eut esté nourrie de quelques dieus. Theano fut une femme excellente en vers lyriques. Une autre de ce mesme nom a este femme pythagoriaine, laquelle a escrit en philosophie des commentaires de vertu, et des poesies et apophthegmes aussi. Zenobia, royne des Palmyriains, a esté scavante en la langue grecque et egiptienne, et non ignorante en la latine. Elle a enseigné les lettres a deus enfans qu'elle avoit. Et souvent fait des oraisons a ses gendarmes lesquelles aiant l'armet en teste elle recitoit. Alpaides, vierge, a esté si amie de la religion, qu'elle a du ciel merité comprendre le sens de la Bible, et de l'écriture sainte. C'est aujourd'hui la feste de la ste crois, en laquelle pour nostre salut a pendu l'eternel Jesuschrist fils du Dieu eternel. Je voi au parc pour un petit recréer mon entendement, qui est cause que je fai ici fin.

ægrotas non faciam meas literas longiores. Cras  
sequar meum institutum. Vale. 13. Septembris.

## XXX.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

PHEMONOE ascribitur numero istarum doctarum et  
sapientum fœminarum. Sosipatra fuit vates et plena  
tantis disciplinas (*sic*), ut crediderint omnes eam fuisse  
educatam a quibusdam numinibus. Theano excelluit  
apud Locros versibus lyricis. Altera ejusdem nominis  
fuit pythagorica, quæ scripsit in philosophiam com-  
mentarios de virtute, poemata quoque et apopthegmata.  
Zenobia regina Palmireorum fuit eruditissima sermonis  
græci, ægyptij, et non ignara latini. Erudijt filios duos  
quos habebat literis. Et plerunque habuit orationes  
apud suos milites quas galatea (*for* galeata) recitabat.  
Alpaises virgo fuit adeo religionis amica, ut meruerit  
celitus percipere sensum bibliorum, et scripturæ sacræ.  
Hodie est festus dies sanctæ crucis, in qua pro nostra  
salute pendit æternus Jesus Christus filius æterni  
patris. Dicedo in arbustum ut recreem meum inge-  
nium, quare finem scribendi facio. Vale. 14. Septemb.

## XXXI.

DELBORA, femme de la lignée d'Effrain, estoit docte, et devinoit les choses futures. Lastemia et Axiothea (comme temoigne Plutarque) ont esté disciples de Platon, et a fin qu'elles eussent plus de moien de converser cà et là avec les gens scavans, elles entroient a l'echolle en habit d'homme. Michale très doctement a enseigné a Thessale le remède d'amours. Diotima et Aspasia ont tant profité en philosophie, que l'une, a scavoir Diotima, Socrates, prince des philosophes, n'a eu honte appeller sa maitresse, ni d'aller aus leçons de l'autre, comme Platon a laissé par escrit. Lactantius dit que Themiste devant tout autre a esté excellente en philosophie. Le roi m'a donné congé de prendre un daim au parc avec ma dame de Castres, dont je n'ai loisir vous faire plus longue lettre. 15. Sept.

## XXXII.

ARETE est parvenue a si grande doctrine, qu'après que son père Aristippe fut mort, elle tint son echolle en philosophie, et eut plusieurs auditeurs. Dama, fille de Pythagoras, avoit l'esprit si grand en philoso-

## XXXI.

M. SC. R. EL. SOR. S. P. D.

DELBORA, mulier ex tribu Effrain, erat peritissima, quæ prædicebat res futuras. Lastemia et Axiothea, ut testatur Plutarcus, fuerunt discipulæ Platonis, et ut facilius cum hominibus doctioribus versarentur, ingrediebantur scholas cum habitu virili. Michale doctissima docuit apud Thessalos remedium amoris. Diotima et Aspasia adeo in philosophia profecerunt ut Socrates princeps philosophorum non veritus sit alteram, videlicet Diotimam, nominare magistram, et alterius lectionibus interesse, ut Plato scriptum reliquit. Lactantius dicit Themistem ante omnes alias fuisse excellentiorem in philosophia. Rex mihi permisit accipere damam in Theriotrophio; eo venatum cum domina a Castris, unde non licet per otium plura scribere. Vale.

## XXXII.

M. SC. RE. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

ARETE pervenit ad tam maximam doctrinam, ut patre Aristippo mortuo rexit scholas in philosophia, habuitque plures auditores. Dama filia Pythagoræ prædita erat ingenio philosophiæ dedito, ut exposuerit patris

phie, qu'elle a exposé les plus difficiles sentences de son père. Thargelia pareillement a esté très illustre en philosophie. On dit que Musca a esté poëte lyrique, et a écrit plusieurs epigrammes. Carixena a fait aussi beaucoup de vers très elegans. Ma lettre ne sera plus longue, ma seur, pour ce que n'estes encores asses bien guerie. Si je ne vous fu hier voir, le medecin en est cause, qui ne le voulut, pour ce qu'avés prins medecine. 18. Sept.

## XXXIII.

ON loue aussi Mæro pour une hynne qu'elle a faite a la louange de Neptune. Agallis de Corce (*sic*) a esté fort illustre en grammaire, et Telesilla en poesie, laquelle loue grandement Pausanias, et lui fut erigée une statue en l'insule d'Argos, devant le temple de Venus. Hipparchia, femme grecque, a semblablement esté merveilleuse aus disciplines de philosophie. Je ne vous en nommerai d'autres pour le present, pour ce qui faut que j'alle voir le roi qui print au soir des pillules. Je n'en eu loisir de vous visiter hier, je vous prie, ma seur, de me pardonner. 20. Sept.

dificiliores sententias. Thargelia pariter illustrissima fuit in philosophia. Ferunt Muscam fuisse poetriam lyricam, quæ scripsit plura epigrammata: Charixena fecit etiam plures elegantissimos versus. Non erit æpistola mea longior, suavissima soror, quia nondum satis convalescis. Si te non viserim heri, medicus in causa est, noluit enim propterea quod acceperas medicinam. Vale.

## XXXIII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

LAUDATUR etiam Mæro hymno condito in laudem Neptuni. Agallis Corcirea fuit illustrissima in arte grammatica. Telesilla in poetica quam Pausanias valde celebrat, erecta fuit illi statua apud Argos ante templum Veneris. Hipparchia, mulier Græca, similiter excelluit in disciplinis philosophicis. Nullas numerabo alias in præsentia, quia oportet me ire ad regem, qui sero accepit catapotia. Non licuit per otium invisere te heri, quare te oratum velim, soror, ut mihi parcas. Vale.

## XXXIV.

CASSANDRE, fille de Priam, a esté prophète et de doctrine tres acomplie, et de ses ennemis honorée d'un temple en Lacedemone. Statius Papinius eut une femme nommée Claudia d'un esprit tres grand et admirable doctrine. Eudoxia, femme de Theodore le plus jeune, outre une grande beauté et une singulière pudicité, a tant excellé aus lettres qu'elle a mis en lumière un beau livre. Istrina, reyne des Scythes, temoin Herodote, a enseigné les lettres grecques a Syle son fils. C'est asses pour maintenant. Il faut ouir que demande Philodoxus a Simbulus en Erasme. Adieu. 22. Septembre.

## XXXV.

POLITIEN loue grandement Cassandre Fidele, fille venitiaine, laquelle il dit avoir manié le livre au lieu de la laine, la plume pour le fuseau, et le style pour l'éguille. De laquelle au commencement de quelque epitre il parle ainsi: O vierge, l'honneur d'Italie, quelle grace te pui-je rendre de quoi tu ne dedaignes m'honorer de tes lettres. Proba Valeria, fillette

## XXXIV.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

CASSANDRA filia Priami fuit vates et illustris doctrina, et apud hostes templo insignita in Lacedemone. Statius Papinius habuit uxorem nomine Claudiam, magno ingenio, et non vulgari doctrina præditam. Eudoxia, uxor Theodori junioris, præter egregiam formam, et singularem pudicitiam, ita excelluit literis, ut librum quendam emisit in lucem. Istrina, regina Scytharum, ut testis est Herodotus, docuit Sylem filium literas Græcas. Hæc hactenus, audiamus quid velit Philodoxus Simbulo apud Erasmum. Vale. 22. Septembris.

## XXXV.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

POLITIANUS laudat mirum in modum Cassandram Fidelem filiam Venetianam, quam dicit tractasse librum pro lana, pennam pro fuso, et stylum pro acu. De qua in principio cujusdam epistolæ ita loquitur. O virgo decus Italiæ, quales gratias possim tibi reddere, quod non dedigneris me honorare tuis literis. Proba Valeria puella Romana fuit excellentissima, cum græcis

romaine, a esté très excellente et aus lettres grecques, et aus latines, et a fait des gestes de Jesucrist, et de sa mort un œuvre tres noble. La royne m'a defendu de vous aller voir, ma seur, pour ce qu'elle pense que vous avés la rougeolle, de quoi je suis bien fort marrie. Je vous prie me mander comme vous portés. 23. Septembre.

## XXXVI.

BAPTISTE premiere fille du prince Mal[at]este, a souvent disputé contre gens des plus doctes, avec une très grand louange, et a escrit des livres de la fragilité humaine et de la vraie religion. Isota, fille de Veronne, a fait grande profession de philosophie et a quelque fois escrit a pape Nicolas cinquiesme, et Pie second de ce nom. Elle a encor escrit un dialogue, auquel-elle dispute lequel a le plus offensé, Adam ou Eve: aus quelles louanges des lettres elle a adjoutté le veu de perpetuelle virginité. A Dieu, ma seur, bien aimée. A Paris, 12. d'Octobre 1554.

## XXXVII.

[The French has

tum etiam latinis literis et scripsit opus nobilissimum gestorum Jesu Christi, et mortis illius. Regina vetuit ne te viserem, soror, quod putet te laborare pustulis sive boa. Qua de re dolenter fero, atque unice te oro mihi significes ut valeas. Vale.

## XXXVI.

MA. SC. R. ELIZA. SORORI S. P. D.

BAPTISTA, prima Malatestæ Pisauriensis principis filia, sæpe magna sui laude disputavit cum viris doctissimis, et scripsit libros de humana fragilitate, et de vera religione. Isota Navarola Veronensis professa est philosophiam, et quandoque scripsit ad Nicolaum quintum et Pium secundum, pontifices. Conscripsit etiam dialogum quo disputatur uter peccaverit gravius, Adam, an Eva, quibus laudibus adjecit virginitatis votum perpetuum. Vale, amica summa mea et soror. Lutetiæ, 12. Octobris.

## XXXVII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

MINERVA, prima Jovis filia, non propter aliud relata est in numerum deorum, nisi quia docta esset in

*never been written.]*

### XXXVIII.

CATHERINE, fille du roi d'Alexandrie, a esté si bien apprise aus saintes lettres, et par son labeur, et par inspiration divine, qu'elle a vaincu plusieurs hommes doctes appellés de son père pour lui persuader l'idolatrie, et [faire quitter] la religion d'un seul Dieu. Fabiole, femme romaine, a d'un cueur si grand embrassé les saintes lettres, et lisoit si souvent les propheties, evangiles, et autres bonnes leçons, qu'elle a grandement augmenté l'amour de la religion. Saint Hierome a souvent écrit a Marcelle romaine, pour ce qu'elle scavoit fort bien les lettres grecques, et lui a dédié le livre qu'il a fait du mepris du monde, de notre foi, et de la doctrine des heretiques, du blaspheme contre le St. Esprit, et plusieurs autres choses. Il faut que j'alle à vespre avec la roine, qui me garde vous faire plus longue lettre. A Paris.

omnibus bonis artibus, quarum fuit inventrix. Manto quæ dedit nomen Mantuæ fuit sapientissima vaticinijs claruit. Nicostrata græcas literas inpenſe dicta

[*This theme is left unfinished.*]

## XXXVIII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

CATHARINA, regis Alexandriæ filia, adeo sacris literis imbuta fuit, partim suo labore, partim afflatu divini spiritus, ut vicerit plures doctissimos viros vocatos a patre ad persuadendam idolatriam, et fugiendam unius Dei religionem. Fabiola, mulier Romana, tanto studio amplexa est sanctas literas, et revolvebat prophetias, evangelia, et alias bonas lectiones, ut auxerit vehementer amorem religionis. Divus Hieronimus sæpe scripsit Marcellæ Romanæ propter sacras literas quas egregie callebat, et ad eam scripsit librum quem fecit de contemptu mundi, de nostra fide, de doctrina hereticorum, de blasphemia in spiritum sanctum, et alia id genus permulta. Oportet me interesse vespers cum Regina, quare addam finem meis literis. Lutetiæ. 28. Octob. Vale.

## XXXIX.

EUSTOCHIUM, fille de Paule femme romaine, a excellé aus etudes de lettres hébraïques, greques, et latines : tant que de son temps elle fut appelée nouveau monstre du monde. Elle se voua, et s'addonna du tout aus letres saintes, de quoi St. Hierome l'aima, et loua fort. Genebria, femme de la nation de Veronne du temps de pape Pie 2. par sa grande erudition se rendit immortelle. Elle a écrit des epitres pleines de grande doctrine.

## XL.

CONSTANTIA, femme d'Alexandre Sforce, est mise au nombre des femmes excellentes en doctrine. Laquelle dès son enfance a estudié aus bonnes disciplines, de sorte que promptement sans y avoir pensé elle scavoit parler elegamment. Elle avoit tousjours aus mains les œuvres de St. Hierome, de St. Ambroise, de St. Gregoire, Cicero, et Lactance. Promptement elle ecrivoit des carmes tres elegans, ce qu'on disoit qu'elle avoit appris sans maitre. Elle eut une fille nommée Baptiste, d'une si grande doctrine qu'elle epouvantoit

## XXXIX.

M. R. SC. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

EUSTOCHIUM, filia Paulæ mulieris Romanæ, excelluit studijs literarum hebraicarum, græcarum et latinarum, adeo ut suo tempore appellata fuerit novum monstrum totius mundi. Vovit et addixit se omnino sacris literis, quapropter divus Hieronimus eam et amavit et maxime laudavit. Genebria, mulier natione Veronensis tempore pontificis Pij. 2. meruit immortale nomen incredibili sua eruditione. Scripsit epistolas maxima doctrina plenas.

## XL.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

CONSTANTIA, uxor Alexandri Sfortiæ, ascribitur numero feminarum excellentium doctrina. Quæ ab infantia studuit bonis disciplinis, ita ut imparata poterat loqui eleganter. Semper habebat in manibus opus Sti. Hieronimi, Ambrosij, Gregorij, Ciceronis, et Lactancij. Scribebat ex tempore (*sic*) carmina elegantissima. Id quod fertur didicisse sine præceptore. Habuit filiam, nomine Baptistam, tanta doctrina, ut terreret doctiores eloquentia. Manda memoriæ id quod ad te

les plus docte[s] de son eloquence. Retenés ce que je vous ai ecrit de toutes ces femmes, ma seur, et a leur exemple mettons peine d'apprendre les bonnes lettres, lesquelles, ainsi comme elles, nous rendront immortelles a jamais.

## XLI.

IL ne faut pas que vous soiés marrie, si toutes les fois que vous faillés, vous estes reprise. Car en toute institution, et mesmement en celle du prince, telle diligence y doit estre mise que la severité du precepteur corrige et emende les follies d'icelui. Et pour ce n'en aimés moins ceux qui vous tensent : mais au contraire, estimes fideles non ceus qui louent tout ce que vous faites et dites, mais ceus qui quand vous faillés vous reprennent aprement. Ceus la, ma dame, sont les vrais et plus seurs amis du Prince. Adieu. De notre Bibliotheque a St. Germain, ce 23. Novembre.

## XLII.

IL ne nous faut perdre le courage, ma seur, si la vertu et le scavoir sont longs a apprendre, car toutes choses

scripsi ex istis omnibus feminis, soror, et exemplo [*for* exemplo] illarum demus operam ut discamus bonas literas, quæ ita ut illas nos reddent immortales. Vale.

## XLI.

PRECEPTOR REGINÆ DISCIPULÆ S. P. D.

Non est quod egre feras, hera, si quoties erras, reprehenderis. Nam in omni institutione (*sic*), et maxime in ea quæ pertinet ad principem, ea adhibenda est diligentia, ut severitas præceptoris corrigat et emendet illius laciviam (*sic*). Quare ne illos minus ama qui te objurgant: sed contra existima eos esse fideles, non qui laudant quicquid dixeris fecerisve, sed qui te erantem increpant. Illi, hera, veri sunt amici principis. Vale. Ex nostra biblioteca, apud Stm. Germanum. 23. Novembris.

## XLII.

M. SC. R. ELIZABETÆ SO. S. P. D.

Non oportet nos despondere animum, soror, si virtus et eruditio discantur cum longo tempore. Nam ea

qui si tost sont faites, tost elles perissent aussi. Agatharchus peintre se vançoit de peindre legerement, et que Zeuxis [restit] trop long temps sur l'œuvre. Mais Zeuxis repondit, Je mets long temps a peindre, car je pain pour jamais. Les choses si tost nées perissent bien soudainement, et celles qui sont long temps elaborées durent un long age. La bête croit bien tost, et le buis petit a petit : regardés, ma seur, lequel dure plus. Prenés donc courage, ma joie, la vertu est eternelle. A St. Germain. 24. Novembre. 1554.

## XLIII.

AGESILAUS interrogué par quel moien pouvoit acquerir honneste renommée : Si parle, repondit-il, ce qui est très bon, et fait ce qui est très honneste. Socrates respondit ainsi a celui qui demandoit le mesme, Si tu estudies, dit-il, a estre tel que tu veus estre veu. Car la gloire ácquise par fards, n'est vraie gloire et ne dure guères. Gardons nous donc, ma seur, ni en jeu ni a bon esciant de dire ni faire que choses bonnes. A Dieu.

omnia quæ cito fiunt, cito etiam pereunt. Agatharchus, pictor, sese jactabat de celeritate pingendi, quod Zeuxis immoraretur operi. At Zeuxis respondit, diu pingo, sed pingo æternitati. Res tam subito natæ, pereunt cito, et illæ quæ diu sunt elaboratæ, durant per longam ætatem. Beta statim crescit, et buxus paulatim. Vide, soror, utrum plus durat. Sis animo forti, mea voluptas unica, virtus æterna manebit. Apud St. Germanum. 24. Novembris. Vale.

## XLIII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

AGESILAUS interrogatus qua ratione quisque posset assequi honestam famam : Si loquatur, inquit, id quod optimum sit, et fecerit quod honestissimum. Socrates itidem respondit idem petenti, si tu studeas esse talis, qualis haberi velis. Nam gloria parta fucis, non est vera gloria, nec diuturna. Curemus igitur, soror, ne ioco, vel serio, quid dicamus faciamusve, nisi quod optimum sit. Vale. 27. Novembris.

## XLIV.

JE lisois au soir, un peu devant que m'endormir, une sentence d'Antalcidas digne d'estre apprise d'un chacun et mesmement d'un prince. Icelui, interrogué comment quelcun pourroit plaire aus hommes : Si parle, dit-il, a eux gracieusement, et leur donne choses utiles. Il vous apprend (mes dames) qu'en vos propos il i ait grand douceur de paroles, et que soies liberales, donnant choses qui apportent grand profit a ceus aus quels vous donnerés. 27. Novembre.

## XLV.

QUAND quelque fois Denis entra en la chambre de son fils, et apperceut un si grand monceau de vases d'or et d'argent, s'écriant, N'as-tu, dit-il, l'entendement royal, que tu n'as fait quelque ami de tant de pots que je t'ai donnés ? Voulant dire que sans la benevolence des citoiens le royaume ne se peut acquérir ni estre gardé. Et n'i a rien qui plus concilie l'amitié et benevolence que liberalité. Mais le jeune enfant, ignorant du maniment de choses, pensoit estre plus grand heur avoir de l'argent que des amis. Fuions l'avarice, ma seur, car elle est du tout indigne de la nature du prince.

## XLIV.

PRECEPTOR MARIE.

HERI legebam paulo ante quam discederem cubitum, Alcidæ (*sic*) sententiam dignam quæ discatur ab unoquoque, et a principe maxime. Is interrogatus quomodo quisque posset hominibus placere: Si loquatur, inquit, illis jucundissime, et det illis utilissima. Vos docet, heræ suavissimæ meæ, ut in colloquijs vestris sit sermonis comitas maxima, tam ut sitis liberale dando quæ adferant utilitatem ijs quibus dederitis. Bene valete. 27. Novembris.

## XLV.

M. SC. R. ELL. SORORI S. P. D.

QUUM aliquando Dionisius ingrederetur cubiculum filij, et videret magnam vim poculorum aureorum et argenteorum (*sic*), exclamans, Non habes, inquit, regium animum, qui nullum feceris amicum ex tantis poculis quæ dedi tibi? Sentiens sine benevolentia civium regium non posse parari, nec servari. Nihil est quod plus conciliet amicitiam et benevolentiam quam liberalitas. Sed juvenis imperitus rerum putabat esse felicius habere argentum quam amicos. Fugiamus avvaritiam, soror, nam indigna est omnino natura principis. Vale. 28. Novembris.

## XLVI.

ARISTODEMUS, un des grands amis d'Antigonus roi de Macédone, encores qui fut fils d'un cuisinier, lui persuadoit de retraindre sa dépence et ses liberalités. Tes paroles, dit-il, Aristodeme, sentent la saulce. Montrant la chicheté, si elle estoit aus cuisiniers, ne devoir estre aus rois. Et que par tel conseil il lui souvenoit de quel pere il estoit né, et non de qui il estoit ami. Antigone montrait par cela ce que disoit Artoxerces fils de Xerces ; a scavoir, qu'il est plus digne a un prince d'augmenter les honneurs et richesses de ceus aus quels ils commandent, que les diminuer.

## XLVII.

CETTE histoire, ma seur, n'est de moindre dignité et utilité que celle que je vous contoï hier. Perillus, un des amis d'Alexandre, lui demanda douaire pour ses filles. Le roi commanda qu'il prist cinquante talents. Perillus repondit que dix seroient assés. C'est assés a toi, dit Alexandre, d'en recevoir autant, mais a moi non de n'en donner qu'autant. O liberalité digne d'un vrai prince. A Dieu, ma seur, je ne vous ferai plus longue lettre, par ce que j'ai mal aus dents. A St. Germain.

## XLVI.

M. SC. R. ELIZABETÆ SORORI S. P. D.

QUUM Aristodemus unus ex numero amicorum Antigoni Regis Macedoniæ, quamvis esset prognatus à coquo, persuaderet regi detrahere impendia et largitiones, Tua verba, inquit, Aristodeme, ius olent: demonstrans avaritiam esse coquorum, non regum, et tali consilio ind[i]care à quo patre natus esset, non cujus erat amicus. Antigonus hoc dicto demonstrabat, id quod Artoxerces filius Xercis dicebat, videlicet dignius esse principi augere honores, et divitias eorum, quibus imperat, quam minuere. Vale. 4. Calend. Decemb. apud St. Germanum.

## XLVII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

HÆC historia non est indignior nec inutilior illa quam tibi recitabam heri. Perillus, unus amicorum Alexandri, ab Alexandro petijt dotem pro suis filiabus. Rex jussit ut acciperet quinquaginta talenta. Perillus respondit decem satis esse. Sufficeret tibi, inquit Alexander, tantum accipere, sed mihi non satis est tantum dare. O liberalitatem dignam vero principe. Vale, soror dilectissima mea, non possum longiorem facere epistolam, quia laboro dentibus. Apud St. Germanum. 3. cal. Decemb.

## XLVIII.

JE trouve la liberalité d'Alexandre si émerveillable que je ne me puis tenir vous en parler. Quand quelque fois Xenocrates philosophe refusa cinquante talens qui lui envoya en don, disant qu'il n'en avoit que faire, lui demanda s'il avoit point d'amis qui en eussent besoin. A grand peine les richesses de Darius (dist le roi) m'ont-elles suffi pour mes amis.

## XLIX.

JE vous raconterai (ma seur) une liberalité plus grande que toutes les autres. Anaxarchus philosophe vint au roy Alexandre pour ce qui scavoit bien qu'il estoit liberal, et qu'il aimoit fort les lettres, et lui demanda argent pour bastir un college. Le roy commanda a son tresorier qui donnast au philosophe ce qu'il demanderoit. Le tresorier, estonné de la demande du philosophe, remontra au roy qu'il demandoit cents talens. Il fait bien, dit-il, sachant qu' Alexandre en peut et veut autant donner. Voiant ce roy avoir acquis une si grande renommée par liberalité, je suis marrie que je n'ai de quoi je puisse faire paroître ma volonté.

## XLVIII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

TANTA mihi videtur liberalitas regis Alexandri ut non possum quin tibi iterum loquar de illo. Quum aliquoties Xenocrates philosophus recusavit quinquaginta talenta quæ misit illi dono, dicens non esse illi opus: Petijt si non haberet amicos quibus esset opus. Vix, inquit, opes Darij mihi suffecerunt in meos amicos. Vale. Apud St. Germanum. Decembris.

## XLIX.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

HANC etiam tibi (*sic*) recitabo liberalitatem majorem omnibus alijs. Anaxarchus philosophus venit ad regem Alexandrum, quod sciret eum esse liberalem et amare literas, et petiit ab eo argentum ut gymnasium ædificaret. Rex imperavit quæstori ut daret philosopho id quod peteret. Quæstor turbatus petitione philosophi indicavit Regi illum petere centum talenta. Bene facit, inquit, scit enim Alexandrum et posse et velle tantum dare. Quare videns hunc Regem tantam acquisisse famam liberalitate, dolet mihi quod non habeam unde possim patefacere meum beneficentissimum animum. Decembris.

## L.

JE vous prie, ma seur, vouloir entendre la reponce que fit ce tres liberal roy Alexandre. Interrogué où il mettroit tous ses tresors, Devers mes amis, dit-il; signifiant, que les richesses ne peuvent estre mises plus seurement. Car quand la chose et le temps le requiert, elles reviennent à nous avec usure. Apprenons, ma seur, qu'il est plus honneste donner que prendre, et pensons que Dieu ne nous a donné tant de richesses pour les garder en un monseau, mais pour les departir a ceux qui en ont besoin.

## LI.

JE me suis ebahi ce matin, ma seur, de voir les anciens ethniques, privés de la cognoissance de notre foi, estre plus sages que nous. Je lisoï que Socrates disoit qui ne failloit demander a Dieu que sa grâce, reprenant ceux qui demandent une femme bien douée, des biens, des honneurs, des roiaumes, longue vie, comme voulant enseigner a Dieu ce qu'il faut faire. Ne faisons pas ainsi, ma seur, car Dieu scait mieux ce qui nous est bon, et ce qui nous est mauvais que nous mesme.

## I.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

ORO te, soror, ut intelligas quid responderit liberalissimus rex Alexander. Interrogatus ubi recondere suos thesauros, Apud meos amicos, inquit, significans quod opes non possunt reponi tutius. Nam cum res et tempus postulant, redeunt ad nos cum fœnore. Discamus, soror, quod est fœlicius dare quam accipere. Et putemus Deum non nobis dedisse tantas opes ut cumulativè servaremus; sit ut daremus illis quibus opus est. Vale. 11. Decembris.

## II.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

MIRABAR hodie, soror, veteres ethnicos privatos cognitione nostræ fidei esse sapientiores nobis ipsis. Legebam Socratem dicere non oportere nihil a Deo petere, præter suam sanctissimam gratiam, obiurgantem eos qui petunt uxorem bene dotatam, opes, honores, regna, longuam (*sic*) vitam: tanquam volentes Deum docere quid oporteat facere. Ne ita faciamus, soror, nam Deus optimus maximus melius scit quid nobis optimum sit et quod opessimum (*sic*), quam nos ipsi. Vale.

## LII.

LA coutume des Lacedémoniens estoit que le plus viel montroit la porte a tous ceus qui entroient aus banquets, disant, Qu'une seule parole ne resorte par la. Les admonestant qu'il ne failloit rien reporter, si librement il estoit dit quelque chose au banquet. Et institua cette coutume Lycurgus. Fuions donc les rapporteurs et les flateurs, ma seur, imitant Alexandre, envers lequel quand on accusoit quelq'un, il etoupoit l'une de ses oreilles. Interrogué pour quoi il faisoit cela, je garde, disoit-il, l'autre entiere a celui qu'on acuse.

## LIII.

QUAND je lisois les beaux faicts d'Alexandre, le plus grand que fut jamais aus armes, j'ai noté, Mons<sup>r</sup>, qui n'aimoit rien tant que les lettres. Car quand on lui porta un petit coffret, si beau que rien ne se trouvoit plus excellent entre les richesses de Darius, et qu'on demandoit a quel usage il seroit destiné, les uns disant d'un, les autres d'autre: Il lui sera donné Homère a garder, dit-il; voulant dire qu'il n'estoit tresor plus grand que cela. Ce qu'il approuva une

## LII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

CONSUEUDO Lacedemoniorum erat, ut is qui senior, ostenderet fores illis omnibus qui ingrediebantur convivium, inquit, ne quis sermo per has fores egrediatur. Admonens eos nihil effutiendum esse, si quid liberius diceretur in convivio. Hunc morem instituit Lycurgus. Fugiamus igitur adulescentes, et linguaces, soror, imitantes Alexandrum, apud quem, cum aliquis accusabatur, occludebat alteram aurem. Interrogatus cur hoc faceret, Servo, dicebat, alteram integram illi qui accusatur. Vale.

## LIII.

M. DEI GRATIA SCOTORUM REGINA FRANCISCO DELPHINO S. P. D.

QUUM legerem pulchra facinora Alexandri, maioris quam qui unquam fuerit in armis hoc unum notavi (princeps illustrissime), eum nihil æque ac literas amare. Nam cum tulissent illi scriniolum adeo pulcrum ut nihil pulcrius inter opes Darij, et petiissent in quem usum destinandum esset: alij aliud suadentibus dabitur huic servandus Homerus, inquit, significans se nihil potius amare, nec ullum eo thesaurum præciosiorem. Id quod alias probavit, quum quidam gaudio gestiens

autre fois par autre façon, quand quelqu'un s'éioouissant fort accourut a luy, pour luy raconter quelque chose heureusement advenue. Que m'annonceras tu de grand, dit-il, mon amy, si tu ne disois qu'Homere requist [revequist]? Signifiant toute la gloire de beaus faicts perir, si ni a un tel bon chanteur qu'a esté Homère. Aimés doncques les lettres, Mons<sup>r</sup>, lesquelles seullement n'augmenteront vos vertus, mais rendront immortels vos beaus faicts. A St. Germain. 20. de Decembre.

## LIV.

L'AMOUR que je vous porte, Mons<sup>r</sup>, m'a donné hardiesse de vous prier que le plus que vous pourrés aiés avecques vous gens vertueux et sçavans, et que sur tout aimés votre precepteur, a l'exemple d'Alexandre, qui a d'une telle reverence honoré Aristote qu'il disoit ne luy devoir moins qu'a son père. Pour ce que de son père il en avoit pris le commencement de vivre, et de son maître le commencement de bien vivre.

accurreret, ut recitaret aliquam rem feliciter gestam. Quid magni, bone vir, mihi anuncies, inquit, nisi dicas Homerum revixisse; significans gloriam pulcrorum factorum perituram, si desit talis preco, qualis Home-  
rus fuit. Ama igitur literas, princeps illustrissime, quæ non solum augebunt tuas virtutes, sed tua pulcra facta immortalia redeunt (*for* reddunt). Vale. Apud St. Germanum. 13. Calend. Januar.

## LIV.

M. DEI GRATIA SC. R. FRANCISCO DELPHINO S. P. D.

AMOR quo te unice complector, princeps illu[s]trissime, efficit ut ausim te deprecari tecum habeas quantum poteris probos et sapientes homines, et ante omnia præceptorem ames, exemplo Alexandri, qui tanta reverentia Aristotelem prosecutus est, ut diceret se non minus illi quam patri debere: quod a patre initium vivendi solum, a præceptore bene vivendi initium accipisset. Vale.

## LV.

AGESILAUS voiant que plusieurs estoient entachés d'avarice, avoit coutume d'admonester ses amis qui n'estudiassent tant a s'enrichir de pecunes que de force et de vertu. Pour ce qu'en vain acquiert des richesses, qui est sans les vrais biens de l'esprit. Car, ma seur, ceux-ci nous accompagnent, et font honneur après notre (sic) mort; et les autres nous trompent, et perissent en un moment. A St. Germain, 26. Decemb.

## LVI.

ARISTIPPE interrogué quelle difference il y avoit entre les doctes et les ignorans, autant qu'entre les chevaux dontés et ceus qui ne le sont point. Car tout ainsi qu'un cheval qui n'est point dressé est incommode a tout usage, pour son ignorance et ferocité: ainsi celui qui est transporté de ses affections, lesquelles la seule philosophie apprivoise, est inutile a toute coutume de la vie. A St. Germain, le jour St. Jean après la natiuité de Jesuchrist.

## LV.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

QUUM videret Agsilaus (*for* Agesilaus) plures laborare pecuniæ studio, solebat admonere amicos ut ne tam pecuniis studerent ditescere, quam fortitudine et virtute. Nam frustra parat opes qui est sine veris bonis animi. Hæc nos comitantur, soror, et nobis addunt honorem: illa vero nos decipiunt, et pereunt uno momento. Vale. Apud St. Germanum.

## LVI.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

ARISTIPPUS interrogatus quo differebant docti ab ignorantibus: quo equi domiti ab ijs qui sunt indomiti. Nam ut equus qui indomitus est incommodus est ad omnem rem ob iscitiam et ferocitatem, ita ille qui rapitur suis affectibus quos sola philosophia domat est inutilis ad omnem consuetudinem vitæ. Apud St. Germanum, die St. Ioannis a nativitate Iesu Cristi. Vale.

## LVII.

ARISTIPPE disoit que mieux valloit estre povre qu'estre indocte, pour ce que le povre a seulement afaire d'argent, et l'autre d'humanité. Et d'avantage celui n'est moins homme auquel defaut argent, mais celui n'est homme auquel defaut sçavoir. Outre plus, celui qui a faute d'argent, en demande a ceux qui rencontre : et celui auquel defaut prudence, ne sollicite personne pour en avoir. Nous avons des richesses assés, ma seur, efforçons nous d'acquérir de la doctrine. A St. Germain, dernier jour de cest an 1554.

## LVIII.

NOUS devons vouloir, ma seur très aimée, que soions, pendant que sommes jeunes, reprinses d'un chacun, afin que soions plus tost sages. Et ne nous faut dire tantost a l'un, tantost a l'autre, Quoi ? t'appartient il de me reprendre ? Diogenes disoit a Xenienes du quel il estoit acheté, combien que je soy serf, si est il necessaire que tu m'obeisses, car qui a un nautonnier, ou medecin serviteur, il est contrainct de lui obeir, s'il en veut recevoir profit. Je ne vueil oblier a vous dire que j'ai

## LVII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

ARISTIPPUS dicebat satius esse fieri pauperem quam indoctum: quia ille tantum eget pecunijs, hic vero humanitate. Et porro ille non minus homo est cui pecunia deest, sed non homo est cui sapientia deest. Præterea cui pecunia deest, petit ab obvijs, et ille cui prudentia deest, neminem sollicitat ut habeat. Satis habemus opum, soror, conemur adipisci doctrinam. Vale. Apud St. Germanum, die ultimo anni 1554,

## LVIII.

M. SC. R. EL. SOR. S. P. D.

DEBEMUS velle (amica summa sua et soror) dum iuvenes sumus, emmendari ab unoquoque, ut simus citius sapientiores; nec oportet nos dicere modo huic, modo illi: Quid pertinet ad te reprehendere me? Diogenes dicebat Xeniadæ a quo emptus erat, etiam si servus sum, tamen necesse est ut tu mihi pareas, quia qui habet nauclerum, vel medicum servum, cogitur illi obedire, si velit percipere utilitatem ab illo. Non obliviscar tibi dicere modo intellexisse me regem

entendu que le roy se porte mieux qui ne faisoit hier, dont j'en rens graces a Dieu, qui vous garde en bonne santé. A St. Germain. 5. de Janvier, 1554.

## LIX.

EPENETUS avoit coutume de dire les menteurs estre auteurs de tous crimes et toutes iniures. Laquelle sentence ne discorde point aus lettres des Hebreus, lesquelles narrent que par la menterie du serpent les portes ont esté ouvertes a tout genre de vice. Par ce nom de menterie sont aussi contenus les flateurs, calumniateurs, mechans conseillers et mauvais gouverneurs, qui sont fontaine de tous maulx. Puis donc que tant le mensonge deplait a Dieu et [est] si dommageable aus hommes, faisons, ma seur, que touiours soions veritables.

## LX.

PLUSIEURS belles histoires temoignent que les anciens ont esté plus studieux de la Rep. et salut des citoiens, que ceus qui ont regné depuis. Temoin en est Pomponius homme notable et digne de grande louange,

melius habere quam heri. Unde ago gratias immortales Deo opt. max., qui tuam valetudinem feliciter conservet. Vale. 5. Januarij.

## LIX.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

EPENETUS dicere solebat mendaces esse autores omnium criminum, et omnium iniuriarum. Quæ sententia non dissonat a literis Hebreorum, quæ narrant ut mendacio serpentis, fores apertæ fuerunt omni generi vitiorum. Et hoc nomine mendacium adulatores, calumniatores, mali consiliarij, et perversi educatores continentur, qui sunt fontes omnium malorum. Cum igitur mendacium Deo tantum displiceat, et perniciosum sit hominibus: faciamus, soror, ut ne quidem ioco mentiamur, sed simus omne tempore veraces. Vale. 7. Januarij. Apud St. Germanum.

## LX.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

PLURES pulcræ historiæ testantur veteres fuisse studiosiores reipublicæ et salutis civium quam illos qui regnaverunt ab eo tempore. Ponponius, homo insignis et dignus magna laude, testis est, qui multis

lequel estant fort blecé fut amené a Mithridates, qui lui demanda si le faisoit penser, il vouloit estre son ami? Si tu veus (repondit Pomponius) estre ami aus Romains, je serai aussi le tien. Vous voies que sa vie ne lui estoit si chère que l'amitié qui portoit a la republique. A St. Germain, 8. de Janvier.

## LXI.

TRES élégamment a chanté le poete qui a dit la liberté ne povoir asses estre achetée. Du quel advis estoit Diogenes, très excellent philosophe, qui repondit a ceus qui louoient le bon heur d'Aristote de quoi il vivoit avec le fils d'un roy: Aristote, dit-il, dinne quand il plaist a Alexandre, Diogenes quand il plaist a Diogenes. Voulant dire riens n'estre heureux si liberté défaut. Apprenons donc les arts et bonnes disciplines, ma seur, par lesquelles plus facilement nous acquerrons vertu, nourrice et mère de liberté, car temoin l'écriture sainte, quicunque fait peché est serviteur d'iceluy.

vulneribus confossus, adductus fuit ad Mithridatem, et cum ab eo quæreretur si curaret eum vellet sibi amicus esse? Si tu, inquit, fueris amicus Romanis me etiam amicum habebis. Vides amicitiam qua rempublicam prosequebatur maiorem et vita ipsa cariorem. Vale. 8. Ianuarij.

## LXI.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

Hoc carmen cecinit eleganter poeta,

Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro.

Cuius opinionis erat Diogenes philosophus eximius, qui respondit illis qui laudabant felicitatem Aristotelis quod viveret cum regis filio: Aristoteles, inquit, prandet quand[o] placet Alexandro, Diogenes quando placet Diogeni. Significans nihil esse beatum si libertas desit. Discamus ergo bonas diciplinas et artes, soror, per quas facilius parabimus virtutem matrem et neutricem libertatis. Nam, ut sta. Scriptura testatur, quicumque facit peccatum servus est peccati. Vale. 9. Ian.

## LXII.

DIOGENES disoit les hommes bons estre les images et simulacres de Dieus, plus tost que les statues d'or, d'argent, ou d'airain: car il est propre aus Dieus de bien faire a tous, et ne nuire a personne. Ce que mieus reluit aus sages et aus bons, qu'aus statues quelques precieuses qu'elles soient. Il disoit encores une autre chose que vous louerés grandement, ascavoir, entre les indigens et miserables n'estre tenu celuy qui s'est acquis de bonnes sciences et de bons amis. Mais que celui estoit malheureusement povre qui n'estoit pourveu de quelque vertu.

## LXIII.

[*The French has never been written.*]

## LXII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S. P. D.

DIOGENES dicebat bonos viros esse imagines et simulacra deorum, potius quam statuas aureas, argenteas, vel æreas. Nam proprium est deorum bene facere omnibus et nocere nemini. Id quod magis elucet in sapientibus et bonis viris quam in statuis quantisvis (*for* quantumvis) preciosissimis. Dicebat etiam aliud quod maxime laudabis, videlicet inter pauperes et miseros illum non haberi qui sibi paravit bonas scientias, et probos amicos. Sed eum esse infeliciter egenum qui non sit peditus aliqua virtute. Vale.

## LXIII.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S.P.D.

LEGEbam hodie apud Ciceronem, soror, non oportere efferri rebus felicibus et prosperis; nam, ut dixit Solon, Crejo nemo ant (*for* ante) obitum felix. Rotat omne fatum, et si fortuna blanditur nobis hodie, cras minatur. Quomodo accidit Policrati regi Samiorum potentissimo, et usque adeo felici ut ab omnio prælio reportarit victoriam. Et tamen evenit quod Oretes, præfectus Ciri rex Persarum eum superavit et afixit

## LXIV.

[*The French has never been written.*]

[THE END.]

cruci. Quanto ergo superiores simus tanto nos submitius geramus. Dicentes cum Davide rege et propheta, in manibus tuis sortes meæ, non nobis Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo sanctissimo laus, honor et gloria sit in secula seculorum. Amen. Vale.

## LXIV.

M. SC. R. EL. SORORI S.P.D.

QUEMADMODUM non debemus efferi quavis bona fortuna que nobis evenit, ita adversa non debemus despondere animum, nec quoquomodo turbari, veluti legimus de Socrate, qui nunquam visus est vultu aut hilari magis aut turbato. Xantippæ (*sic*) testatur, quæ dixit se semper ipsum vidisse eodem vultu exeuntem domo et revertentem. Porro si sumus pauperes in hoc seculo, in hoc sumus similes Deo, et patri nostro, qui non habuit ubi reclinaret caput suum. Si homines nos odærint, hoc pollicetur nobis gloriam regna (*for regina*) celorum. Vale.

[FINIS.]



# SONGS AND CAROLS

FROM A

MANUSCRIPT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

OF THE

*Fifteenth Century.*

EDITED BY

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(ACADEMIE DES INSCRIPTIONS ET BELLES LETTRES.)

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PRINTED BY T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

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M.DCCC.LVI.



## PREFACE.

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THE Sloane MS. No. 2593, in the British Museum, has been long known to the literary historians of the English middle ages, and several of the songs contained in it have been printed. I myself, when first entering on the study of this class of literature, edited a selection from it in a small black-letter volume published by the late Mr. Pickering. Since that time, another volume of the same kind, and containing second copies of some of its contents, fell into my hands accidentally, and I edited it entire for the Percy Society, under the title of *Songs and Carols, now first printed from a Manuscript of the Fifteenth Century*. As far as I have been able to ascertain, these are the only collections of the kind known to exist; they are both of them apparently the song-books of minstrels;

and they are both curious for the character and variety of the poetical effusions they contain, and for the interesting illustration they afford us of contemporary popular sentiments; they are both also of about the same date. The Sloane MS., from which the present collection is printed, has been generally ascribed, from the character of the writing, to the reign of Henry VI. I have thought, therefore, that it would not be unacceptable to the readers of our old poetry, if I gave a complete edition of the Sloane Manuscript, as a companion to the volume printed for the Percy Society.

One of these songs, No. lii, p. 73, furnishes us with curious data for fixing more exactly the period at which it at least was composed, if we could identify the circumstances alluded to in it. The reader, or rather the hearer, of this song, is reminded, as so many memorials of the frailty of human affairs, of certain great disasters which, at the time it was composed, were fresh in people's memories. The first of these were the "dear years three," in which multitudes of people died of hunger; the next were two pestilences of a fearful description; after this came a tempest—a wind's blast—which blew down steeples, and was accompanied with terrible thunder

and lightning, by which the priory of the Carmelites, and the tolbooth at Lynn, in Norfolk, were burnt. This last circumstance would fix the date immediately, but unfortunately I have not been able to discover any historical notice of the event to which it alludes. Pestilences and famines were rather common during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and when described in general terms are not easily identified. After a comparison of the events of this kind mentioned in the old chronicles, I am inclined to think, however, that the two pestilences mentioned in our song are those two celebrated pestilences of the fourteenth century (occurring in the years 1349 and 1361-2) which are commemorated in the well-known popular poem of *Piers Ploughman*, and that the “wyndes blast” of our song is the terrible south-western wind of the same remarkable poem, which occurred on the 15th of January, 1362, and of which we are there told—

He preved that thise pestilences  
 Were for pure synne,  
 And the south-westrene wynd  
 On Saterdag at even  
 Was pertliche for pure pride,  
 And for no point ellis ;  
 Pyries and plum-trees

Were puffed to the erthe,  
 In ensauple that the segges  
 Sholden do the bettre ;  
 Beches and brode okes  
 Were blowen to the grounde,  
 Turned upward hire tailles,  
 In tokenynge of drede  
 That dedly synne er domes-day  
 Shal for-doon hem alle.

*Piers Ploughman, l. 2500.*

Stowe says of this tempest, "The king held his Christmas at Windsore, and the xv. day following a sore and vehement southwest winde brake forth, so hideous, that it overthrew high houses, towers, steeples, and trees, and so bowed them, that the residue which fell not, but remained standing, were the weaker." The first of the two pestilences was followed by a period of excessive dearness, which I suspect was identical with the three dear years of our song.

Now the great pestilences of the fourteenth century were certainly well remembered for two centuries afterwards, but they were remembered not as the *two* pestilences, but as the *three* pestilences, of which the third occurred in the year 1369. If I am right, therefore, in explaining the allusions,

this song must have been originally composed before the third pestilence, or between 1362 and 1369, and probably very soon after the former year.

Of course this date would apply only to the particular song in question, and it proves nothing as to the age of the others; but I think we may fairly infer from it, that the songs contained in these two collections do not by any means belong to the particular age of the manuscripts in which they are found, but that they belong to a numerous class of popular literature which were preserved in the memory of the sort of people who sang them, during several generations, and that some of them were only at times copied down by accident in collections like the two which I have edited, which we may therefore regard as very curious monuments of the minstrel lore. All this explains the great incorrectness with which they are written, and the numerous variations we find where we have more than one copy of the same song, which would naturally arise in taking it down from the memory of different persons at different times. The collection printed for the Percy Society is the more curious of the two, both because it contains a larger proportion of songs not of a religious character, and

because some of them are accompanied with the musical notes.

I will only add that in editing the Sloane MS. I have followed the same principle adopted in the volume printed for the Percy Society, of strictly following the manuscript, even in its errors, many of which are in themselves philologically curious. The Latin, especially, is in many cases extremely corrupt.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

14, *Sydney Street, Brompton,*  
*April, 1856.*

## SONGS AND CAROLS.

---

### I.

Thou wost wol lytil ho is thi foo.

MAN, loke thou have this gys,  
Quat sum evere thou xalt doo,  
Of thi speche the wil avys,  
Thou wost wol lytil ho is thi foo.

Man, rewle thi tunge in swych a gys,  
That non mysspeche come the froo;  
For than thou dost as the wys,  
Thou wost wol lytil ho is thi foo.

Idil speche I rede thou spys,  
Lok to hom thou seyst thi wil too;  
Qwether thou stonde, walke, or ryde,  
Thou wost wol lytil ho is thi foo.

The bryd seyde on his devys,  
Thou mytyst telle sum man thi woo,  
He wol it were dublyd thryis ;  
Thou wost wol lytil ho is thi foo.

If thou wyt beryn away the prys,  
Lestene this song and synge the too,  
Of thi speche the wil avys,  
Thou wost wol lytil ho is thin foo.

---

II.

Now bething the, gentilman,  
How Adam dalf and Eve span.

IN the vale of Abraham  
Cryst hym self he made Adam,  
And of his rybbe a fayr womman,  
And thus this semly word began.

“ Cum, Adam, and thou xalt se  
The blysse of paradys that is so fre ;  
Therin stant an appil-tre,  
Lef and frewt growit theron.

Adam, if thou this appil ete,  
Alle these joyis thou xalt forzete,

And the peynis of helle gete."

Thus God hym self warnid Adam.

Quan God was fro Adam gon,

Sone after cam the fend anon ;

A fals tretour he was on,

He tok the tre, and krep theron.

"Quat eylyt the, Adam, art thou wod ?

Thi lord haȝt tawt the lytil good,

He wolde not thou understod

Of the wyttes that he can.

Tak the appil of the tre,

And ete therof, I bidde the,

And alle hese joyis thou xalt se,

Fro the he xal hedyn non."

Quan Adam hadde that appil ete,

Alle hese joyis wern forȝete,

Non word more myȝt he speke,

He stod as nakyd as a ston.

Than cam an aungil with a swerd,

And drof Adam into a disert ;

Ther was Adam sore aferd,

For labour coude he werkyn non.

## III.

Alle maydenis, for Godes grace,  
 Worchepe ȝe seynt Nicolas.

SEYNT Nicholas was of gret posté,  
 For he worchepid maydenis thre,  
 That wer sent in fer cuntré  
 Common wommen for to be.

Here fader was man in powre aray,  
 Onto his dowteres he gan say,  
 "Dowteres, ȝe must away,  
 Non lenger kepe ȝou I may.

Dowteres, myn blyssing I ȝou ȝeve,  
 For catel wil not with me thryve,  
 ȝe must with ȝowre body leve,  
 ȝour wordeȝe must dryve."

The eldest dowter swor, be bred of qwete,  
 "I have levere beggyn myn mete,  
 And getyn me good qwer I may gete,  
 Than ledyn myn lyf in lecherie."

The medil dowter seyde, so mote che the,  
 "I hadde levere hangyd and drawyd be

With wylde hors to or thre,  
Than ledin myn lyf in lecherie."

The zongere lechery gan to spyse,  
And preyid saynt Nicholas, as che was wise,  
"Saynt Nicholas, as he was wyse,  
Help us fro lecherie."

Saynt Nicholas, at the townys ende,  
Consoylid tho maydenis hom to wynde,  
And throw Godes grace he xulde hem synde  
Husbondes thre good and kind.

---

## IV.

God that alle mytes may,  
Helpe us at our ending daye.

THIS word, lordingges, I understonde,  
May be lyknyd to an husbonde,  
That taket a ferme into his honde  
To zelde therof serteyn pay.

Spende we neyther speche ne spylle,  
Neyther for good ne for ille,  
We xuln zevyn acountes grylle  
Beforn our Lord on domys daye.

Leve lordynges, be war of this,  
For oftyn tyme we don amys,  
Ther is non of us i-wys  
But that we trespasyn every day.

This word, lordynges, is but a farye,  
It faryt ryȝt as a neysche weye,  
That now is wet and now is dreye,  
For sothe serteyn, as I ȝou say.

Now is joye and now is blys,  
Now is balle and bitternesse ;  
Now it is, and now it nys ;  
Thus pasyt this word away.

Now I hope and now I synge,  
Now I daunce, now I sprynge,  
Now I weyle and now I wrynge,  
Now is wel, and now is way.

Now I hoppe and now I daunce,  
Now I preke and now I praunce ;  
This day heyl, te morwe perchaunce  
We mown be ded and ley in clay.

At domis day quan we xul ryse,

And come befor our heye justyse,  
 And zevyn acountes of our servise,  
 And payin up our laste pay,

Help us, Mary, for than is nede ;  
 Help to excusyn our misdede,  
 As thou art monewere at our nede,  
 Help us than, and sey not nay.

---

## V.

O flos de Jesse virgula,  
 Laus tibi sit et gloria.

ADAM our fader was in blis,  
 And for an appil of lytil prys  
 He loste the blysse of paradys,  
*Pro sua superbia.*

And alle that evere of hym cam  
 The ryth weye to helle nam,  
 Bothe Ysaac and Abraham,  
*Teste profecia.*

Than these profetes prechyd afor,  
 That a chyl'd xuld be born

To beye that Adam hadde forlorn,  
*Sua morte propria.*

Moyses ferst in his lawe told  
A chyld ther xuld be born so bold,  
To beye azyn that Adam sold,  
*Sua nocte pessima.*

Isaac withoute lesyng  
Profeciid in his prechyng  
Of Jesse rote a flour xuld spryng  
*De virgine purica.*

Jeromy, that was so 3yng,  
Profecyid of his comyng,  
That is veri lord and kyng,  
*Summi patris gracia.*

Ferthere more, as I 3ou telle,  
Than profecyid Danyelle,  
Of hys comyng he gan spelle,  
*Gentibus in Judea.*

Quan tyme cam of God almyzt,  
That wolde brynge mankynde to ryzt,  
In a maydyn he gan lyzt,  
*Que vocatur Maria.*

Now is he born, that blysfyl chyld,  
 Of Mary moder mayde myld,  
 Fro the fynd he us schyld,  
*Qui creavit omnia.*

Prey we to hym with al our mynde,  
 That haȝt mad al mankynde,  
 He brynge us alle to good ende,  
*In die novissima.*

---

 VI.

Eya, Jhesus hodie  
 Natus est de virgine.

BLYSSID be that mayde Mary,  
 Born he was of here body,  
 Godis sone that syttit on hy,  
*Non ex virili semine.*

In a manjour of an as  
 Jhesu lay and lullyd was,  
 Harde peynis for to pas,  
*Pro peccante homine.*

Kynges comyn fro dyvesse londe,  
 With grete ȝyftes in here honde,

In Bedlem the child they fonde,  
*Stella ducte lumine.*

Man and chyld bothe eld and ying,  
 Now in his blysful comyng,  
 To that chyld mow we syng,  
*Gloria tibi, Domine.*

Nowel, nowel in this halle,  
 Make merye, I prey 3ou alle,  
 Onto the chyld may we calle,  
*Ullo sine crimine.*

---

VII.

Gay, gay, gay, gay,  
 Think on drydful domis day.

EVERY day thou myzt lere,  
 To helpe thi self qwyl thou art here,  
 Quan thou art ded and leyd on bere,  
 Cryst help thi sowle, for thou ne may.

Thynk, man, on thi wyttes fyve,  
 Do sum good qwyl thou art on lyve;  
 Go to cherche, and do the schryve,  
 And bryng thi sowle in good aray.

Thynk, man, on thi synnys sevene,  
Think how merie it is in hevene;  
Prey to God with mylde stefne,  
To be thin helpe on domys day.

Loke that thou non thing stere,  
Ne non fals wytnesse bere;  
Thynk how Cryst was stunge with spere,  
Quan he deyid on good Fryday.

Loke that thou ne sle non man,  
Ne do non foly with non womman;  
Thynk the blod from Jhesu ran,  
Quan he deyid withoutyn nay.

---

VIII.

Wommen be bothe good and trewe,  
Wytnesse of Marye.  
Of hondes and body and face arn clene,  
Wommen mown non beter bene,  
In every place it is sene,  
Wytnesse of Marie.

It is knowyn and evere was,  
Ther a womman is in plas,

Womman is the welle of gras,  
Wytnesse.

They lovyn men with herte trewe,  
Ho wyl not chaungyn for non newe,  
Wommen ben of wordys ffewe,  
Wytnesse.

Wommen ben trewe without lesyng,  
Wommen be trewe in alle thing,  
And out of care they mown us bryng,  
Wytnesse of Marie.

---

## IX.

Jhesu, Jhesu, Jhesu, Jhesu,  
Saf us alle thorw thi vertu.

JHESU, as thou art our savyour,  
That thou save us fro dolour;  
Jhesu is myn paramour;  
Blyssid be thi name, Jhesu.

Jhesu was born of a may,  
Upon Cristemesse day,  
Sche was may beforne and ay;  
Blyssid be thi name, Jhesu.

Thre kynges comen fro segent,  
To Jhesu Cryst they browte present;  
Lord God omnipotent,  
Saf us alle throw thy vertue.

Jhesu deyid and schad his blod  
For al mankynde upon the rod;  
He graunt us grace of happis good,  
I beseke the, swete Jhesu.

Jhesu, for thy moderes sake,  
Kepe us fro the fyndis blake,  
Azens hym that we mown wake;  
And save us alle throw thi vertu.

---

## X.

Now go gyle, gyle, gyle,  
Now go gyle, gyle, go.

GYLE and gold togedere arn met,  
Coveytyse be hym is set,  
Now haȝt gyle leyd his net,  
To gyle bothe frynd and fo.

Ther is non man worȝt a schelle,  
But he cun plete with wryt or bylle,

His neybowres for to spylle,  
And othere men to werkyn wo.

Coweytise in herte is lent,  
Ryzt and resoun away is went;  
Man, be war thou be not schent,  
Gyle wil thy herte slo.

Now haȝt gyle get hym gre,  
Bothe in town and in ceté,  
Gyle goth with gret mené,  
With men of lawe and othere mo.

Trewthe hevene mot he wyne,  
Gyle xal in helle brenne;  
He that made al mankynde,  
Amend hem that mys han do.

---

XI.

Syng we alle and sey we thus,  
Gramersy myn owyn purs.

QUAN I have in myn purs i-now,  
I may have bothe hors and plow,  
And also fryndis i-now,  
Throw the vertu of myn purs.

Quan my purs gynnyzt to slak,  
And ther is nowt in my pak,  
They wil seyn, "Go, far wil, Jak,  
Thou xalt non more drynke with us."

Thus is al myn good i-lorn,  
And myn purs al totorn,  
I may pleyine with an horn,  
In the stede al of myn purs.

Far wil, hors, and far wil, cow,  
Far wil, carte, and far wil, plow;  
As I pleyid me with a bow,  
I seyde, "God, quat is al this?"

---

## XII.

Synful man, for Godis sake,  
I rede that thou amendis make.

Thow thou be kyng of tour and town,  
Thow thou be kyng and were coroun,  
I sette ryzt not be thi renoun,  
But if thou wylt amendys make.

That hast here is othere menys,  
And so it xal ben quan thou art hens;

Thi sowle xal abeye thi synnys,  
But if thou wit amendes make.

Thow thou be bothe stef and strong,  
And many a man thou hast do wrong,  
Wellaway xal be thi song,  
But, etc.

Man, be war, the weye is sleder,  
Thou xal slyde thou wost not qweder;  
Body and sowle xul go togeder,  
But, etc.

Man, ber not thi hed to heye,  
In pumpe and pride and velonye;  
In helle thou xalt ben hangyd hye,  
But if thou wilt amendis make.

---

XIII.

Of a rose, a lovely rose,  
Of a rose is al myn song.

LESTENYT, lordynges, bothe elde and 3ynge,  
How this rose began to sprynge;  
Swych a rose to myn lykyng  
In al this word ne knowe I non.

The aungil cam fro hevene tour,  
To grete Marye with gret honour,  
And seyde sche xuld bere the flour,  
That xulde breke the fyndes bond.

The flour sprong in heye Bedlem,  
That is bothe bryzt and schen;  
The rose is Mary hevene qwyn,  
Out of here bosum the blosme sprong.

The ferste braunche is ful of myzt,  
That sprong on Cyrstemesse nyzt;  
The sterre schon over Bedlem bryzt,  
That is bothe brod and long.

The secunde braunche sprong to helle,  
The fendys power down to felle;  
Therin myzt non sowle dw[e]lle;  
Blyssid be the tyme the rose sprong.

The thredde branche is good and swote,  
It sp[r]ang to hevene crop and rote,  
Therin to dwellyn and ben our bote;  
Every day it schewit in prystes hond.

Prey we to here with gret honour,  
Che that bar the blyssid flowr,  
Che be our helpe and our socour,  
And schyd us fro the fyndes bond.

---

## XIV.

Man, be war, be war, be war,  
And kep the that thou have no car.

Thi tunge is mad of fleych and blod,  
Evele to spekyn it is not good,  
But Cryst, that deyid upon the rood,  
So 3yf us grace our tunge to spare.

Thi lyppis arn withoute bon;  
Spek non evyl of thi fon;  
Man, I rede, be seynt Jon,  
Of evyl speche that thou be war.

Quan thou seyst thi evyl seying,  
Be it of eld, be it of 3yng,  
Among many men thi speche may spring,  
And make thin herte of blysse ful bare.

Therefore I telle the, be seynt Austyn,  
 Ther xal non man of evele speche wyn  
 But sorwe and schame and moche syn,  
 And to his herte meche care.

Prey we to God and seynt Margerete,  
 That we mown our tungen kepe,  
 Qwether we wake or slepe,  
 And our body fro evele fare.

---

XV.

God be with trewthe qwer he be,  
 I wolde he were in this cuntré.

A MAN that xuld of trewthe telle,  
 With grete lordys he may not dwelle,  
 In trewe story as klerkes telle,  
 Trewthe is put in low degré.

In laydyis chaumberes comit he not,  
 Ther dar trewthe settyn non fot;  
 Thow he wolde, he may not  
 Comyn among the heye mené.

With men of lawe he haȝt non spas;  
 They lovyn trewthe in non plas;

Me thinkit they han a rewly grace,  
That trewthe is put at swych degré.

In holy cherche he may not sytte;  
Fro man to man they xuln hym flytte;  
It rewit me sore in myn wytte,  
Of trewthe I have gret peté.

Religiuus, that xulde be good,  
If trethe cum ther, I holde hym wood;  
They xuldyn hym rynde cote and hood,  
And make hym bare for to fle.

A man that xulde of trewthe aspye,  
He must sekyn eslye  
In the bosum of Marye,  
For there he is for sothe.

---

## XVI.

I drukke, I dare, so wil I may,  
Quan I thynke on myn endyng day.

I AM a chylde, and born ful bare,  
And bare out of this word xal fare;  
3yt am I but wermys ware,  
Thow I clothis go never so gay.

Thow I be of meche prys,  
Fayr of face, and holdyn wys,  
Myn fleych xal fadyn as flour-de-lys,  
    Quan I am ded and leyd in clay.

Quan I am ded and leyd in ston,  
I xal rotyn fleych and bon,  
Fro myn fryndys I xal gon;  
    Cryst help myn sowle quan I ne may.

Quan I xal al my frendes forsake,  
Cryst schyld me fro the fendes blake;  
To Jhesu Cryst my sowle I betake,  
    He be our help on domys day.

---

## XVII.

Gay, gay, to be gay,  
I holde it but a vanité.  
YNG men that bern hem so gay,  
They think not on domys day,  
Quan they xul stonde in powre aray,  
    And for here dedes damnyd be.

God that made se and sond,  
With bloody woundis he xal stond,

“Come 3e alle on my ryzt hond,  
3e chylderin that han servyd me.”

To wykkyd men Jhesu xal say,  
“3e han led your lyf bothe nyzt and day,  
3our sowle into a wykkyd way,  
Out of myn syte wynd 3e.

Quan I was nakyd, 3e me not clad;  
Quan I was hungry, 3e me not fad;  
Quan I was in prisoun and harde bestad,  
3e wold not visite me,

Therefore myn chylderyn xuln han i-wys  
That ilke joye, that ilke blys,  
That arte haȝt ben, and alwey is,  
Beforn myn angel fayr and fre.”

---

XVIII.

Be war, sqwyer, ȝeman, and page,  
For servyse is non erytage.

If thou serve a lord of prys,  
Be not to boystous in thin servys,  
Damne not thin sowle in non wys,  
For servyse is non erytage.

Wynteris wether and wommanys thowt,  
 And lordis love, schaungit oft;  
 This is the sothe, if it be sowt,  
 For servyse, etc.

Now thu art gret, to morwe xal I,  
 As lordys schaungyn here baly;  
 In thin welthe werk sekyrly,  
 For, etc.

Than serve we God in alle wyse,  
 He xal us quityn our servyse,  
 And 3evyn us 3yftes most of pryse,  
 Hevene to ben our erytage.

---

XIX.

A, a, a, a,  
 Nunc gaudet Maria.

MARY is a lady bryzt,  
 Sche haȝt a sone of meche myzt,  
 Over al this word che is lyzt,  
*Bona natalicia.*

Mary is so fayr of face,  
And here sone so ful of grace,  
In hevene he make us a place,  
*Cum sua potencia.*

Mary is so fayr and sote,  
And here sone so ful of bote,  
Over al this word he is bote,  
*Bona voluntaria.*

Mary is bothe good and kynde,  
Evere on us che haȝt mende,  
That the fend xal us not schende  
*Cum sua malicia.*

Mary is qwen of alle thinge,  
And here sone a lovely kynge;  
God graunt us alle good endyng,  
*Regnat dei gracia.*

---

XX.

Man, be war, er thou be wo,  
Think on pride and let him goo.

PRYDE is out, and pride is ine,  
And pride is rot of every synne,

And pride wil never blynne,  
Til he haȝt browt a man in woo.

Lucyfer was aungyl bryȝt,  
And conqwerour of meeche myȝt;  
Throw his pride he les his lyȝt,  
And fil doun into endeles woo.

Wenyst thou for thi gaye clothing,  
And for thin grete othis sweryng,  
To be a lord or a kyng,  
Lytil it xal avayle the too.

Quan thou xalt to cherche glyde,  
Wermys xuln ete throw thi syde,  
And lytil xal avayle thi pride,  
Or ony synnys that thou hast doo.

Prey to Cryst, with bloody syde,  
And othere woundes grile and wide,  
That he forȝeve the thi pride,  
And thi synnys that thou hast doo.

---

## XXI.

I may synge of a may,  
Of joyis fyve and merthis most.

THE ferste joye, as I 3ou telle,  
With Mary met seynt Gabrielle,  
“Heyl, Mary, I grete the welle,  
With Fader and Sone and Holy Gost.”

The secunde joye, in good fay,  
Was on Crystemesse day,  
Born he was of a may,  
With Fader, etc.

The thredde joye, withoutyn stryf,  
That blysseful berthe was ful ryf,  
Quan he ros fro ded to lyf,  
With Fader, etc.

The forte joye, in good fay,  
Was upon halewyn thursday,  
He stey to hevene in ryche aray,  
With Fader and Sone and Holy Gost.

The fyfte joye, withoutyn dene,  
In hevene he crownyd his moder clene,  
That was wol wil the eyr a sene,  
With Fader, etc.

## XXII.

Man, be war of thin wowyng,  
For weddyng is the longe wo.

LoKE, er thin herte be set,  
Lok thou wowe er thou be knet;  
And if thou se thou mow do bet,  
Knet up the haltre and let here goo.

Wyvys be bothe stowte and bolde,  
Her husbondes azens hem durn not holde,  
And if he do, his herte is colde,  
How so evere the game go.

Wedewis be wol fals i-wys,  
For cum bothe halse and kys,  
Til onys purs pikyd is,  
And they seyn, Go, boy, goo.

Of madenys I wil seyn but lytil,  
For they be bothe fals and fekyl,  
And under the tayl they ben ful tekyl,  
A twenty devele name, let hem goo.

---

## XXIII.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia,  
Deo patri sit gloria.

*Salvator mundi, Domine,*  
Fader of hevene, blyssid thou be,  
Thou gretyst a mayde with on ave,  
*Que vocatur Maria.*

*Adesto nunc propicius,*  
Thou sendyst thi sone swete Jhesus,  
Man to become for love of us,  
*Deo patri sit gloria.*

*Ne mentem sompnus oprimat,*  
Betwyx an ox and an as  
Cryst hym self born he was  
*De virgine Maria.*

*Te reformator sensuum,*  
Bothe lytil and mekil and alle a[nd] sum  
Wolcum the tyme that now is com,  
*Deo patri sit gloria.*

*Gloria tibi, Domine,*  
Thre personys in trenyté,  
Blyssid mot they alle be,  
*Deo patri sit gloria.*

## XXIV.

Nowel el el el el el el el el el el,

Mary was gret with Gabriel.

MARY moder, meke and mylde,  
Fro schame and synne that 3e us schyllde,  
For gret on grownd 3e gon with childe,  
*Gabriele nuncio.*

Mary moder, be not adred,  
Jhesu is in 3our body bred,  
And of 3our bryst he wil be fed,  
*Cum pudoris lilio.*

Mary moder, the frewit of the  
For us was naylid on a tre,  
In hevene is now his majesté,  
*Fulget resurreccio.*

Mary moder, the thredde day  
Up he ros, as I 3ow say,  
To helle he tok the ry3te way,  
*Motu fertur proprio.*

Mary moder, after thin sone,  
Up thou steyist with hym to wone;  
The aungele wern glad quan thou were come  
*In celi palacio.*

## XXV.

I SYNG a of a mayden  
that is makeles,  
Kyng of alle kynges  
to here sone che ches.  
He cam also styлле  
ther his moder was,  
As dew in Aprylle  
that fallyt on the gras.  
He cam also styлле  
to his moderes bowr,  
As dew in Aprille  
that fallyt on the flour.  
He cam also styлле  
ther his moder lay,  
As dew in Aprille  
that fallyt on the spray.  
Moder and maydyn  
was never non but che ;  
Wel may swych a lady  
Godes moder be.

---

## XXVI.

I HAVE a gentil cook  
    crowyt me day,  
He doth me rysyn erly  
    my matynis for to say.  
I have a gentil cook,  
    comyn he is of gret,  
His comb is of red corel,  
    his tayl is of get.  
I have a gentyl cook,  
    comyn he is of kynde,  
His comb is of red scorel,  
    his tayl is of inde ;  
His legges ben of asour,  
    so gentil and so smale,  
His spores arn of sylver qwyt  
    into the wortewale ;  
His eynyn arn of cristal,  
    lokyn al in aumbyr ;  
And every nyȝt he perchit hym  
    in myn ladyis chaumbyr.

---

## XXVII.

*Omnes gentes plaudite.*

I saw myny bryddis setyn on a tre ;  
 He tokyn here fleyzt and flowyn away,  
 With, *Ego dixi*, have good day !  
 Many qwyte federes haȝt the pye :—  
 I may noon more syngyn, my lyppis arn so drye.  
 Manye qwyte federis haȝt the swan :—  
 The more that I drynke, the lesse good I can.  
 Ley stykkys on the fer, wyl mot is brenne ;  
 ȝeve us onys drynkyn er we gon henne.

---

## XXVIII.

ADAM lay i-bowndyn,  
                   bowndyn in a bond,  
 Fowre thowsand wynter  
                   thowt he not to long ;  
 And al was for an appil,  
                   an appil that he tok,  
 As clerkes fyndyn wretyn  
                   in here book.  
 Ne hadde the appil take ben,  
                   the appil taken ben,

Ne hadde never our lady  
a ben hevene quen.  
Blyssid be the tyme  
that appil take was !  
Therfore we mown syngyn  
*Deo gracias.*

---

## XXIX.

I HAVE a 3ong suster  
fer bezondyn the se,  
Many be the drowryis  
that che sente me.  
Che sente me the cherye  
withoutyn ony ston ;  
And so che dede [the] dowe  
withoutyn ony bon ;  
Sche sente me the brere  
withoutyn ony rynde ;  
Sche bad me love my lemman  
without longgyng.  
How xuld ony cherye  
be withoute ston ?  
And how xuld ony dowe  
ben withoute bon ?

How xuld ony brere  
    ben withoute rynde ?  
How xuld y love myn lemman  
    without longyng ?  
Quan the cherye was a flour,  
    than hadde it non ston ;  
Quan the dowe was an ey,  
    than hadde it non bon ;  
Quan the brere was onbred,  
    than hadde it non rynd ;  
Quan the maydyn haȝt that che lovit,  
    che is without longyng.

---

## XXX.

Al the meryere is that place,  
The sunne of grace hym schynit in.  
  
THE sunne of grace hym schynit in,  
    in on day quan it was mor[we],  
Quan our Lord God born was,  
    withoute wem or sorwe.  
The sunne of grace hym schynit in,  
    on a day quan it was pryme,  
Quan our Lord God born was,  
    so wel he knew his tyme.

The sunne of grace hym schynit in,  
on a day quan it was non,

Quan our Lord God born was,  
and on the rode don.

The sunne of grace hym schynit in,  
on a day quan it was undy[rn].

Quan our Lord God born was,  
and to the herte stongyn.

---

XXXI.

I HAVE a newe gardyn,  
and newe is begunne ;  
Swych another gardyn  
know I not under sunne.

In the myddis of my gardyn  
is a peryr set,

And it wele non pere bern,  
but a pere jenet.

The fayrest mayde of this toun  
preyid me

For to gryffyn here a gryf  
of myn pery tre ;

Quan I hadde hem gryffid  
alle at here wille,

The wyn and the ale  
che dede in fille.  
And I gryffid here a g[ryf]  
ryzt up in here honde,  
And be that day xx. wowkes  
it was qwyk in here w[ombe].  
That day twelfve monith  
that mayde I mette,  
Che seyde it was a pere robert,  
but non pere jon[et].

---

## XXXII.

OUT of the blosme sprang a thorn,  
Quan God hym self wold be born,  
He let us nevere be forlorn,  
That born was of Marie.

Ther sprang a welle al at here fot,  
That al this word is t[o]rnyd to good,  
Quan Jhesu Cryst took fleych and blod  
Of his moder Marie.

Out of the welle sprang a strem  
Fro patriarck to Jerusalem,  
Til Cryst hymself azen it nem  
Of his moder, etc.

In wynter quan the frost hym fres,  
A powre beddyng our Lord hym ches;  
Betwyin an ox and an as  
Godes sone born he was  
Of his, etc.

It was upon the twelwe day,  
Ther come thre kynges in ryche aray,  
To seke Cryst ther he lay  
And his, etc.

Thre kynges out of dyves londe,  
Swythe comyn with herte stronge,  
The chyld to sekyn underfonge,  
That born was of Marie.

The sterre led hem a ryte way  
To the chyld ther he lay;  
He help us bothe nyȝt and day,  
That born was of Marie.

Baltyzar was the ferste kyng,  
He browte gold to his offeryng,  
For to presente that ryche kyng,  
And his moder Marie.

Melchiar was the secunde kyng,  
He browte incens to his offering,  
For to present that ryche kyng,  
And his, etc.

Jasper was the thred kyng,  
He browte myrre to his offeryng,  
For to presente that ryche kyng,  
and his, etc.

Ther they offerid here presens,  
With gold and myrre and francincens,  
And clerkes redyn in here seqvens  
in Ephifanye.

Knel we down hym beforne,  
And prey we to hym that now is borne,  
And let us never be forlorn,  
that borne was of Marye.

---

XXXIII.

Of alle the spyces that I knowe,  
Blyssid be the qwete flour.  
QWETE is bothe semely and sote,  
Of alle spyces that is bote,

The vertu spryngit out of the rote,  
so blyssid be the qw[e]te flour.

The secunde vers I sey befor,  
Qwete is kyng of every corn ;  
Jhesu hym self for us was born,  
so blyssid, etc.

The thredde vers, with Godes grace,  
Qw[e]te is good in every place,  
In qwete is porteyidid Godes face,  
so, etc.

The forte vers, withoute stryf,  
Of qwete is mad the bred of lyf,  
Us to receyvyn in clene lyf,  
so, etc.

The fyfte vers, withoute skorn,  
Qwete is a spyce, a wol good on,  
King that is of every corn,  
so, etc.

The sexte vers, I xal 3ou seye,  
Jhesu Cryst that sit on heye  
He let us never for hunger deye,  
so blyssid be the qwete flour.

---

## XXXIV.

The sterre hym schon bothe nyȝt and day,  
To lede thre kynges ther our Lord lay.

JHESU was born in Bedlem Judé,  
Of mayde Mary, thus fynde we ;  
Out of the est come kynges thre  
with ryche presentes, as I ȝow say.

As they went forth in here pas,  
The sterre schon al in here fas  
As bryȝt as golde withine the glas,  
to Bedlem to ledyn hem the way.

Kyng Herowdes was most of pryse,  
He seyde to tho thre kynges that wern so wys  
“Go and sekit me ȝone chyld of pryse,  
and comit ageyn be me, I ȝou pray.

And I myself xal with ȝow wynde,  
The chyld to worchepe, the child to fynde,  
And worchepyn hym with al myn mynde,  
with al the onour that I may.”

Quan they kemyn into that plas  
Ther Jhesu with his moder was,

They settyn hem down and made solas,  
and every kyng to other gan say.

Quan they haddyn offerid up here presens,  
With gold and myrre and francincens,  
As clerkes redyn in here sequens,  
he took it of hem, and seyde not nay.

Quan they hadde offerid here offering  
To Jhesu that is hevene kyng,  
Of an aungyl they hadd warnyng,  
to wendyn hom be another way.

The aungyl cam fro hevene kyng,  
And bad tho thre kynges ageyn hom wynd,  
Therin to dwelle, therin to ben,  
til kyng Herowdes endyng day.

Kyng Herowde wox wol ille,  
For tho thre kynges comyn hym not tille,  
For to fulfille his wykkyd wille,  
and to his knytes he gan say.

Kyng Herowdes wox wroth anon,  
The chylderin of Israel he dide slon,  
He wende Jhesu hadde ben the ton,  
and 3yt he falyid of his pray.

Kyng Herowdes deyid, and went to helle,  
For swete Jhesus that we spelle;  
God saf us fro the peynis of helle,  
and fro the wykkid fyndes pray.

---

## XXXV.

Robynn lyth in grene wode bowndyn.

I HERDE a carpyng of a clerk  
al at zone wodes ende,  
Of gode Robyn and Gandleyn  
was ther non other gyng.  
Stronge thevys wern the chylderin non,  
but bowmen gode and hende;  
He wentyn to wode to getyn hem fleych,  
if God wold it hem sende.  
Al day wentyn the chylderin too,  
and fleych fowndyn he non,  
Til it were ageyn evyn  
the chylderin wold gon hom;  
Half a honderid of fat falyf der  
he comyn a3on,  
And alle he wern fayr and fat inow,  
but markyd was ther non.  
Be dere Gode, seyde gode [Robyn],  
hereof we xul have on.

Robyn went his joly bowe,  
    therin he set a flo,  
The fattest der of alle the herte  
    he clef a-to.  
He hadde not the der i-slawe  
    ne half out of the hyde,  
Ther cam a schrewde arwe out of the west  
    that felde Robertes pryde.  
Gandeleyn lokyd hym est and west,  
    be every syde,  
“Hoo hat myn mayster slayin?  
    ho hat don this dede?  
Xal I never out of grene wode go  
    ti[1] I se sydis blede.”  
Gandeleyn lokyd hym est and lokyd west,  
    and sowt under the sunne,  
He saw a lytil boy he clepyn  
    Wrennok of Doune;  
A good bowe in his hond,  
    a brod arewe therine,  
And fowre and xx. goode arwys  
    trusyd in a thrumme.  
“Be war the, war the, Gandeleyn,  
    herof thu xalt han summe.  
Be war the, war the, Gandeleyn,  
    herof thou gyst plenté.”

“Evere on for another,” seyde Gandeleyne,  
“mysaunter have he xal fle.”

“Qwerat xal our marke be?”  
seyde Gandeleyne.

“Everyche at otheris herte,”  
seyde Wrennok ageyn.

“Ho xal 3eve the ferste schote?”  
seyde Gandeleyne.

“And I xal 3ewe the on beforne,”  
seyd Wrennok ageyn.

Wrennok schette a ful good schote,  
and he schet not to hye,

Throw the sanchothis of his bryk  
it towchyd neyther thye.

“Now hast thou 3ovyn me on beforne,”  
al thus to Wrennok seyde he,

“And throw thu myzt of our lady  
a bettere I xal 3eve the.”

Gandeleyne bent his goode bowe,  
and set therein a flo,

He schet throw his grene certyl,  
his herte he clef on too.

“Now xalt thou never 3elpe, Wrennok,  
at ale ne at wyn,

That thou hast slawe goode Robyn  
and his knave Gandeleyne;

Now xalt thou never 3elpe, Wrennok,  
at wyn ne at ale,  
That thou hast slawe goode Robyn,  
and Gandeleyyn his knawe.”  
Robyn ly3th in grene wode bowdyn.

---

## XXXVI.

PROCEDENTI puereo,  
eya nobis annus est,  
Virginis ex utero,  
gloria, laudes,  
Deus homo factus est, et immortalis.

Sine viri semine,  
eya nobis, etc.  
Natus est de virgine,  
gloria, laudes,  
Deus homo, etc.

Sine viri coitu,  
eya nobis annus est,  
Pleno sancto spiritu,  
gloria, laudes,  
Deus homo factus est, etc.

Syne viri copia,  
                    eya nobis, etc.  
Natus est ex Maria,  
                    gloria, laudes,  
Deus nobis factus est, et immortalis.

In hoc festo de termino,  
                    eya nobis annus est,  
Benedicamus Domino,  
                    gloria, laudes,  
Deus homo factus est, et immortalis.

---

XXXVII.

A NEW 3er, a newe 3er, a chyld was i-born  
Us for to savyn that al was for-lorn,  
                    So blyssid be the tyme.

The fader of hevene his owyn sone he sent,  
His kyngdam for to cleymyn.  
                    So blyssid be the tyme.

Al in a clene maydyn our Lord was i-ly3t,  
Us for to savyn with al his my3t.  
                    So blyssid, etc.

Al of a clene maydyn our Lord was i-born,  
Us for to savyn that al was for-lorn.

So blyssid, etc.

Lullay, lullay, lytil chyld, myn owyn dere fode,  
How xalt thou sufferin be naylid on the rode?

So, etc.

Lullay, lullay, lytil chyld, myn owyn dere smerte,  
How xalt thou sufferin the scharp spere to thi herte?

So, etc.

Lullay, lullay, lytyl child, I synge al for thi sake,  
Many on is the scharpe schour to thi body is schape.

So, etc.

Lullay, lullay, lytyl child, fayre happis the befalle,  
How xal thou sufferin to drynke ezyt and galle?

So, etc.

Lullay, lullay, lytil chyld, I synge al beforne,  
How xalt thou sufferin the scharp garlong of thorn?

So, etc.

Lullay, lullay, lytil chyld, qwy wepy thou so sore?  
And art thou bothin God and man, quat woldyst thou  
be more?

So, etc.

Blyssid be the armys the chyld bar abowte,  
And also the tetes the chyld on sowkid.

So, etc.

Blyssid be the moder, the chyld also,  
With *benedicamus Domino*.

So blyssid be the tyme.

---

XXXVIII.

Moder, qwynt as lylie flour,  
your lullyng lassyt myn langour.

As I me ros in on morwenyng,  
Myn thowt was on a mayde 3ynge,  
Che song aslepe with here lullynge  
Here dere sone, our Savyour.

As che hym tok al in here lap,  
He tok that maydyn be the pap,  
And tok therof a ryȝt god nap  
And sok his fille of that licour.

To his moder than he gan say,  
"For this mylk me muste day,  
It is myn kynde therwith to play,  
My swete moder, myn paramour."

That mayde frely began to synge,  
 And in here song che mad murnynge,  
 That here sone, that is our kyng,  
     Xuld schred his blod with gret dolour.

“3our wepyng, moder, grevit me sore,  
 But I wold deye, 3e wern forlore;  
 Do wey, moder, and wepe non more;  
     3our lullyng lassit myn langour.”

---

XXXIX.

Reges de Saba venient,  
 Aurum, tus, myrram, offerent.  
     Alleluia.

Now is the twelthe day i-come,  
 The Fader and Sone togeder arn nome,  
 The Holy Gost, as they wern wone,  
     in fere.

God send us good newe 3ere.

I wil 3ou synge with al myn my3t,  
 Of a chyld so fayr in sy3t,  
 A maydyn hym bar this ender ny3t,  
     so styлле;

As it was his wylle.

Thre kynges out of Galylie  
Kemyn to Bedlem that ceté,  
For to takyn in to that se,  
be nyte ;

It was a ful fayr syte.

As they keme forȝt with here offeryng,  
They mette with Herowdes, that mody kyng ;  
He askyd hem of here comyng,  
that tyde,  
And thus to hem he seyde :

“ Fro qwens come ȝe, kynges thre ? ”  
“ Out of the est, as thou mayst se,  
To sekyn hym that evere xal be,  
throw ryte,  
Lord and kyng of myte. ”

“ Quan ȝe han at that kyng i-be,  
Comit ageyn this weye be me,  
And tel me the sytes that han se ;  
I praye,  
ȝe gon non other waye. ”

Of Herowdys, that mody kyng,  
He tokyn here leve, of eld and ȝyng ;

And foth they wente with here offering  
in syzte,  
And ther wey come be nyte.

Quan they comyn into the plas  
Ther Jhesu with his moder was,  
Thei made offeryng with gret solas,  
not ferre,  
With gold, incens, and myrrē.

As they wern hom-ward i-went,  
The Fader of hevene an aunfyl sent  
To tho thre kynges that made present,  
or daye,  
And thus to hem gan saye.

"My Lord haȝt warnyd ȝou of ȝour fon,  
Be kyng Herowdes that ȝe not gon;  
For if ȝe don, he wil ȝou slon,  
and traye;  
ȝe gon another waye."

Quan they comyn hom to here cuntré,  
Blythe and glad they wern alle thre  
Of the sytes that they had se,  
be nyte,  
Jhesu and Mari bryte.

With tresoun to us gan he sayn,  
He trowid Jhesu to han slayn;  
Into Egypt thei went ful playn,  
be syde;  
Josep was here gyde.

Into Bedlem thei gunne pas,  
The sterre gan schynyn in here fas  
Brytter than evere schon sunne in glas,  
in londe,  
Jhesu with Mari thei fonde.

Kyng Herowdes he made his vow,  
Gret plenté of chylderin he slow,  
He wende ther xuld a be Jhesu;  
I saye,  
He falyid of his praye.

Herowdes was wod in ryalté;  
He slow schylderin ryzt gret plenté  
In Bedlem, that fayre ceté,  
with stryf;  
Ne left he non on lyf.

The chylderin of Israel cryid "wa, wa!"  
The moderis of Bedlem cryid "ba, ba!"

Herowdes low, and seyde, "a ha!  
that qwede,  
The kyng of Juwys is dede."

Almyty God in magesté,  
In on God personys thre,  
Bryng us to the blysse that is so fre,  
in fere;  
And send us a good newe 3ere.

*Reges de Saba venient, aurum, tus, mirra, offere[nt].*

## XL.

As I went throw a gardyn grene,  
     I fond an erber makyd ful newe;  
 A fayrere syte had I non sene,  
     On every tre song a turtill trewe.

Therin a womman bryȝt of hewe,  
 Che seyde in here song not lest,  
 This was he[re] carpyng, as I knewe,  
*Verbum caro factum est.*

I askyd that mayde quat che ment,  
Che bad me abydyn and I myzt lere

To here song than tok I intent,  
Che seyde a song woys clere.

“The pryns that is without pere  
Is born and leyd betwyn tweyn best;  
Therefore I synge, as thou myzt here,  
*Verbum caro factum est.*”

In that wone forȝt gan I wynde,  
A semely song than herd I tho,  
Of thre schepperdes that wern ful hynde,  
*Gloria in excelsis Deo.*

I wold not the hadde ferryd me froo,  
Wol faste after hem than gan I prest;  
Thei told me that they sungyn soo,  
For *verbum caro factum est.*

ȝyt ferthere more in that fryth,  
I saw thre kynges comyn corown;  
I sped me faste to speke hem wyt,  
And to tho lordes I knelid adown.

Tho kynges curteys to me gun rown,  
And seydyn thei woldyn fare prest,  
“To Bedlem bour now arn we bown,  
For *verbum caro factum est.*”

This is as meche for to say,  
As Godes sone becum is fleych,  
He was born this ilke day,  
A blysful weye us for to wych.

That may now withoutyn mys,  
Here I wyte bothe most and lest,  
For che was the cause i-wys.  
Of *verbum caro factum est.*

Godis sone becomyn is fleych,  
That bote hagt of al our bale,  
A blysful weye us for to wych,  
That mayde hym herberwyd in here hale.

Che curid that lovely in here sale,  
Che hylde that hyndin in here rest,  
With trewe tunge che teld the tale,  
For *verbum caro factum est.*

*Verbum caro* is to say  
That Godes sone becomyn is man ;  
He was born this ilke day,  
To savyn us fro the fend Sathan.

That may that is qwyt as swan,  
Che fed that Lord upon here bryst ;  
Therefore I synge 3ou as I can,  
*Verbum caro factum est.*

## XLI.

BE the way wanderyng as I went,  
Sore I scyid for sorwenis sad,  
For harde happys that I have hent,  
Murnyng makyd me masyd and mad.

To a lettere alone I me ledde,  
That wel was wretyn upon a wal;  
A blysfyl word theron I redde,  
Was, evere more thank God of al.

3yt I redde wel ferthere more,  
With trewe intent I took thertyl,  
Cryst may wel our stat restore,  
It is not to strywe agen his wil.

He may us save, and that is skyl,  
Thynk ryzt wel we ben his thral;  
Quat thou tholyst, wo or yl,  
Evere more thank God of al.

If that thou waxe blynd or lame,  
Or ony evyl to the be set,  
Thynk ryzt wel it is non schame,  
With swych grace God hajt the gret.

In sorwe and care if thou be set,  
And thi ryches begynne to falle;  
I can not se thou may do bet  
Than evere more thank God of al.

If thou welde thi wordele goodes,  
And ryzt ryally leve in thi rest,  
Fayr of face, frely of fode,  
Ther is non swych be est ne west.

God wil sende ryzt as hym leste,  
For ryches tranytz as a bal;  
In ilke a manere this is the beste,  
Evere more to thank God of al

If thi good begynne to pase,  
And thou waxe a powre man,  
Thak good cumfort and mak good fase,  
And trust on hym that al began.

Of God ferst our good began,  
He may us reve bothe bour and halle;  
Betere counsel I non can,  
Than evere more thank God of al.

Thynk on Job that was so ryche,  
He wex powre fro day to day.

His bestes drenkelyd in every dyche,  
His good wansid al away.

He was put in a powre aray,  
Neyther in purpyl ne in palle,  
In sympel wede, as I 3ou say,  
And evere he thankyd God of alle.

For Godes love, so do 3e,  
He may 3ou bothe 3eve and take;  
Quat myschyf 3e in be,  
He ha3t my3t 3our wo to slake.

Ful good amendes he wil us make,  
If we to hym wil crye or calle;  
Quat wel or wo we ben in take,  
Evere more thank God of al.

If thi fryndes fro the fayle,  
And deth ha3t reft hem of here lyf;  
Qwerfore xuldyst thou wepyn or wayle,  
It is not to stryve ageyn his wyl.

Thynk he made bothe man and wyf,  
And that we alle ben his thral;  
Quat wo thou sufferyst or how thou thryf,  
Evere more thank God of al.

Dyves sondes God haȝt us sent,  
Here and also in othere place;  
Tak we hem in good atent,  
The sunnere God wil sendyn us grace.

If ȝour body be bowndyn in bas,  
Lok ȝour herte be good and stal;  
Thynk he is ȝyt ther he was,  
And evere more thank God of al.

For Godes love be not as a chyld,  
Ne mak thi self not to stowt,  
But take with god herte and myld  
The good that God sendit al about.

Than dar I seyn, withoute dowt,  
In hevene blysse is mad your halle;  
Ryche and powre that ȝe lowe lowt,  
And evere more thank God of alle.

This wordele good xuld increas,  
And eche man kynde wold be,  
And partyn abowtyn of here ryches  
To hem that arn in poverté.

A wonder thing now may we sene,  
That kynde love adoun is falle;  
Non betere counsel can I mene,  
Than evere to thank God of alle.

## XLII.

Worchyp we bothe more and lesce  
Crystes body in furme of bred.

It is bred fro hevene cam,  
Fleych and blod of Mary it nam,  
For the synnys of Adam,  
He sched his blod that was so red.

He that onworthi this bred ete,  
The peyne of helle he xal gete,  
My swete body away to lete,  
And makyn his sowle to ben ded.

He that this bred haȝt in mynde,  
He xal levyn withoutyn ende;  
This is bred to ȝevyn a frende,  
Withoutyn qwyte, withine red.

On Schyre-Thursday, al at the messe,  
To hese desipele he seyde thisse,  
“Etyȝt this bred, myn body it isse,  
Lok therof ȝe han non dred.”

Aftyward at here soper,  
He tok the wyn that was so cler,

And blyssid it with mylde cher,  
    "‘This is myn blod that is so red.’"

The Juwys wern bothe wylde and wode,  
He puttyn Jhesu upon the rode,  
For to spyllyn his herte blode ;  
    For manys synne he sufferid ded.

Jhesu, lynd us this bred to ete,  
And alle our synnys for to forȝete,  
And in hevene a place to gete,  
    Throw the vertu of this bred.

---

XLIII.

Synge we, synge we,  
*Gloria tibi, Domine.*

MAN, if thou hast synnyd owth,  
Chaunge redely thi thowth,  
Thynk on hym that haȝt the bowth,  
    So dere upon the rode tre.

Thynk he cam for to ben born,  
To beyin aȝen that was forlorn,  
Many a m<sup>l</sup> ȝer beforn,  
    Out of his owyn magesté.

Thynk the Juwis quan hym tokyn,  
Hese desipele hym forsokyn,  
Alle the veynys on hym schokyn,  
For dowl of deth wold he not fle.

Thynk the cros he dedyn hym bere,  
Garlond of thorn he dedyn hym were,  
False tretowres that they were,  
Til he kemyn ther he wolde be.

Thynk he dedyn hym on the rode ;  
Thynk it was al for our goode ;  
Thynk the Juwys wyxin wode,  
On hym they haddyn non peté.

Thynk how sore he was bowndyn ;  
Thynk he sufferid harde woundys,  
Of tho false helle howndys,  
With schorge and spere and naylys thre.

Thynk, man, on the werste of alle,  
He 3evyn hym drynkyn e3yl and galle,  
Hely for peyne he gan to calle  
To his fader in trenité.

Thynk, man, wytterly,  
Think he bowt the bytterly ;  
Forsake thi synne and to hym cry,  
That he have mercy upon the.

## XLIV.

SEYNT Stevene was a clerk  
in kyng Herowdes halle,  
And servyd him of bred and cloth,  
as every kyng befalle.  
Stevyn out of kechoun cam  
with boris hed on honde,  
He saw a sterre was fayr and bryzt  
over Bedlem stonde.  
He kyst adoun the bores hed,  
and went into the halle,  
“I forsak the, kyng Herowdes,  
and thi werkes alle.  
I forsak the, kyng Herowdes,  
and thi werkes alle,  
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born,  
is beter than we alle.”  
“Quat eylyt the, Stevene?  
quat is the befalle?  
Lakkyt the eyther mete or drynk  
in kyng Herodwes halle?”  
“Lakit me neyther mete ne drynk  
in kyng Herowdes halle;  
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born,  
is beter than we alle.”

Quat eylyt the, Stevyn? art thou wod?  
or thou gynnyst to brede?

Lakkyt the eyther gold or fe,  
or ony ryche wede?"

"Lakyt me neyther gold ne fe,  
ne non ryche wede;

Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born,  
xal helpyn us at our nede."

"That is also soth, Stevyn,  
also soth i-wys,

As this capoun crowe xal  
that lyth here in myn dych."

That word was not so sone seyde,  
that word in that halle,

The capoun crew *Christus natus est*  
among tho lordes alle.

"Rysyt up, myn turmentowres,  
be to and al be on,

And ledit Stevyn out of this town,  
and stonit hym with ston."

Tokyn he Stevenne,  
and stonyd hym in the way

And therfore is his evyn  
on Crystes owyn day.

---

## XLV.

Nowel el el el el el el el el el el el el el el.

MARY moder, cum and se,  
Thi sone is naylyd on a tre,  
Hand and fot, he may not go,  
His body is woundyn al in woo.

Thi swete sone, that thu hast born  
To save mankynde that was forlorn,  
His hed is wrethin in a thorn,  
His blysful body is al to-torn.

Quan he this tale began to telle,  
Mary wold non lenger dwelle,  
But hyid here faste to that hylle,  
Ther Jhesu his blod began to spylle.

“Myn swete sone, that art me dere,  
Qwy han men hangyd the here?  
Thi hed is wrethin in a brere,  
Myn lovely sone, qwer is thin chere.

Thin swete body that in me rest,  
Thin comely mowth that I have kest,

Now on rode is mad thi nest;  
 Leve chyld, quat is me best?"

"Womman, to Jon I the betake;—  
 Jon, kyp this womman for myn sake;  
 For synful sowlys my deth I take,  
 On rode I hange for manys sake.

"This game alone me muste play,  
 For synful sowles I deye to day;  
 Ther is non wyȝt that goth be the way,  
 Of myn peynys can wel say."

---

XLVI.

A, a, a, a,  
 Nunc gaudet ecclesia.

LESTENYTȝ, lordynges, bothe grete and smale,  
 I xal ȝou telyn a wonder tale,  
 How holy cherche was brow[t] in bale,  
*Cum magna injuria.*

The greteste clerk of al this lond,  
 Of Cauntyrbery, ȝe understond,  
 Slawyn he was [be] wykkyd hond,  
*Demonis potencia.*

Knytes kemyn fro Hendry kyng,  
Wykkyd men, withoute lesyng,  
Ther they dedyn a wonder thing,

*Ferventes insania.*

They sowtyn hym al abowtyn,  
Withine the paleys and withoutyn  
Of Jhesu Cryst hadde they non dowte,

*In sua malicia.*

They openyd here mowthis wonder wyde,  
To Thomeys they spokyn mekyl pryde,  
“Here, tretour, thou xalt abyde,

*Ferens mortis tedia.”*

Thomas answerid with mylde chere,  
“If 3e wil me slon in this manere,  
Let hem pasyn alle tho arn here,

*Sine contumilia.”*

Beforn his aunter he knelyd adoun,  
Ther they gunne to paryn his crown ;  
He sterdyn the braynys up and doun,

*Optans celi gaudia.*

The turmentowres abowtyn sterte,  
With dedly wondys thei gunne him hurte;  
Thomas deyid in moder cherche,  
*Pergens ad celestia.*

Moder, clerk, wedue, and wyf,  
Worchepe 3e Thomeys in al 3our lyf;  
For lij. poyntes he les his lyf,  
*Contra regis consilia.*

---

## XLVII.

Man, be glad in halle and bour,  
This tyme was born our Savyour.  
In this tyme Cryst ha3t us sent  
His owyn sone in present,  
To dwelle with us verement,  
To ben our helpe and socour.  
  
In this tyme ros a sterre cler,  
Over Bedlem, as bry3t as fer,  
In tokenyng that he hadde non per,  
Lord God, kyng, and emperour.  
  
In this tyme it is befalle,  
He that deyid for us alle,

Born he was in assis stalle,  
Of Mary, that swete flour.

In this tyme kemyn thre kynges,  
He kemyn fro fer with ryche thinges,  
For to makyn here offerynges  
On here knen with gret honour.

In this tyme prey we  
To hym that deyd on the tre,  
On us have mercy and peté,  
And bryng us alle to his tour.

---

XLVIII.

M and A, and R and I,  
Syngyn I wyl a newe song.  
It wern fowre letterys of purposy,  
M and A, R and I,  
Tho wern letteris of Mary,  
Of hom al our joye sprong.

On the mownt of Calvory,  
With M and A, R and I,  
There he betyn his bryte body  
With schorges that wern bothe scharp and long.

Our swete lady stod hym by,  
 With M and A, and R and I,  
 Che wept water with here ey,  
 And alwey the blod folwyd among.

God that sit above the sky,  
 With M and A, and R and I,  
 Save now al this cumpany,  
 And send us joye and blysse ammong.

---

## XLIX.

How hey, it is [non] les,  
 I dar not seyn, quan che seyȝ pes.  
 ȝYNG men, I warne ȝou everychon,  
 Elde wywys tak ȝe non,  
 For I myself have on at hom;  
 I dare not seyn, quan che seyȝt pes.

Quan I cum fro the plow at non,  
 In a reven dych myn mete is don,  
 I dar not askyn our dame a spon;  
 I dar not, etc.

If I aske our dame bred,  
 Che takyt a staf and brekit myn hed,

And doth me rennyn under the led ;  
I dar not, etc.

If I aske our dame fleych,  
Che brekyt myn hed with a dych ;  
“ Boy, thou art not worzt a reych ; ”  
I dar, etc.

If I aske our dame chese,  
“ Boy,” che seyzt, “ al at ese ;  
Thou art not worzt half a pese.”  
I dar not sey, quan che seyzt pes.

---

## L.

Synge we, synge we,  
*Regina celi, letare.*

HOLY maydyn, blyssid thou be,  
Godes sone is born of the ;  
The fader of hevene worchepe we,  
*Regina celi, letare.*

Heyl, wyf ! heyl, maydyn ! heyl, brytz of ble !  
Heyl, dowter ! heyl, suster ! heyl, ful of peté  
Heyl, chosyn to tho personys thre !  
*Regina, etc.*

Thou art empresse of hevene so fre,  
Worthi maydyn in magesté ;  
Now worchepe we the trenyté,  
*Regina, etc.*

Lady so lovely, so goodly to see,  
So buxsum in thi body to be,  
Thou art his moder for humylité,  
*Regina celi, letare.*

These ben curteys kynges of solunté,  
They worchepyd thi sone with umylité ;  
Mylde Mary, thus rede we.  
*Regina, etc.*

So gracios, so precyows in ryalté ;  
Thus jentyll, thus good, thus fynde we  
Ther is non swych in non cuntré.  
*Regina, etc.*

And therfore knel we doun on our kne,  
This blyssid berthe worchepe we ;  
This is a song of humylyté.  
*Regina, etc.*

---

## LI.

Synge we nowe alle and sum,

*Ave, rex gentes Anglorum.*

A NEWE song I wil begynne,

Of kyng Edmund that was so fre,

How he deyid withoute synne,

And bowdyn his body was to a tre.

With arwys scharpe they gunne hym prykke,

For non rewthe wold they lete ;

As dropys of reyn they comyn thikke,

And every arwe with other gan mete.

And his hed also thei of smette,

Among the breres thei it kest ;

A wolf it kepte withoutyn lette,

A blynd man fond it at the last.

Prey we to that worthi kyng

That sufferid ded this same day,

He saf us, bothe eld and ȝyng,

And scheld us fro the fendes fray.

## LII.

Man, be wys, and arys,

And thynk on lyf that lestenit ay.

THYNK, man, qwerof thou art wrout,

Powre and nakyd thou were heder browt,

Thynk how Cryst thi sowle haȝt bowt,

And fond to servyn hym to pay.

Thynk, man, on the dere 3eres thre ;  
For hunger deyid gret plenté,  
Powre and ryche, bond and fre,  
Thei leyn dede in every way.

Thynk, man, on the pestelens tweye ;  
In every cuntré men gunne deye ;  
Deth left neyther for lowe ne heye,  
But lettyd hem of here pray.

Deth is wonder coveytous ;  
Quan he comit in a manys hous,  
He takit the good man and his spows,  
And bryngit hem in powre aray.

After cam a wyndes blast,  
That made many a man agast ;  
Stefve stepelys that stodyn fast,  
The weyke fyllyn and blewyn away.

Many merveylis God ha3t sent,  
Of lytenyng and of thunder dent ;  
At the frere camys ha3t it hent,  
At Lynne toun, it is non nay.

Lytenyng at Lynne dede gret harm,  
Of tolbothe and of fryre carm ;

Thei stondyn wol cole, that stodyn wol warm;  
It made hem a wol sory fray.

Lok, man, how thou ledyst thi lyf,  
And how thou spendyst thi wyttes v. ;  
Go to cherche, and do the schryf,  
And bryng thi sowle in redy way.

---

## LIII.

Go bet, peny, go bet, go,  
For thou mat makyn bothe frynd and fo.

PENY is an hardy knyzt;  
Peny is mekyl of myzt;  
Peny of wrong he makyt ryzt,  
In every cuntré qwer he goo.

Thow I have a man i-slawe,  
And forfetyd the kynges lawe,  
I xal fyndyn a man of lawe  
Wyl takyn myn peny and let me goo.

And if I have to don fer or ner,  
And peny be myn massanger,  
Than am I non thing in dwer  
My cause xal be wol i-doo.

And if I have pens bothe good and fyn,  
 Men wyl byddyn me to the wyn;  
 "That I have xal be thin;"

Sekyrly thei wil seyn so.

And quan I have non in myn purs,  
 Peny bet, ne peny wers,  
 Of me thei holdyn but lytil fors,—  
 "He was a man, let hym goo."

---

LIV.

We ben chapmen lyȝt of fote,  
 The fowle weyis for to fle.

WE bern abowtyn non cattes skynnys,  
 Pursis, perlis, sylver pynnys,  
 Smale wympel for ladyis chynnys;  
 Damsele, bey sum ware of me.

I have a poket for the nonys,  
 Therine ben tweyne precyous stonys;  
 Damsele, hadde ȝe asayid hem onys,  
 ȝe xuld the rathere gon with me.

I have a jelyf of Godes sonde,  
 Withoutyn fyt it can stonde;

It can smytyn and hagt non honde ;  
Ryd yourself quat it may be.

I have a powder for to selle,  
Quat it is can I not telle ;  
It makit maydenys wombys to swelle ;  
Therof I have a quantyté.

---

## LV.

*Ave maris stella,*  
the sterre on the see,  
*Dei mater alma,*  
blyssid mot xe be.  
*Atque semper virgo,*  
pray thi sone for me,  
*Felix celi porta,*  
that I may come to the.  
Gabriel, that archangyl,  
he was massanger,  
So fayre he gret our lady,  
with an ave so cler.  
Heyl be thou, Mary,  
be thou, Mary,  
Ful of Godes grace,  
and qwyn of mercy.

Alle that arn to grete,  
 withoutyn dedly synne,  
 Forty dayis of pardoun  
 God grauntyt hym.

---

## LVI.

Man, be glad in halle and bour,  
 This tyme was born our sayvour.

IN this tyme a chyld was born,  
 To save tho sowle that wern forlorn;  
 For us he werde garlond of thorn,  
 Al it was for our honour.

The eytende day he was schorn,  
 To fulfyll the lawe that was beforne;  
 Of meknesse he blew his horn

.....

On Good Fryday was don on rode;  
 The Juwes spylytyn his herte blode;  
 Mary, his moder, be hym stode;  
 3e ben our help and our socour.

On Esterne day he gan up ryse,  
 To techyn hem that wern onwyse;

Jhesu, for 3our woundes five,  
3e ben our, etc.

On Halwyn Thursday he gan up steye,  
To his fader that sit on heye ;  
Jhesu, for your curteysye,  
3e ben, etc.

On QwytSunday he gan doun sende  
Wyt and Wysdam us to amende ;  
Jhesu, bryng us to that ende,  
Withoutyn delay, our savyour.

---

## LVII.

Nowel, el, el, el,  
Now is wel that evere was woo.

A BABE is born al of a may  
In the savasyoun of us,  
To hom we syngyn bothe nyȝt and day,  
*Veni creator spiritus.*

At Bedlem, that blyssid p[1]as,  
The chyld of blysse born he was ;  
Hym to serve geve us gras,  
*O lux beata trinitas.*

Ther come thre kynges out of the est,  
 To worchepe the kyng that is so fre,  
 With gold and myrre and francincens,  
*A solis ortus cardine.*

The herdes herdyn an aungele cry,  
 A merye song then sungyn he,  
 Qwy arn ȝe so sore agast,  
*Jam ortus solis cardine.*

The aungele comyn doun with on cry,  
 A fayr song then sungyn he,  
 In the worchepe of that chyld,  
*Gloria tibi, Domine.*

---

 LVIII.

Man, be merie as bryd on berie,  
 And al thi care let away.

THIS tyme is born a chyld ful good,  
 He that us bowt upon the rod;  
 He bond the devyl that is so wod,  
 Til the drydful domys day.

Quan the chyld of meche myȝt  
 Wold be born of Mary bryȝt,

A tokene he sente to kyng and knyzt,  
A sterre that schon bothe nyzt and day.

The sterre schon as bryzt as fer,  
Over al the world bothe fer and ner,  
In tokene he was withoutyn per;  
And pereles he xal lastyn ay.

The .viij. day he was circumsise,  
For to fulfyll the profecye;  
The profetes with wordes wyse  
Hym present with ryche aray.

The .xij. day come kynges thre,  
Out of the est, with herte fre,  
To worchepyn hym thei knelyd on kne,  
With gold and myrr[e] and francincens.

---

LIX.

I may seyn to most and lest,  
*Verbum caro factum est.*

JHESU of his moder was born,  
For us he werde garlond of thorn,  
And ellys hadde we ben forlorn;  
He tok his deth for most and lest.

I xal 3ou telle good skele qwy  
That he was born of Mary,  
For he deyid on Calvory,  
He tok, etc.

He wrowt us alle with his hond ;  
The fendes woldyn adoun us wrong,  
He bowt us ageyn with peynys strong,  
He tok his, etc.

A kerche thanne to him was fet,  
A spere to his herte was set ;  
Than seyde the Juwys, "have thou that!"  
He, etc.

The Juwis 3evyn hym drynk e3yl and galle,  
Quan Jhesu after drynk gan calle ;  
God, let us never in synne falle.  
He tok, [etc.]

Prey we to that lord so fre,  
For us he deyid on a tre,  
At domys day our helpe he be.  
He tok, etc.

---

## LX.

Nowel, el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el, el.

NOWEL, el, bothe eld and 3yng,

Nowel, el, nowe mow we syng,

In worchepe of our hevene kyng,

Almyty God in trinité.

Lestenyzt, lordynges, bothe leve and dere,

Lestenyzt, ladyis, with glad chere,

A song of merthe now mow 3e here,

How Cryst our brother he wolde be.

An aungyl fro hefne was sent ful snel,

His name his clepyd Gabriel,

His ardene he dede ful snel,

He sat on kne and seyde "Ave!"

And he seyde, "Mary, ful of grace,

Hevene and erthe in every place

Withine the tyme of lytyl space

Reconsilid it xuld be."

Mary stod styлле as ony ston,

And to the aungyl che seyde anon,

“Than herd I nevere of manys mon,  
Me thinkit wonder thou seyst to me.”

The aungyl answerd anon ful wel,  
“Mary, dryd the never a del,  
Thou xalt conseyye a chyld ful wel,  
The Holy Gost xal schadue the.”

Mary on bryst here hand che leyd,  
Stylle xe stod, and thus xe seyde,  
“Lo me here Godes owyn handmayd,  
With herte and wil and body fre.”

Mary, moder, mayde myld,  
For the love al of thi chyld,  
Fro helle pet thou us schyld;  
Amen, amen, now synge we.

---

LXI.

Prenegard, prenegard,  
Thus bere I myn baselard.

LESTENIT, lordynges, I 3ou beseke;  
Ther is non man wor3t a leke,  
Be he sturdy, be he meke,  
But he bere a baselard.

My baselard haȝt a schede of red,  
And a clene loket of led;  
Me thinkit I may bere up myn hed,  
For I bere myn baselard.

My baselard haȝt a wrethin hafte;  
Quan I am ful of ale cawte,  
It is gret dred of man-slawtte,  
For then I bere, etc.

My baselard haȝt a sylver schape;  
Therefore I may bothe gaspe and gape;  
Me thinkit I go lyk non knape,  
For I bere a baselard.

My baselard haȝt a trencher kene,  
Fayr as rasour scharp and schene;  
Evere me thinkit I may be kene,  
For I bere, etc.

As I ȝede up in the strete,  
With a cartere I gan mete,  
“Felawe,” he seyde, “so mot I the,  
Thou xalt forego thi baselard.”

The cartere his qwyppe began to take;  
And al myn fleych began to qwake,

And I was lef for to ascape,  
And there I left myn baselard.

Quan I cam forȝt onto myn damme,  
Myn hed was brokyn to the panne;  
Che seyde I was a praty manne,  
And wel cowde bere myn baselard.

---

## LXII.

I may seyn, and so mown mo,  
That in semenaunt goth gyle.

SEMENAUNT is a wonder thing,  
It begylyt bothe knyȝt and kyng,  
And makit maydenys of love-longyng;  
I warne ȝou of that gyle.

Semenaunt is a sly peyntour,  
It florchynt and fadit in many a flour,  
And makit wommen to lesyn here bryte colour,  
Upon a lytil qwyle.

In semenaunt be thinges thre,  
Thowt, speche, and prevyté;  
And trewthe xuld the forte be—  
It is hens a m<sup>h</sup> myle.

Trewthe is fer and semyt hynde,  
Good and wykkyt it haȝt in mynde;  
It faryt has a candeale ende  
That brennit fro half a myle.

Many man fayre to me he spekyt,  
And he wyste hym wel bewreke,  
He hadde we[1] levere myn hed to-breke,  
Than help me over a style.

God that deyid upon the cros,  
Ferst he deyid sythin he ros,  
Have mercy and peté on us;  
We levyn here but a qwyle.

---

LXIII.

Kep thi tunge, thi tunge, thi tunge,  
Thi wykkyd tunge werkit me w[o].  
THER is non gres that growit on ground,  
Satenas ne peny round,  
Wersse then is a wykkyd tunge,  
That spekit bethe evyl of frynd and fo.

Wykkyd tunge makit ofte stryf  
Betwyxe a good man and his wyf,

Quan he xulde lede a merie lyf,  
Here qwyte sydys waxin ful blo.

Wykkyd tunge makit ofte stauns,  
Bothe in Engelond and in Frauns;  
Many a man wyt spere and launs,  
Throw wykkyd tunge, to dede is do.

Wykkyd tunge brekit bon,  
Thow the self have non;  
Of his frynd he makit his fon,  
In every place qwere that he go.

Good men that stondyn and syttyn in this halle,  
I prey 3ou bothe on and alle,  
That wykkyd tungen fro 3ou falle,  
That 3e mown to hefne go.

---

LXIV.

*Alma Redemptoris mater.*

As I lay upon a nyzt,  
My thowt was on a mayde bryzt  
That men callyn Mary of myzt,  
*Redemptoris mater.*

To here cam Gabriel so bryzt,  
And seyde, "Heyl, Mari, ful of myzt,  
To be cald thou art adyzt

*Redemp.'*

After that word that mayde bryzt  
Anon conseyyd God of myzt,  
And therby wyst men that che hyzt

*R.*

Ryzt as the sunne schynit in glas,  
So Jhesu in his moder was,  
And therby wyt man that che was

*R.*

Now is born that babe of blys,  
And qwen of hevene is moder is;  
And therfore think me that che is

*R.*

After to hevene he tok his flyzt,  
And ther he sit with his fader of myzt;  
With hym is crownyd that lady bryzt,

*Redemptoris mater.*

---

## LXV.

Non pudescit corpore,  
Quod testatur hodie,  
Manna monumenti,  
dies

Adest procul dubio  
nova res auditu,  
Infans viso gladio  
cessat a vagitu,  
dies.

Innocencium sanguine  
Rubent matrum lacryme,  
o licor suavis,  
Nati danti jugulo,  
Set caret preposito  
Herodes tua vis,  
dies.

Bonus pastor prodiit,  
gaude, grex Anglorum,  
Cujus primus extitit  
Thomas, flos pastorum,  
dies.

Thomas Cantuarie,  
Omni carens carie,  
    pro lege luctaris  
Dans mucroni militis  
Tinam tui capitis,  
    sic quod coronaris,  
    dies.

Patitur se parvulus  
    carne circumcidi,  
Qui pro carnalibus  
    venerat occidi,  
    dies.

O stupenda pietas,  
Amoris quod immetas  
    verbi incarnati,  
Nam stillat sub calice  
Cruor carnis tenere  
    Jhesu nuper nati,  
    dies.

---

## LXVI.

MEUM est propositum in taberna mori,  
Et vinum appositum scienti ori;  
Ut dicant cum venerint angulorum cori,  
Deus sit propicius iste potatori.

Potatores singuli sunt omnes benigni;  
Tam senes quam juvenes in eterna igni  
Cruciantur rustici, qui non sunt tam digni  
Qui bibisse noverint bonum vinum vini.

Unum super omnia bonum diligamus,  
Nam purgantur vicia dum vinum potamus,  
Cum nobis sint copia vinum dum clamamus,  
Qui vivis in gloria, te Deum laudamus.

Magis quam ecclesiam diligo tabernam,  
Ipsam nullo tempore spreui neque spernam,  
Donec sanctos angelos venientes cernam,  
Cantantibus pro ebriis requiem eternam.

Fertur in convivium vinus, na, num,  
Masculinum duplicet atque femininum,  
Set in neutro genere vinum est devinum,  
Loqui facit socios optimum Latinum.

## LXVII.

IF I synge 3e wyl me lakke,  
 And wenyn I were out of myn wyt;  
 Therefore smale notes wil I crake,  
 So wolde God I were qwyt.  
 Syn me muste take this mery toyn,  
 To glade withal this cumpany,  
 I rede, or ony swych be don,  
 For Godes love, tey up 3our ky.  
 For sothe I may not synge, I say,  
 My voys and I arn at discord;  
 But we xul fonde to take a day,  
 To takyn myn avys and myn acord.

## LXVII.

Wolcum, 3ol, thou mery man,  
 In worchepe of this holy day.  
 Wolcum be thou, hevene kyng,  
 Wolcum, born in on morwenyng,  
 Wolcum, for hom we xal syng,  
 Wolcum, 3ol.  
 Wolcum be 3e, Stefne and Jon,  
 Wolcum, innocentes everychon;  
 Wolcum, Thomas, marter on;  
 Wolcum, 3ol.

Wolcum be 3e, good newe 3ere,  
 Wolcum, twelthe day, bothe in fere;  
 Wolcum, seyntes, lef and dere;  
 Wolcum, 3ol.

Wolcum be 3e, candylmesse;  
 Wolcum be 3e, qwyn of blys,  
 Wolcum bothe to more and lesse;  
 Wolcum, 3ol.

Wolcum be 3e that arn here;  
 Wolcum, alle, and mak good chere;  
 Wolcum, alle, another 3ere;  
 Wolcum, 3ole.

---

LXIX.

Lullay, myn lykyng, my dere sone, myn swetyng;  
 Lullay, my dere herte, myn owyn dere derlyng.

I saw a fayr maydyn syttyn and synge,  
 Sche lullyd a lytyl chyld, a swete lordyng,  
 Lullay, myn, [etc.]

That eche lord is that that made alle thinge,  
 Of alle lordis he is lord, of alle kynges kyng.  
 Lullay.

Ther was mekyl melody at that chyldes berthe,  
 Alle tho wern in hevene blys thei made mekyl merthe,  
 [Lullay.]

Aungele bryzt thei song that nyzt and seydyn to that chyld,  
 Blyssid be thou, and so be sche that is bothe mek and  
 myld.

[Lullay.]

Prey we now to that chyld, and to his moder dere,  
 Grawnt hem his blyssyng that now makyn chere.  
 [Lullay.]

## LXX.

Hostis Herodis impie, Christum venire quid times? non erpit  
 mortalia.

ENMY Herowde, thou wokkyd kyng,  
 Qwy dredes thou the of Cristes comyng?  
 He dezyryt here non erthely thing,  
 That hevene hajt at his 3evyng.

Ibant magi quam viderant stellam sequentes, premant lumen.

Thre kynges thei saw a sterre ful bryzt,  
 Thei folwyd it with al here myzt,  
 Bryztnesse thei saw throw that lyzt,  
 Thei knewe God with here 3yftes ryzt.

Lavaera puri gurgitis selestis angnus attigit peccata....non....

The welle haȝt waschyn us fro wo,  
 The lomb of hevene is comyn us to,  
 He that synne nevere wold do,  
 Haȝt waschyn clene our synnys us fro.

Novum genus potencie aque rubescunt idrie unum....ine.

His myȝt is chawngyd of newe maner,  
 The water wyx red in pecher;  
 The water is turnyd to wyn ful cler,  
 Ageyn the kynde thow it were.

Gloria tibi, Domine, qui aperuisti hodie cum patre et sancto  
 spiritu in sempiterna secula. Amen.

Lovyng Lord be to the ay,  
 That haȝt schewyd the to us this day,  
 With fader and holy gost veray,  
 That in the word never fayle may.

---

LXXI.

As I me lend to a lend,  
 I herd a schepperde makyn a schowte;  
 He gronyd and seyde, with sory syghyng,  
 "A, Lord! how gos this word abowte.

“ It gos ful wrong, ho so it wyst,  
A frend he may ken fro his foo ;  
To hom I may trewely trost,  
In fayth I fynde but fewe of tho.

“ The sothe me thinkyt, if I xulde say,  
Trewe frendes arn fewe withoutyn dowte ;  
Alle half frendes wel worth hem ay,  
O, Lord ! how gos this word abowte.

“ Alle trewe frendes wel worth hem ay,  
In wel, in wo, in hert, in thowth,  
It must be soth that alle men say,  
He was nevere good frend was wroth for nowth.

“ Now wel, now wo ; now frend, now foo ;  
Now lef, now thef ; now in, now out ;  
Now cum, now go ; now to, now froo ;  
O, Lord ! how gos this word abowte !

“ The werst wytes werte of alle mankende,  
Alle wykkyd tungen ay worth hem woo !  
Thei arn ful fayin fals talis to fynd,  
Thei gref me thus I may not goo:

“But, God, of hem thou take sum wreche,  
 And arest hem alle be rowt,  
 That fals arn and fayre cun spake ;  
 O, Lord ! how gos this word abowte !

---

 LXXII.

Mak me merthe for Crystes berthe,  
 And syng we ȝol til candilmesse.

THE ferste day of ȝol we han in mynde,  
 How man was born al of our kende,  
 For he wold the bondes onbynde  
 Of alle our synne and wykkydnes.

The secunde day we syng of Stevene,  
 That stonyd was, and fid up evene,  
 With Cryst ther he wold stonde in hevene,  
 And crownyd was for his promys.

The threde day longe to saynt Jon,  
 That was Crystes derlyng, derest on,  
 To hom he lok, quan he xuld gon,  
 His dere moder for his clennes.

The forte day of the chylderyng ȝyng,  
 With Herowdes wretthe to deth were wrong,  
 Of Cryst thei cowde not speke with long,  
 But with here blod bare wytnesse.

The fyfte day halwyt seynt Thomas,

Ryth as strong as peler of bras,  
 Hyld up his kyrke and slayin was,  
     For he stod faste in rythwynes.  
 The extende day tok Jhesu his nam,  
 That savyd mankynde fro synne and schame,  
 And circumsysed was for non blame,  
     But for insane and mekeness.  
 The xii. day offeryd to him kynges iij.  
 Gold, myrre, incens, this zyftes fre,  
 For God, and man, and kyng is he,  
     And thus thei worchepyd his worthinesse.  
 The forty day cam Mary myld,  
 Onto the temple with here schyld,  
 To schewyne here alone that never was fyld;  
     And herewith endis Crystemesse.

---

## LXXII.

Mak ȝe merrie, as ye may,  
 And syng with me, I ȝou pray.  
 IN Patras ther born he was  
 The holy buschop seynt Nycholas,  
 He wyst mekyl of Godes gras,  
     Throw vertu of the Trinité.  
 He reysyd thre klerkes fro deth to lyfve,  
 That wern in salt put ful swythe,  
 Betwyx a bochere and his wyfve,

And was hid in privyté.  
 He maryid thre maydenys of myld mod ;  
 He gaf hem gold to here fod ;  
 He turnyd hem fro ille to good,  
     Throw vertu of the Trynyté.  
 Another he dede sekyrly,  
 He savyd a thef that was ful sly,  
 That stal a swyn out of his sty ;  
     His lyf than savyd he.  
 God grawt us grace, bothe old and 3yng,  
 Hym to serve at his plesyng ;  
 To hevene blysse he us bryng.  
     Throw vertu of the Trinité.

---

## LXXIV.

Kyrie, so kyrie, Jankyn syngyt merie, with aleyson.

As I went on 3ol day  
     in owre prosessyon,  
 Know I joly Jankyn  
     be his mery ton ;  
 Jankyn began the offys  
     on the 3ol day ;  
 And 3it me thynkyt it dos me good,  
     so merie gan he say,  
                     Kyrieleyson.

Jankyn red the pystyl  
ful fayre and ful wel,  
And ȝyt me thinkyt it dos me good,  
as evere have I sal.

Jankyn at the sanctus  
crakit a merie note,  
And ȝit me thinkyt it dos me good,  
I payid for his cote.

Jankyn crakit notes,  
an hunderid on a knot,  
And ȝyt he hakkyt hem smallere  
than wortes to the pot.  
k.

Jankyn at the angnus  
beryt the pax brede,  
He twynkelid, but sayd nowt,  
and on myn fot he trede.  
*Benedicamus Domino,*  
Cryst from schame me schylde.  
*Deo gracias* thereto,  
alas ! I go with schylde.  
k.

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## NOTES.

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*Page 2, line 9. Now bething the, gentilman.* This is but another form of the old popular proverb—

When Adam dolve and Eve span,  
Who was then the gentleman?

It was the well-known motto of the English popular insurrections of the fourteenth century. Holinshed, speaking of the troubles in the reign of Richard II, and of the priest John Ball, says, "When all the prisons were broken up, and the prisoners set at libertie, he being therefore so delivered, followed them, and at Blackeheath when the greatest multitude was there got together (as some write) he made a sermon, taking this saieng or common proverbe for his theame, whereupon to intreat,—

When Adam delv'd and Eve span,  
Who was then a gentleman?

and so continueing his sermon, went about to proove by the words of that proverbe, that from the beginning all men by nature were created alike, and that bondage or servitude came in by unjust oppression of naughtie men." The same proverb existed in German, and is given by Agricola (Prov. No. 264) as follows :—

So Adam reutte, und Eva span,  
Wer was da ein eddelman?

In a Manuscript in the British Museum of the fourteenth century, (MS. Harl. No. 3362, fol. 7) the same proverb is given in Latin leonines—

Cum vanga quadam tellurem foderit Adam,  
Et Eva nens fuerat, quis generosus erat?

*Page 2, l. 11. In the vale of Abraham.* According to the mediæval notion, the scene of the creation lay in the valley of Hebron, which was afterwards the residence of Abraham. "And in that same place," says Maundevile (p. 66), "was Abrahames hous; and there he satt and saughe thre persones, and worschipte but on, as holy writt seythe, *Tres vidit et unum adoravit*, that is to seyne, he saughe thre, and worschiped on; and of the same resceyved Abraham the aungeles into his hous. And righte faste by that place is a cave in the roche where Adam and Eve duelleden, whan thei weren putt out of Paradyse, and there goten thei here children. And in that same place was Adam formed and made, afre that that sum men seyn. For men weren wont for to clepe that place the feld of Damasce, because that it was in the lordschipe of Damask. And fro thens was he translated into Paradys of delytes, as thei seyn; and afre that he was dryven out of Paradys, he was there left."

*Page 2, l. 17. An appil-tre.* The popular religious writers in the middle ages believed literally that the tree of knowledge was an apple-tree, and that the fruit which Eve plucked was an apple. In the curious sermon, in French verse of the thirteenth century, published by M. Jubinal, we read—

O Deus, quele dolor  
Et cum grant tristor  
Lor vint à soffrir,

Par icele *pome*  
 Qui à un sol home  
 Vint si à plaisir!

The account of the fall in the same poem may be quoted as illustrative of our song, especially in the circumstance that the part acted by Eve is omitted, and the serpent is supposed to have tempted Adam.—

Grant mal fist Adam,  
 Qui par le Sathan  
 Tel conseil crut;  
 Mal conseil li dona,  
 Qui ceo lui loa,  
 Car tost l'out soduit.  
 Par l'enticement  
 Del mortel serpent  
 Fu tost déposés;  
 Mult par fu chatifs  
 Quant de Parais  
 Fu désérités.  
 Mult par pout plorer  
 Quant ne pout entrer  
 Là dum il esteit;  
 Li angres ert devant  
 O s'espée ardent  
 Qui deffendeit.

Page 4, l. 3. *Seynt Nicholas...maydenis thre.* This was one of the stories of the beneficent interference of St. Nicholas which was very popular in the middle ages. It is told as follows in Caxton's edition of the *Liber Festivalis* (1484). "Than fyl it so that there was a ryche man that had doughters fayre and yonge wymmen, but by myschyef he was fallen unto poverte, so for grete nede he ordeyned

hem to be comen women for to geten her lyvyng and hys bothe; and whan Nicholas herde therof, he had grete compassyon of hem, and on a nyght pryvelye at a windowe he caste a bagge wyth a somme of golde into the mannes chaumbre. Than on the morowe-tyde that man aroos and founde thys golde; than was he glad therwith that no man coude telle hit, and anone with that golde he married his elder doughter. Than another nyght Nycholas caste another somme of golde into the mannes chaumbre as he dyd before; and so the iij. nyght, whan this man herde the golde falle, anone he went out and overtoke Nycholas, and knewe that it was he that had holpen hym soo in his myschyef, and knelid doun and wold have kissed his fete, but he wold not suffre hym, but prayed hym to kepe counceyl whyle he lyved."

*Page 6, l. 5. Farye.* An enchantment; a scene of fairy-land.

*Page 11, l. 13 Wommen be bothe good and trewe.* Another copy of this song is found in MS. Harl. No. 7358, which, as it presents some variations, may be given entire for comparison.

Wymmen beth bothe goude and truwe,  
Wytnesse on Marie.

Wymmen beth bothe goud and schene,  
On handes, fet, and face clene;  
Wymmen may no beter bene;

W. o. M.

Wymmen beth gentel on her tour;  
A womman bar oure Savyour;  
Of al thys wor[ld] wyman is flour;

W. o. M.

Wyrcryp we wymmanys face,

Wer we seth hem on a place;  
For wymman ys the wyl of grace.

W. o. M.

Love a womman with herte truwe,  
He nel chongy for no newe;  
Wymmen beth of wordes fewe;

W. o. M.

Wymmen beth goud, withoute lesyng;  
Fro sorwe and care hy wol us bryng;  
Wymman ys flour of alle thyng;

W. o. M.

Page 16, l. 7. *Man, be war.* This stanza, with slight variation, forms the commencement of a song in the *Songs and Carols* edited for the Percy Society, p. 4.

Page 16, l. 15. *Of a rose.* Another copy of this song will be found in the Percy Society *Songs and Carols*, p. 21.

Page 20, l. 7. *Religiuns.* It may perhaps be well to observe that this word, in old English, meant almost invariably people in the monastic orders.

Page 26, l. 2. *Of joyis five.* A different song on the "five joys" is printed in the Percy Society *Songs and Carols*, p. 68. It is a subject celebrated in a vast number of petty effusions in verse and prose, and in many languages, scattered through the manuscripts of the middle ages. A short English poem on the same subject will be found in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 48.

Page 27, l. 6. *Knet up the haltre and let here goo.* Nearly the same phrase occurs as the burthen of a ballad on the fickleness of women, of the age of Henry VI, printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 75, the first stanza of which is as follows.—

I not what I shall syng nor say,  
 I, man forsakyn, wo worth the whyle !  
 Ho may hold that wyll away ?  
 My soveren lald has don me gyle.  
 I have bethoȝt me upon a wyle,  
 Sythen that hur hert ys turnyd me fro,  
 I hold yt the best, for drede of gyle,  
*Turne up hur halter and let hur go.*

Another poem on the same subject and of the same period, printed also in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* (vol. i. p. 27), has a similar burthen, taken like it from the language of hawking. The first stanza is—

Who carpys of byrddys of grete jentrys,  
 The sperhawke me semyth makys moste dysporte,  
 And moste acordynge for alle degreys,  
 For smalle byrddys sche puttys to morte.  
 Y reclaymyd on, as y schalle reporte,  
 As longe as sche wolde to me aply ;  
 When sche wolde noȝt to my glove resorte,  
*Then plukkyd y of here bellys, and let here fly.*

*Page 28, l. 1.* Another copy of this song, with variations, and the omission of the third stanza, will be found in the *Percy Society Songs and Carols*, p. 18.

*Page 29, l. 2.* *Gret with*, i. e., greeted by. A not unusual phrase in early English.

*Page 31, l. 1.* The writer of this song appears to have had in his eye the description of the cock in Chaucer's *Nonne Prestes Tale* (Cant. T. 16,335).

In which sche had a cok, hight Chaunteclere,  
 In al the lond of crowyng was noon his peere.  
 His vois was merier than the mery organ,  
 On masse dayes that in the chirche goon ;

Wel sekerer was his crowyng in his logge,  
 Than is a klok, or an abbay orologge.  
 By nature knew he ech ascencioun  
 Of equinoxial in thilke toun ;  
 For whan degrees fyftene were ascendid,  
 Thanne crewe he, it might not ben amendid.  
*His comb was redder than the fyn coral,*  
 And batayld, as it were a castel wal.  
 His bile was blak, and *as the geet it schon ;*  
*Lik asur were his legges,* and his ton ;  
 His *nayles whitter* than the lily flour,  
 And lik the burnischt gold was his colour.

*Page 31, l. 16. Wortewale.* The skin which covered the claws.

*Page 32, l. 11. Adam lay i-bowndyn.* Adam was supposed to have remained in bonds, with the other patriarchs, in the *limbus patrum*, from the time of his death till the crucifixion of the Saviour.

*Page 33, l. 7.* The sort of paradoxes contained in this curious popular song seem to be of considerable antiquity, and have been preserved in nearly the same form, almost, if not quite, down to our own time. They will be found in the following ballad, which is here given from a chap-book printed at Newcastle about the beginning of the present century, but which is no doubt of much greater antiquity.

#### LORD ROSLIN'S DAUGHTER.

The lord of Roslin's daughter  
 Walks through the wood her lane,  
 And by came captain Wedderburn,  
 A servant to the king.

He said unto his servant man,  
Were it not against the law,  
I would take her to my own bed,  
And lay her next the wa'.

I'm walking here alane, she says,  
Amang my father's trees,  
And you may let me walk alane,  
Kind sir, now, if you please.  
The supper bell it will be rung,  
And I'll be miss'd, you know;  
So I will not lie in your bed,  
Neither at stock nor wa'.

He says, My pretty lady,  
I pray lend me your hand,  
And you'll have drums and trumpets  
Always at your command,  
And fifty men to guard you with,  
That well their swords can draw,  
And we'll baith lie in ae bed,  
And thou's ly next the wa'.

Hold away from me, kind sir,  
I pray let go my hand;  
The supper bell it will be rung,  
No longer will I stand;  
My father he'll no supper take,  
If I be miss'd, you know;  
So I'll not lie in your bed,  
Neither at stock nor wa'.

Then said the pretty lady,  
I pray, tell me your name.

My name is Captain Wedderburn,  
A servant to the king.  
Tho' thy father and his men were here,  
Of him I'd not stand in aw;  
But wou'd take thee into my bed,  
And lay the next the wa'.

He lighted off his milk-white steed,  
And set his lady on,  
And held her by the milk-white hand,  
Even as they rode along.  
He held her by the middle so jimp,  
For fear that she shou'd fa';—  
So I'll take thee to my own bed,  
And lay the next the wa'.

He took her to his lodging house,  
His landlady look been,—  
Since many pretty ladies  
In Edinburgh I've seen;  
But such a pretty face as thine  
In it I never saw.  
Go meake her up a down bed,  
And lay her next the wa'.

Hold away from me, kind sir,  
I pray you let me be;  
For I will not go to your bed  
Till you dress me dishes three.  
Dishes three you must do to me,  
If I shou'd eat them a',  
Before that I lie in your bed,  
Either at stock or wa'.

O, I must have to my supper  
A cherry without a stone;  
And I must have to my supper  
A chicken without a bone;  
And I must have to my supper  
A bird without a ga';  
Before that I lie in your bed,  
Either at stock or wa'.

When the cherry is in the bloom,  
I am sure it has no stone;  
And when the chicken's in the shell,  
I'm sure it has no bone;  
The dove it is a gentle bird,  
It flies without a ga';  
And we's lie baith within ae bed,  
And thou's lie next the wa'.

Hold away from me, kind sir,  
I pray you give me o'er;  
For I will not go till your bed,  
Till you answer me questions four.  
Questions four you must tell me,  
And that is twa and twa,  
Or I will not lie in your bed,  
Neither at stock or wa'.

You must get me some winter fruit  
That in December grew;  
And I must have a silk mantle,  
That wraft was ne'er ca'd throw;  
What bird sings best and wood buds first,  
That dew doth on them fa';  
And then I'll lie into your bed,  
Either at stock or wa'.

My father has some winter fruit  
That in December grew ;  
My mother has a silk mantle,  
That wraft was ne'er ca'd throw ;  
The cock crows first, cyder buds first,  
The dew doth on them fa' ;  
So we'll baith lie in ae bed,  
And thou's lie next the wa'.

Hold away from me, kind sir,  
And do not me perplex ;  
For I'll not lie into your bed  
Till you answer me questions six ;  
Questions six you must tell me,  
And that is four and twa,  
Before that I lie into your bed,  
Either at stock or wa'.

What is greener than the grass ?  
What's higher than the trees ?  
And what is worse than woman's voice ?  
What's deeper than the seas ?  
A sparrow's horn, a priest unborn,  
This night to join us twa,  
Before I lie into your bed,  
Either at stock or wa'.

Death is greener than the grass ;  
Sky is higher than the trees ;  
The devil's worse than woman's voice ;  
Hell's deeper than the seas ;  
A sparrow's horn you may well get,  
There's one on ilka pa',  
And two upon the gab of it,  
And you shall have them a'.

The priest he's standing at the door,  
 Just ready to come in,  
 No man can say that he was born,  
 No man without a fin :  
 A hole cut in his mother's side,  
 He from the same did fa' ;  
 So we will both lie in ae bed,  
 And thou's lie next the wa'.

O, little did the lady think,  
 That morning when she raise,  
 That it was to be the last night  
 Of her maiden days ;  
 But there is not in the king's realm  
 To be found a blyther twa :  
 And now they both lie in one bed,  
 And she lies next the wa'.

In his interesting little volume, *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, p. 150, Mr. Halliwell has given the following verses, as current in the north of England, which resemble still more closely those in our text :—

#### THE FOUR SISTERS.

I have four sisters beyond the sea,  
 Para-mara, dictum, domine.  
 And they did send four presents to me,  
 Partum, quartum, paradise, tempum,  
 Para-mara, dictum, domine.

The first it was a bird without e'er a bone ;  
 Para-mara, dictum, &c.  
 The second was a cherry without e'er a stone ;  
 Partum, quartum, &c.

The third it was a blanket without e'er a thread;

Para-mara, dictum, &c.

The fourth it was a book which no man could read;

Partum, quartum, &c.

How can there be a bird without e'er a bone?

Para-mara, dictum, &c.

How can there be a cherry without e'er a stone?

Partum, quartum, &c.

How can there be a blanket without e'er a thread?

Para-mara, dictum, &c.

How can there be a book which no man can read?

Partum, quartum, &c.

When the bird's in the shell, there is no bone;

Para-mara, dictum, &c.

When the cherry's in the bud, there is no stone;

Partum, quartum, &c.

When the blanket's in the fleece, there is no thread;

Para-mara, dictum, &c.

When the book's in the press, no man can read;

Partum, quartum, &c.

*Page 37, l. 3. Betwyjn an ox and an as.* The ox and ass were perhaps first introduced for the sake of pictorial effect, to show that the scene was really a stable; but it became subsequently an article of literal belief that these two animals attended the birth of the Saviour, and they always appear in the illuminations of missals, etc.

*Page 37, l. 18. Baltyzar.* The legends differ in the order of the kings, and also in the appropriation of their offerings. In the *Coventry Mysteries*, as in our song, the first king is

Baltazare, and he offers gold; the second, Melchizar, who offers incense; and the third, Jasper, whose offering is myrrh. The order is the same in the French *Gen des Trois Roys*, published by M. Jubinal. In the *Towneley Mysteries*, the first king is Jaspar, who offers gold; the second, Melchor, who offers "rekyls" (incense); the third, Balthesar, who offers myrrh. The English legend of the Three Kings, published in my edition of the *Chester Plays*, tells us, "Melchior that was kyng of Nube and of Arabie, that offred gold to God, he was lest of stature and of persone; Baltazar, that was kyng of Godolie and of Saba, that offred encense to God, he was of mene stature in his persone; and Jasper that was kyng of Taars and of Egripwille, that offred mirre to God, he was most in persone, and was a blacke Ethiope."

Page 42, l. 5. *Robynn*. This song furnishes us with rather a curious example of the danger of hasty criticism. Ritson, who printed it in his *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, took the word *lyth* for a proper name, although the form it takes in the refrain at the end, *lyzth*, shows clearly enough its meaning, *lieth*. Not content with this, by a little stretch of his imagination, he has given a short sketch of the life of his hero, Robin Lyth, whom he even supposed to be one of Robin Hood's own men, who set up the trade of outlaw for himself after the death of his master. "Who or what this Robin Lyth was," he observes, "does not, otherwise than by this little performance, composed, it should seem, to commemorate the manner of his death, and of the revenge taken for it, anywhere appear. That he was a native or inhabitant of Yorkshire is, indeed, highly probable, for two reasons: the first is, that a few miles north of Whitby is a village called *Lythe*, whence he may be rea-

sonably supposed to have acquired his surname; the second, that near Flamborough, in Holderness, is a large cavern in the rocks, subject, at present, to the influx of the sea, which, among the country people, retains to this day the name of *Robin Lyth hole*; from the circumstance, no doubt, of its having been one of his skulking places. Robin Hood, a hero of the same occupation, had several such in those and other parts; and, indeed, it is not very improbable that our hero had been formerly in the suite of that gallant robber, and, on his master's death, had set up for himself."

*Page 42, l. 8. Gandeley.* This name seems to be connected with that of *Gamelyn*, in the *Cokes Tale* attributed to Chaucer. It was probably a well known one in this class of ballads.

*Page 42, l. 10. Chylderin.* This word evidently means here upgrown men. It is one of those words which appear to have been formerly used in a much less restricted sense than at present, and we have such examples as 'Horn child,' etc.

*Page 48, l. 7. Moder, qwynt as.* Another copy of this song, with variations, and one stanza more at the end, will be found in the *Songs and Carols* of the Percy Society, p. 50. The additional stanza is—

Swych mornyng as the maydyn mad,  
I can not telle it in this howr;  
Therfor be mery and glade,  
And make us mery for our Savowr.

*Page 49, l. 9. Reges de Saba.* Another copy of this song also occurs in the collection printed for the Percy Society, p. 46, where it is much more complete.

*Page 60, l. 15. On Schyre-Thursday.* Shear-Thursday,

or Maundy-Thursday, the day on which Christ's last supper with his disciples is commemorated.

*Page 63, l. 1. Seynt Steven.* I do not know whence this strange legend of St. Stephen being king Herod's clerk of the kitchen is derived.

*Page 65, l. 1. Nowel.* This song also occurs with variations, as usual, among the Percy Society *Songs and Carols*, p. 38.

*Page 66, l. 17. The greteste clerk.* Thomas Becket, archbishop of Canterbury.

*Page 68, l. 9. For lij. poyntes.* This must, I suppose, refer to the "Constitutions" of Clarendon, which, however, were sixteen in number, and not fifty-two. The manuscript, however, is very incorrectly written, and the songs are apparently taken down from memory.

*Page 69, l. 11. M. and A.* Another copy of this song will be found in the *Songs and Carols* of the Percy Society, p. 31.

*Page 73, l. 4. Of kyng Edmund.* Edmund king of the East Angles; the wolf and the blind man figure in this legend, which will be found in Capgrave, *Nov. Leg. Angliæ*.

*Page 74, l. 1. The dere yerres thre. l. 5. The pestelens tweye. l. 13. A wyndes blast.* See on these allusions, the Preface.

*Page 74, l. 19. At the frere camys . . . at Lynne toun.* There was a priory of Carmelites, or White Friars, at Lynn, in Norfolk, but I have not been able to trace any other mention of the accidental burning of it, which is alluded to in our song.

*Page 75, l. 7. Go bet, peny.* This song was printed by Ritson, in his *Ancient Popular Poetry*. The subject was far from an uncommon one, and is found versified in French

and Latin, as well as in English. See my edition of the *Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter Mapes*, pp. 223, 355.

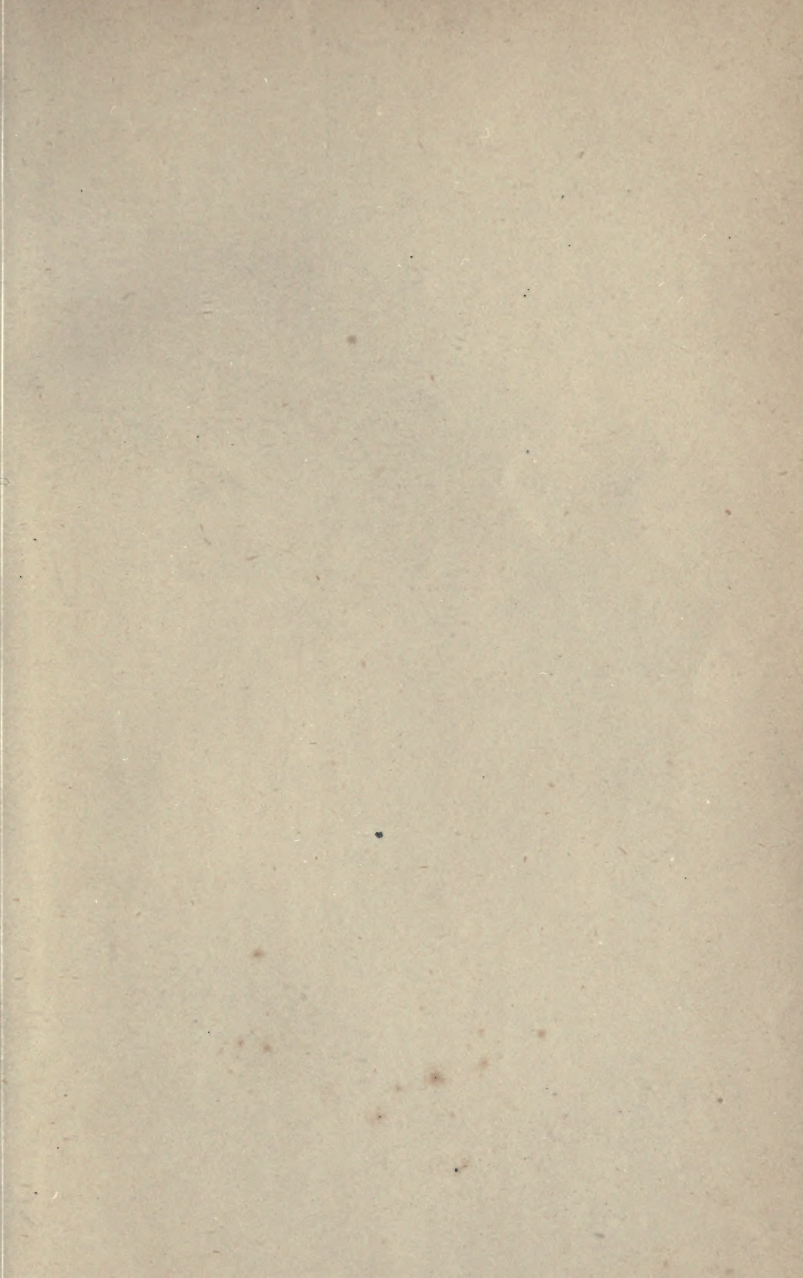
*Page 88, l. 7. Wykkyd tunge.* It is perhaps hardly necessary to remark that this was a very old and popular proverb.

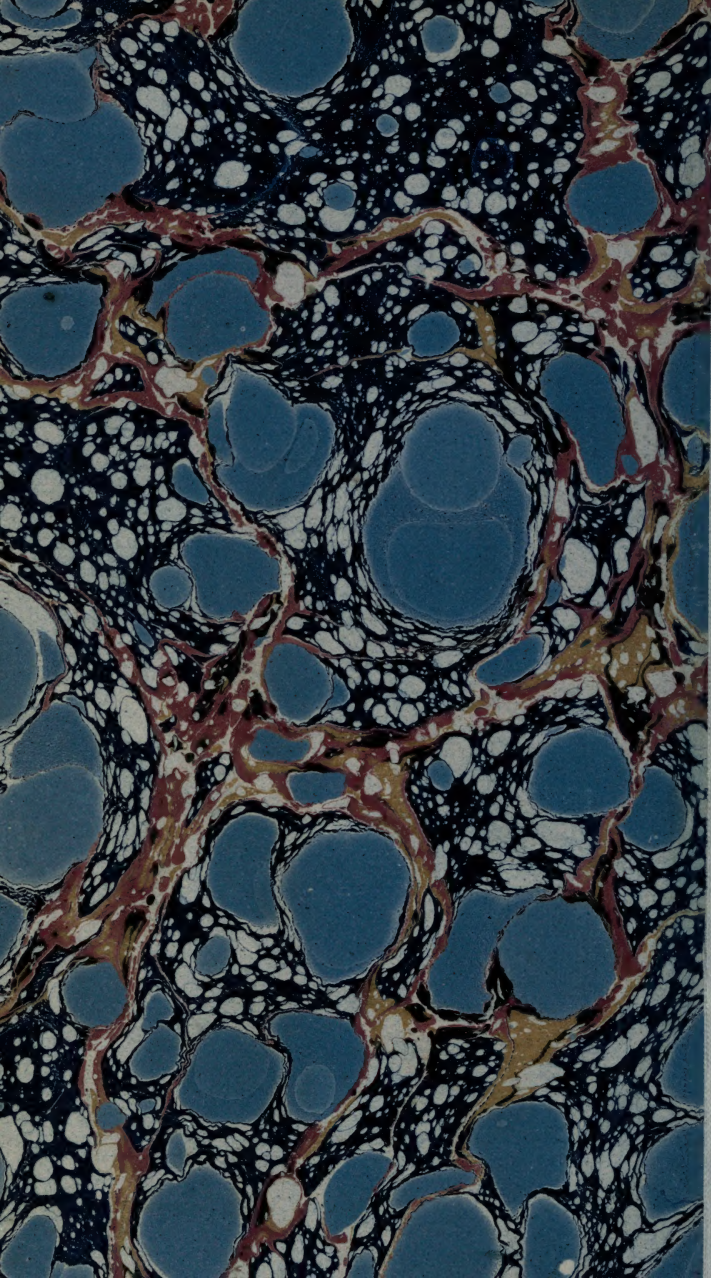
*Page 92, l. 1. Meum est propositum.* This is very curious, as being, as far as I am aware, the earliest instance in which these celebrated lines, taken from one of the poems attributed to Walter Mapes, are given in the form of a song. The song, in its ordinary form, was first printed, I believe, in Camden's *Remaines*. It is made up from lines in the *Confessio Goliæ*. See my *Latin Poems attributed to Walter Mapes*, p. 71.

*Page 99, l. 18. In Patras.* It is hardly necessary to make any further remark upon this song, than that the stories alluded to in it will be found in the legendary life of St. Nicholas. One of them has already been the subject of a song in this collection. See Song III.

*Page 100, l. 23. Kyrieleyson.* The Greek, κυριε ελεεισον, i. e., *Lord, have mercy upon us*, a part of the Liturgy.







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